

Bright Idea

Orson

Did somebody tell you what I couldn't tell you?
I hope they did, I hope they didn't
Well, I oughta regret it or should I forget it
Whatever this is, it feels electric

You shot me a sweet look, gave me your yearbook
But told me to sign it, it was a signal
But I couldn't find the words
I just couldn't find the nerve as usual

Here's my bright idea
I'll just disappear
I'll just fly away from here

And now you're in Hollywood, tight in my neighborhood
Things are really looking up for you
An army of managers and lots of pretty boys lining up
To read for you

Oh, I'm pretty sure that it was you
That I bumped into just the other day at the record store
But I still don't have a clue
I just couldn't talk to you as usual

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So I come to your event
In my well rehearsed mystique
I show up an hour late
But I've been ready for a week

And you float into the hallway
Like some neon silhouette
I'm slowly losing oxygen
And my hands are soaking wet

All the cameras and reporters
Piling up on one another
Just to get a look at you
They all want an interview

Then I make my move
Push them out of my way
But I still just don't know what to say

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