

Yeah

Quietdrive

I said I really wanna know your name
She looks around and she hesitates
Then she turns back to her best friend
But she's talking with another man

I don't really wanna be in this place
I'm getting bored and it's much too late
Can we go back to the alleyway
I can hear you talk to me that way

Oh, she has butterflies on her feet
As she pulls her hair back our eyes meet

(And it's on)

I never want to let her go
She is everything but typical
Yeah, yeah, I'm talking 'bout
Yeah, yeah, yeah
She is everything I can't have
And I never want to give that back
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

We can do a shitty cover band
Through the walls of the club we can
Shoot me like a teen man
Then she reaches out and takes my hand

Oh, she feels like a million bucks
Just play it cool, don't mess this up

(Please God)

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She is everything but typical
Yeah, yeah, I'm talking 'bout
Yeah, yeah, yeah
She is everything I can't have
And I never want to give that back
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Get a grip, get a brain
Crazy that she won't stop talking
No she won't stop talking to me
She's a trip, she's a player
Crazy that she won't stop talking
No she won't stop talking to me
Then she pulls me away
I'm alone, I'm afraid
That she makes me feel this way
This could be the one
Just don't mess this up

"Hey, I kinda wanna go to the... to the bar, but I don't really want to go,
but I want to go. Do you want to go?"

She says that her ride fell through, oh no
Is it cool if I leave here with you?

(And it's on!)

I never want to let her go
She is everything but typical
Yeah, yeah, I'm talking 'bout
Yeah, yeah, yeah
She is everything I can't have
And I never want to give that back
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah