

Song 4 You

Ben Lee

I'll buy a pair of jeans
A stylish means
A groovy masterpiece
I'll cover them with paper men
And books on zen

Records shot with darts
Talk your way out of this one - blah, blah, blah...

I wrote a song for you
I wrote a song for you

I'll sleep till after three
I'll brush my teeth
I'll wash my feet
I don't feel well
You couldn't tell
I look like hell

Records shot with darts
Talk your way out of this one - blah, blah, blah...

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