

# Overexcited

Guster

I'm halfway home, at the pub on the corner of the street  
I see kids from school, but I stare down at my feet  
Sports on TV  
They scream for victory

A few blocks down, there's Dawn, she's got spinach on her teeth  
In between the front ones, just a little bitty leaf  
And I try to speak  
But Dawn makes me nervous

And I get overexcited  
Can't do a damn thing about it  
My God, we're shoulder to shoulder  
Nice guy looking for a future lover

The pet shop's closed, too bad, 'cause animals like me back  
We had a dog once, we all just called her Kat  
Was mum's idea  
She's got a great sense of humor

Later tonight, some soup, then I'll probably send a text  
"Hey Dawn, it's Jim. Would you like to have some sex?  
And if that's too weird  
Maybe just a hot chocolate"

I get so overexcited  
Can't do a damn thing about it  
My God, we're shoulder to shoulder  
Nice guy looking for a future lover

Future, future love  
Future love  
Future love  
Future love  
Hey, hey, hey  
Future love  
Future love  
Future love

I get so overexcited  
Can't do a damn thing about it  
My God, we're shoulder to shoulder  
Nice guy looking for a future lover

'Cause I'm bored, bored, bored  
Everybody knows it's hard living with mother (and your father)  
If you can even call this living

Here's the ride cymbal  
Nothing makes a man feel more alive  
Than when they're tanging the hump of the ride  
Tang the hump  
Everyone knows it's humpin' living on ride cymbals  
If you can even call that drumming