

Put on the TV  
Flick through the stations  
In the truth or a miss interpretaion  
He doesn't care all he cares about he's going out tonight  
He tucks his shirt in and does his hair nice  
He's got to run to catch the bus and pays full price , ten minutes late so he takes a deep breath and then goes inside  
Now he's sitting on the sofa wanting to go over  
He hasn't had a shave so he looks a little older and he knows that if the truth be told he's got no chance  
Yeh he's sitting on the sofa wanting to go over he changes on to doubles so he doesn't feel as sober, all the drink oh it's making him think he's got more than a chance  
So he stumbles down the hallway his body's tired but in his mind he's wide awake  
He's not thinking about the foreplay  
He's just a little boy who didn't realise  
You dont look with your hands you look with your eyes she says  
x 5  
All he wanted was affection  
It was so rude of her to blatanty reject him in that way  
Just a little miss understanding and now it's all to late the fists fly in with a fury of rage  
So he spills out to the garden, the windows steam up with them try to see the action from inside  
Oh but please dont wake the neighbours  
He's just a little lad who didn't realise  
You dont look with your hands you look with your eyes he says  
x 3  
No you dont undertand you dont realise he says  
You dont look with your hands you look with you eyes