

your friends all wear too much black  
girls think its funny you dance like that  
boys all say you must be strange  
i don't see what they mean  
one lone patch on your black vest  
some dead poet or some such mess  
meet you saturday at tracks  
it must be obvious  
its true  
i don't care at all  
i don't mind your studio hair gel  
i don't mind the howard jones poster on your wall  
your hair looks like robert smith  
brings to mind the word "obsessed"  
nite club straps along your wrist  
it must be obvious  
its true  
i don't care at all  
i don't mind your studio hair gel  
i don't mind the howard jones poster on your wall  
doesn't even phase me  
i don't mind the people you don't know  
i don't mind the crazy way you play your casio