Purple haze on Saturdays
Smoking with no clothes on
I bet he tastes like outer space
Sugar coated ozone

I took a walk today to the corner store alone
I bought some apple juice 'cause I needed some at home
I like to take my time for a chance that I might get
I try to catch his eye, but he hasn't noticed yet

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(Oh-oh)

Forever waiting for a knock upon my door
It's so frustrating, always pacing right my floor
If he'd only look my way, I'd invite him to come in
Hope and pray you wipe away this apple juice from my chin

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(Oh-oh...)