

Recess

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Chasing
Chasing all the things you never had
Facing
Facing all the fears you never grabbed
You've had
The chance
Sitting next to her
With her fingers in her purse
You can tell she does her work
You may try to speak but someone was eyeing her first
You sit back and try to rehearse those lines

It's the first day back
I need to relax
Probably not her type
I can see that guy
What if she's into all the things I do
I gotta, I gotta, I gotta
I gotta, I gotta

At recess you follow her to the swing set
Her hair it swings
While she jumps and clings to her friend she hasn't seen today
Yet she
She looks so clean
In those blue jeans
You pray that she could never be
A girl who don't know why
It's so hot outside
You look at the time
The bell rings so high
The bell rings so high
You've run out of time

It's lunch and you give her your favorite flavor of
Crunch bar
You watch her
As she gives it to her friend who has three different lunches
You say that she's ungrateful
She can never focus
On the way home
The bus is full so you wait for her
You sit by her
And you fix your mouth to say hello
As you fix your mouth to say hello
You notice that she had already put in her bright pink headphones

I just can't do this
Every chance I miss
I can tell that she ain't tryna know me
Let your mind do tricks
Ask her for that kiss
I gotta, I gotta, I gotta
I gotta, I gotta (ask for that kiss)
I just can't do this
Every chance I miss
I can tell that she ain't tryna' know me

Let your mind do tricks
Ask her for that kiss
I gotta, I gotta, I gotta
I gotta, I gotta