

## Categories

Darren Criss

This one's got a dirty mouth  
The other's got a twisted shout  
The other just got nothing to say

This one's got that purple like fire  
I like the other better  
This one's just got nothing but gray

So take the dust off of your boots  
You'd think she was in cahoots  
Sketchy baby girl over there

Girl you're acting crazy  
Lord have mercy!  
I'm used to it  
But sometimes I just think you don't care.

Seems like the categories  
Got nothing to do with you or me  
With you or me

Seems like the ones who love us  
They don't even know just what that means  
That's how it seems

Ooooooh, ooooooh, oooooh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.  
Ooooooh, oh..

Dancing with an angel/demon,  
brother/sister, mother/heathen  
Putting all the steps in the groove  
And nodding your head back and forth,  
"This song, I kinda love this song,"  
Pretending that you know all the moves

The beat goes faster than even I can handle  
Take your time just when you can  
And see that you got caught by the hook  
Invisible lines cast by a thousand strangers  
Take your time and hope for danger  
Exercise and promise a look

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I take advantage of all my callings  
Don't take no stops at stop signs  
I get the feeling that I'm still falling  
In between all the lines that we never made

Ooooooh, ooooooh, oooooh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.  
Ooooooh, oh...

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With you or me

Seems like the ones who love us  
They don't even know just what that means  
That's how it seems  
How it seems, how it seems

Ooooooh, ooooooh, ooooh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.