

Some People

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Some people love shoes of different kinds
Some people like afternoons, or the way the moon shines
Some people love sleeping, as I do too.
That's why I ask myself, "What is it with you?"

Is there something wrong with the way I speak?
You don't even see me when I pass you on the street.
Just poke my eyes untill I can't see
Because I just can't get why you love to hate me...
Love to hate me yeah

And when I wake up, your the first thing on my mind
Come to think of it everytime, I'm dreaming of you
It takes a cold shower, or maybe two
So I can clear my head of it's thoughts of you

Is there something wrong with the way I speak?
You don't even see me when I pass you on the street.
I'll close my eyes and just go to sleep
Even though in my dreams, you'll still love to hate me
Love to hate me yeah yeah....

Call me crazy I just don't care
I'll never quit it, so you better beware
I'm stuck to you like glue untill you tell me it's alright
To want you right untill I die...