

When I was 8 years old
Before puberty took hold
I thought I'd
End up beside a princess bride
And love was indivisible
Never mind how my taste reflects
A disturbing Oedipal complex
It's not awkward girl
The compliments are coming next

You're no witch, you're no wench,
You're like Bjork with better fashion sense
A phone, 50 cents, and I'm building up my confidence
Respect to your work, you're an artist,
I'm a silly jerk
I think that dynamic could work
So work it

I have a total crush on you, baby
And I can't let it go, oh no
I have a total crush on you baby, baby!
If only I could let you know

When we spoke no joke
I started shedding slutty girls
Like snake skin, my collection
Acquired through shallow misdirection
And as I drive tonight
West coast sky
Daring me to try
I feel alive tonight
Possibility, that I'm your guy
Though I suffer from dyslexia,
Mild man-orexia
And my hair cannot commit
To one popular genre of music
And though they all claim,
That a girl can't take a boy's last name
Or end up divorced and estranged
I'm counting on you

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And I can't let it go, oh no
I have a total crush on you baby, baby!
If only I could

Your other suitors are no poets
They're only actors who can play guitar
Have I won your heart?
They're not students or screenwriters
They're only models that they taught to read
Love would you agree?

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And I can't let it go, oh no
I have a total crush on you baby, baby!
If only I could

Quite sure you love me, Sherri
Quite sure I love you too
We should make a verbal agreement to only to kiss each other
Cause one time, beneath the sky, outside my new york pigsty
I saw a vision of you and I! haha!

Did it hurt? Did it hurt? Did it hurt,
When you fell from heaven girl?
Did it hurt? Did it hurt? Did it hurt,
When you fell from heaven girl?
La da-da da-da da-da, la da-da da-da
La da-da da-da da-da, la da-da da-da