

Yeah You

N*E*R*D

I was at show backstage untying my shoes
There was your friend from wireimage standing beside her was you
And Nigo told me don't do it my nice image would go into fumes
The head without the ears heard it so you end up in my room

Textin me a 100 times
Callin me a 100 times
Hope it is not you this time
Damn I gotta change my line
Textin me you're gonna die
Call the psychiatric line
Friends and family should know I'm
Reporting this as a crime

I bet you heard this song wanna know who I'm talking bout (3x) You!

The frustrated night emails that could evoke tears
I like you I like you I love you I think I'm dying
My friend asked me for your email address she said she'd take it from
here
She said she'd tried to walk you through the picture (he doesn't like
you) but for you nothing is clear (haha, but why?)
Now she too is frustrated and damn that's been a year

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As you listen to this song
I hope your thought process evolves
It's not your reasoning that's wrong
It's that deep down everything is gone
The place is empty no lights on
Instead happiness you'll be sprawled
Across the face of your hearts wall
But you'll press pause and you'll just call...

[Pharrell:] oh baby you can't help yourself (2x)

I bet you heard this song wanna know who I'm talking bout (3x) You!

You!