

That time i mentioned i was moving
And you said you'd help me move
I almost went out and bought some shit
So i'd need your help to move
Cause i got a crush on you
Remember that Halloween when i went as Jimmy Dean
You were a princess, or a gypsy, or whatever
I was James Dean
And i had a crush on you
I get a yes, a no, a maybe
From the magic 8 ball of your mind
I saw your mom's Camaro
Dammit girl you lookin fine
And i got a crush on you
Day in, day out, same routine
Better know what you think before you say what you mean
Same old, same old, season after season
Baby you're the kind of thing i do without reason
The sky's an 80 ft. mirror
With a fancy bevelled edge
Couldn't make it any clearer
I'm alone on this ledge
Just me and my crush on you
Teen-age hair-dos, bad leather
Mom's apartment, ethyl cans
I wa-wa-wa-wa-wanna
Take you to the dance
Cause i got a crush on you
Some girls make me reach for the bottle
Some girls make me reach for the sky
You got me reaching in every direction for
Just one good reason why
I gotta have this crush on you
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