

## Song 4 You

Ben Lee

I'll buy a pair of jeans  
A stylish means  
A groovy masterpiece  
I'll cover them with paper men  
And books on zen

Records shot with darts  
Talk your way out of this one - blah, blah, blah...

I wrote a song for you  
I wrote a song for you

I'll sleep till after three  
I'll brush my teeth  
I'll wash my feet  
I don't feel well  
You couldn't tell  
I look like hell

Records shot with darts  
Talk your way out of this one - blah, blah, blah...

I wrote a song for you  
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