Friday Night Boys, The "Stuttering"

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You walk into the room and I

I wanna tell you, tell you but I just can't speak

This shouldn't be so difficult, why, why?

Tell me why I see you and I just can't breathe

You're like a bullet girl to my heart

You're like a very far shooting star

The very thing that I need

Look at how you get to me

I can never be myself

How can I when I'm stuck in hell?

Stuttering, stuttering, stuttering

Stuttering, stuttering, stuttering

I wanna tell you how I feel inside

But every time I go and try

Muttering, muttering, muttering

Stuttering, stuttering, stuttering

Don't leave, I know I f'd it up

That's my luck, that's just my luck

Here I go, here I go and do it again

You're tight and I'm just so tongue-tied

Why, why can't I get it right?

The words just won't come out

They wanna take me down, but I'm still around

You're like a bullet girl to my heart

You're like a very far shooting star

The very thing that I need

Look at how you get to me

I can never be myself

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Stuttering, stuttering

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