

There's this precious little girl, I've seen her,
Hanging out with all these guys I hate.
What I'd give to score a chance just to meet her,
Give her kisses, I'll clean her plate.
Every time I go out, I hope to see her.
But when I do, cat got my tongue.
I feel so stupid, why do I feel beneath her?
She's got to know that she's the one.

I can feel it, I believe it.
I just want you to know.
I can see you, I might meet you.
I don't want to go.

Now I'm dazed every time that I see her.
She's hanging around with those guys I know.
If she could only see how good I would treat her.
But I'm too afraid, that she'd say no.

She's hanging around with those guys I know.
She's hanging around with those guys I know.
She's hanging around with those guys I know.

I can feel it, I believe it.
I just want you to know.
I can see you, I might need it.
I don't want to go