

Boy Came In

The Eames Era

And I remember when the boy came in
And shot a look over to my best friend
And I said, I'm sorry
But you're my favorite
You know you're making me cold
And I do what I'm told
And see a side of you that makes me cry
That I can only see when I shut my eyes
And you say, I could be
You're one in a million

But always seem to land in 99,000
There is a reason why I'm calling
Not gonna sit around and waiting for you to call me
darling
Don't call me darling don't call me darling
Don't call me darling don't call me darling
Don't call me darling don't call me darling
And to the three months I will miss you much
But I can only offer this as much
When you think no one is listening
My ears are open
Though you're making me cold
And I do what I'm told
I do what I'm told