Format, The "She Doesn't Get It"

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All the girls pose the same for pictures All the boys got the same girls' hair I am bored 'cause I feel much older Look at me, as if I got a reason to stare

But you talk so loud that it calms me down You're crying "lets make a toast"

She says she's leaving on a Sunday
That leaves me one more night
Can I take you home?
I know it's wrong
but I know you're type
She says she's leaving on a Sunday
and I don't care.
I need to know where to turn
I tried it once
it never caught on
I was the only one who got burned

I've read every word you said from a poster of a cat Four books look across your sofa I thought your coffee table was more clever then that

It gets worse once we get to her room as she stops and she sings "Doot do do doot do doot do" I claim "new religion" is my song. She doesn't get it it's all before she was born

And you lock your door Like I've been here before. I feel like I've seen a ghost.

She says she's leaving on a Sunday That leaves me one more night Can I take you home? I know it's wrong
but I know you're type
She says she's leaving on a Sunday
and I don't care.
I need to know where to turn
I tried it once
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I was the only one who got burned
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Suddenly between sheets and eyelids
I am reminded why I don't do this
I fall in love far too quickly
I never want her to forget me
When you're gone
Will you call?
Will you write?

She says she's leaving on a Sunday
That leaves me one more night
Can I take you home?
I know it's wrong
but I know you're type
She says she's leaving on a Sunday
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I need to know where to turn
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