

I'll get the door Mrs. Jackson
I'll get the press and reporters too
I'll wait outside your heart
You're not a throw-away film star

There's something different about you
And I'll wait outside your heart

Cross my heart, I would die
Shove the needle in my eye
Be your sugar, I could try
Where's the papers, let me sign
All I want is to be wanted by you

How is your head Mrs. Jackson?
How about a pain killer pill or two?
I'll wait outside you heart
What in the hell are they saying?
They'll never understand me or you

And I'll wait outside your garage
And your house, and your restaurant

Cross my heart, I would die
Shove the needle in my eye
Be your sugar, I could try
Where's the papers, let me sign
All I want is to be wanted by you