

The Boy With The Perpetual Nervousness

The Feelies

There's a kid I know but not too well
He doesn't have a lot to say
Well this boy lives right next door and he
Never has nothin' to say

It doesn't seem like he does anything
He never helps out in the yard
He lets his mother carry in groceries
Cause he doesn't plan to work too hard

The boy next door is into better things
As far as I can see
The boy next door is into bigger things
The boy next door is me

All right

Well he's not like the boys we used to have
Not like them at all - oh no
Those ones made their parents proud
This one beats 'em all

The boy next door is into better things
As far as I can see
The boy next door is into bigger things
The boy next door is me

Yeah