

Put on the TV
Flick through the stations
In the truth or a miss interpretaion
He doesn't care all he cares about he's going out tonight
He tucks his shirt in and does his hair nice
He's got to run to catch the bus and pays full price , ten minutes late so he takes a deep breath and then goes inside
Now he's sitting on the sofa wanting to go over
He hasn't had a shave so he looks a little older and he knows that if the truth be told he's got no chance
Yeh he's sitting on the sofa wanting to go over he changes on to doubles so he doesn't feel as sober, all the drink oh it's making him think he's got more than a chance
So he stumbles down the hallway his body's tired but in his mind he's wide awake
He's not thinking about the foreplay
He's just a little boy who didn't realise
You don't look with your hands you look with your eyes she says
x 5
All he wanted was affection
It was so rude of her to blatantly reject him in that way
Just a little miss understanding and now it's all too late the fists fly in with a fury of rage
So he spills out to the garden, the windows steam up with them try to see the action from inside
Oh but please don't wake the neighbours
He's just a little lad who didn't realise
You don't look with your hands you look with your eyes he says
x 3
No you don't understand you don't realise he says
You don't look with your hands you look with your eyes