

Six A.M.

Screeching Weasel

I know that the things that I say aren't too cool
But I feel like I'm whacked out on high octane fuel
We walked and we talked

And I'm flippin' my wig over you

I laid on the floor wondering what I should do
And I couldn't help smiling at you like a goof
I wish I had known
That I could have gone home with you
Flippin' my wig over you

You had me wondering why I'm so lame
You had me thinking about you all day
Every day

The sun's coming up and the Bud's going down
And it's certainly nice that we got to hang out
But when push comes to shove
I think I fell in love
Or at least had a dumb crush on you
Now I sit here and sing
Thinking up stupid things
I'm still flippin' my wig over you
I'm still flippin' my wig over you