

88 Fingers Edward

Ratboys

Every current song was sung during the past
There's no way to describe the amount of people I've seen
Staring at the traffic light, forgetting that they can be seen
Lovely moments of the past, I sing about them currently

Follow me back where we were, when everything was right
And we were humming, and our mouths were dry
We didn't say it, but we liked when
18 was the age of walking in and doing things you couldn't
Do when you were younger, you were dumber
But, you'll be older soon

So, give me a nod and some time to look around
I've found that nothing is sacred
And how 'bout Edward and his 88 fingers?
Jaws on the floor, I'd say he's made it

I'd say he's made it

Every current song
Every current song
Every current song
Every current song
Every current song
Every current song