

Categories

Darren Criss

This one's got a dirty mouth
The other's got a twisted shout
The other just got nothing to say

This one's got that purple like fire
I like the other better
This one's just got nothing but gray

So take the dust off of your boots
You'd think she was in cahoots
Sketchy baby girl over there

Girl you're acting crazy
Lord have mercy!
I'm used to it
But sometimes I just think you don't care.

Seems like the categories
Got nothing to do with you or me
With you or me

Seems like the ones who love us
They don't even know just what that means
That's how it seems

Ooooooh, ooooooh, oooooh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.
Ooooooh, oh..

Dancing with an angel/demon,
brother/sister, mother/heathen
Putting all the steps in the groove
And nodding your head back and forth,
"This song, I kinda love this song,"
Pretending that you know all the moves

The beat goes faster than even I can handle
Take your time just when you can
And see that you got caught by the hook
Invisible lines cast by a thousand strangers
Take your time and hope for danger
Exercise and promise a look

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I take advantage of all my callings
Don't take no stops at stop signs
I get the feeling that I'm still falling
In between all the lines that we never made

Ooooooh, ooooooh, oooooh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.
Ooooooh, oh...

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Got nothing to do with you or me
With you or me

Seems like the ones who love us
They don't even know just what that means
That's how it seems
How it seems, how it seems

Ooooooh, ooooooh, oooooh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.