

It's eleven thirty at night,  
and your in your bed nice and tight.

Maybe your dreaming of me I am calling you,  
I am wishing you were here.

I hope I didn't annoy you today.  
If I did you answered anyway.

Now I am laying in my bed  
I am hearing you wishing I could feel too.

I miss her.

I wanted to tell her.

I spoke to myself in the mirror for awhile tonight.  
I made a promise that I would never fuck up having you in my life.  
To be honest  
I think your my favorite girl I ever met, yeah.  
I think your my favorite girl I ever met.

I bought a new notebook for the road.  
Covered it with your area code.  
Over and over again,  
It's tattooed by the pen and I wish it was my home.  
'Cause I kinda hate everyone I know  
and lately I've been feeling so low.  
Come get inside my bed  
you make me feel dead  
by being out there in the Unknown.

I miss her.

I wanted to tell her.

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I made a promise that I would never fuck up having you in my life.  
To be honest  
I think your my favorite girl I ever met, yeah.  
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I spoke to myself in the mirror for awhile tonight.  
I made a promise that I would never fuck up having you in my life.  
To be honest  
I think your my favorite girl I ever met, yeah.  
I think your my favorite girl I ever met.

I just wanted to tell her.