

## Barbara H.

### Fountains of Wayne

For a small girl Barbara sure has got a big crush  
The kind that makes you want to break stuff  
And blame it on a man you don't know

She came down to New York City in a big bus  
Nine hours driving and you can't just stay home  
So it doesn't matter which way you go

And now all day the radio's been playing the same song  
Can't shake that tune but it's ok  
Maybe the world isn't so small  
Barbara knows it doesn't matter at all

And each day Barbara wakes up in a bad way  
Tells me quietly she has absolutely nothing to say  
But I don't seem to mind

She says she won't listen to the band play  
She hates songs that never seem to go away  
Now neither will mine

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Barbara knows  
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it doesn't matter at all