

# The Beatboxer Who Broke My Heart

Hey Ocean!

I walked into the boutique  
He was standing there  
I could swear I had seen his face in there before  
It was this time last week  
I realized it just as soon as I stepped in the door

I pretended to be interested in some shoes  
'Cause if not I thought he'd start to wonder  
As I left him I did something that I never do  
I asked him on a whim for his number

Gave him a call the first day after  
One of those awkward phone conversations full of pauses and lots of laughter  
Got stoked on his music  
Inspiration

Planned to meet that week at Robson square  
Showed up late  
Oops  
10 past 9  
Lucky for me he still was there  
He planned his joint to pass the time

I started to feel this beat  
This beat  
This brilliant beat  
Pounding in my head  
My chest  
My knees  
My feet  
Should've seen it coming right from the start  
Beatboxer who broke my heart

Ooh  
Ooh

So we continued walking down Robson street  
And as we keep talking I keep feeling the beat  
All of a sudden boom  
We overflow with conversation  
Was beginning to really enjoy the situation

As I watched his lips move with such precision and agility  
There was no room to improve upon this boy's beatboxing ability

Into a couple weeks of chilling in a similar way  
This certain boy started filling all my thoughts through the day  
I was overwhelmed by this boy  
Amazed and enchanted  
I was his toy and boy did he ever take me for granted

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(Hit 'em with a little more funk)

So as the week goes he starts acting weird  
And my heart doesn't wanna doubt him  
In my head it was a feeling I had always feared  
He said there's something I should know about him

I said I don't care what you've done in the past  
You know we've all got our dirty secrets  
I said this is something I really want to last  
But when he looked at me my world turned beatless

He said listen miss  
I'm really feeling your kiss  
But still a million would give their opinion of this  
But let's be honest  
You were just another chick on my list  
And if my misses heard about this she would be pissed

I couldn't even think of what to say  
A million broken beats drove right through me  
I took a breath another one and simply walked away  
Not believing that a boy could do this to me

I walked home soaked in regret  
The rain turned to hail  
Then snow  
Then sleet  
I turned my face trying to forget what was left of

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