

Nowhere Fast

Neal Morse

There is this girl I know
She hates my guts I love her so
But I've got a simple mind
It thinks just this: she will be mine
I tell her "I like your dress"
She says I'm sick, disturbed, obsessed
Well I don't know what that's about
She won't say why she won't go out with me

She keeps tellin' me she doesn't need a reason
And all my friends think that I'm bein' outclassed
But I just got to be her first or at least her last
And I'm getting nowhere fast
I'm getting nowhere fast
I'm getting nowhere fast

I had a shirt designed, it has her face pressed into mine
I never wear it, I keep it new
She says she'll kill me if I do
I'm puzzled and perplexed, I'm overwhelmed and under-sexed
And I still can't figure why she says she'd rather die than be with me

She keeps tellin' me she doesn't need reasons
And all my friends think that I'm bein' outclassed
But I just got to be her first or at least her last
And I'm getting nowhere fast
I'm getting nowhere fast
I'm getting nowhere fast

She'd like to see me drown in my own tears
Well that's all right
Even if it takes a hundred years
Well that's all right
Yeah that's all right

She keeps tellin' me she doesn't need reasons
And all my friends think that I'm bein' outclassed
But I just got to be her first or at least her last
And I'm getting nowhere fast
I'm getting nowhere fast
I'm getting nowhere fast
I'm getting nowhere fast
Getting nowhere
I'm getting nowhere fast
Getting nowhere
I'm getting nowhere fast