

Like This Guy

bülow

Oh my, oh my, oh my god
Oh my, oh my, oh my god
Oh my, oh my, oh this guy

I think I like this guy
Oh my, oh my, oh my god
Oh my, oh my, oh my god
Oh my, oh my, oh this guy
I think I like this guy

Another song about the end and not the pick me up again
And not the night I want more friends, but I'm still here
And I don't feel better, look on my bed, where he left a sweater
No amount of drinks, will make me forget it
I thought I'd regret it

Oh my, oh my, oh my god
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Oh my, oh my, oh this guy
I think I like this guy
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All I know is I'm getting older
And my weight is heavy on my shoulder
Got no time for questioning on you no more
Oh, it's like a tug of war
Pushing
Pulling, boy you make me work
And you're running, running
I can make it work
Talk about it
We can do better
So why don't you take off your sweater
It's better

Oh my, oh my, oh my god
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Oh my, oh my, oh this guy
I think I like this guy
Oh my, oh my, oh my god
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I think I like this guy

I was drunk on my bedroom floor
Thinking 'bout him, thinking 'bout her
I said I don't care, but he's on my mind
Damn I like this guy