

Every second counts  
I don't want to talk to you anymore  
All these little games  
You can call me by the name I gave you  
Yesterday

Every minute counts  
I don't want to watch TV anymore  
Can you figure me out?  
Just doin' this to waste more time on the couch

Can you see me I'm waiting for the right time  
I can't read you but if you want, the pleasure's all mine  
Can you see me using everything to hold back  
I guess this could be worse  
Walking out the door with your bags  
Walking out the door with your bags  
Walking out the door with your bags  
Walking out the door with your bags

Pour your glass of wine  
Mitchell told me I should be just fine  
Cases under the bed  
Spill it open let it rush to my head

I don't want to be forward  
I don't want to cut corners  
Savor this with everything I have inside me  
I'm not the type to run  
I know that we're having fun  
But what's the rush?  
Kissing and my cheeks are so flushed

Tell you how I felt  
Sugar coated melting in your mouth  
Pardon my emotions  
I should probably keep it all to myself  
Know you'd make fun of me  
Know you'd make fun of me  
Know you'd make fun of me  
Know you'd make fun of me

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