

Hey there, beautiful  
Thought I'd leave a message on your voicemail  
Then I remembered that my talent is a blessing so I think I'll write this song instead  
That just seems a bit more cute  
Maybe not? Maybe so?  
Either way, this shit's for you

Who's cooler than a polar bear  
Hotter than a solar flare  
Seemed to take my breath away til I can't even hold in air  
And if I didn't have a way with words then  
In lamest terms, you'd be a flame that burns

Forget about a stomach full of butterflies  
Your presence brings an earthquake  
At least a category five  
Nervous through the roof  
Cause talking to you is like recording rhymes  
And trying to perform them live  
First try sorta high

Having conversations like the barrel of a .45  
And placing bullets is just awkward steps and cordial vibes

So Thank you for the kindness  
I'll be the blanket if you're Linus  
I'll even praise you like your highness  
Whatever

You know I leave a lot of voicemails  
You know I leave a lot of voicemails  
Hope you listen to them

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(You have one new message)

"Uh hey, I was um I was just calling because I wanted to know if, uh...  
I don't know, maybe, like, next weekend, or this weekend if you're not busy,  
if you wanted, uh  
I don't know, maybe we could go out and get something to eat and, maybe see  
a movie. uh, I don't know, text me back after this. Later."

Man, this stuff takes me back to when I was a little fool  
Remember holding hands and walking to the middle school?  
Heading to the gas station if we had the cheese

But mostly laying and sleeping in bed until you had to leave

Those were lovely times

Very easy peasy

I tried to hold your hand in class and then the teacher would see me

That was funny stuff

We got in so much trouble

Used to sit at lunch and make fun of the passing couples

I remember it so vividly

Almost every moment

Like the gifts, we gave for Christmas, which so greatly enveloped

And I think we changed a lot

But in similar ways

I still reflect on memories of the simpler days

And it made me glad that I got out of my habits

Cause I'm still hopelessly romantic

But at least now I can rap it right

It's rather tight

We're still dancing in my dreams

And I'm still leaving little messages on answering machines, cause

You know I leave a lot of voicemails

You know I leave a lot of voicemails

I hope you listen to them

You know I leave a lot of voicemails

You know I leave a lot of voicemails

I hope you listen to them

You know I leave a lot of voicemails

You know I leave a lot of voicemails

I hope you listen to them

(You better listen to 'em)

You know I leave a lot of voicemails

You know I leave a lot of voicemails

I hope you listen to them

You know I leave a lot of voicemails

You know I leave a lot of voicemails

I hope you listen to them

You know I leave a lot of voicemails

You know I leave a lot of voicemails

I hope you listen to them

You know I leave a lot of voicemails

You know I leave a lot of voicemails

I hope you listen to them