

Foothills

Violent Femmes

I know why I go to work
And I know sometimes I'm a jerk
But I can't tell you why
I'm in love

I'll take lunch with my co-workers
But after work I just go bezerkers
Yet I can't tell them why
I'm in love

Sundays and Saturdays
Sitting in the park, or in the dark, or at the beach
In the foothills
My thoughts, they keep straying out of reach
Say it's left or say it's right
Say it's day or say it's night
Still I can't tell you why
I'm in love

I wake up and then I jerk
My brain awake
But it won't work
Well enough to say why I'm
In love

So I get up and then I jerk
And then I get up and then I go to work
But I can't say why I'm
In love

All the days are happy days
Sitting in the park, or in the dark, or at the beach
In the foothills
My thoughts, they keep staying out of reach
Say it's wrong or say it's right
Say we may or say we might
Still I can't tell you why I'm in love

I know I will feel the hurt
And I know that it doesn't hurt
And I know you know that I'm in love

I get up and I go to work
I can say my boss is a jerk
But I can't tell you why
I'm in love