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