

# 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!)

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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