

## Got My Number

Ben Weasel

What makes you think you've got the right to get me all worked up for you each night? You've got my number and I don't know what to do 'cause I've been left here black and blue. I guess you took me down a peg. Is this the part where I'm supposed to beg? Well, when I'm in this state I don't know what to do 'cause I've been left here black and blue. Call the rockets back, I'm turning back to you. Shouting out the answers in advance to you. It's the pop that makes you dance in a melancholy trance as I'm crawling back to you. What makes you think I'm gonna bite? Could it be all the times I proved you right? You've got me dead to rights - I don't know what to do 'cause I've been left here black and blue. I twist and toss and turn and fall apart for you and I've gotta turn it off. Yeah I've gotta turn it off - but I wanna turn it up.