

I think about what we won't have,  
And what we'll never do.  
Then I say, "Why can't I be the guy she lays?  
And why can't we be lovers?  
I see your beauty, do you see mine?"  
I can't stress enough what I feel,  
When I hear your voice calling out for my name.  
I get off on talking to you, it ain't fair.  
You please me.  
And you don't even know it.  
Why can't you get on top of me?