

I Like It Alot

Blackboard Jungle

I like it alot... alone in my room
I like it alot... when I can't be with you
I like it alot... I'm painting pictures in my head
I like it alot... That closed doors hold good secrets

When you can't be there
I'll play with my own hair
When you're not around to jam
I'll be a one man band
To the truths some avoid
Someone must cop
My truth is...

If you're somewhere else
I'll baby sit myself
Fly myself up to the sky
And think of you the whole time
To the truths some avoid
Someone must cop
My truth is...

Your pictures painted in my head
The door holds my secret
Cause when you can't be there
I'll play with my own hair
Thoughts of you and no one else
I'd rather baby sit myself
To the truths some avoid
Someone must cop
My truth is...

I like it alot... alone in my room
I like it alot... when I can't be with you
No, no, no, no