

Creep in a T-Shirt

Portugal. The Man

I'm sorry Mr. Policeman,
If I wanted to talk I woulda called a friend
Don't worry when I get back home
I'll just stay in bed, I'm better off alone

I wake up to my boring days
Never was a child, I was born this way
Always there but always out of place
Feels so alien

I don't know what I know
But I know where it's at
Just because I lost it doesn't mean I want it back

You don't get it
Cuz it the world I'm living in
You don't get it
I'm just a creep in a t-shirt, jeans, I don't fuckin care

Sorry but I don't recall the crime
My memory has left me behind
May have been a man, maybe a friend
Or maybe aliens

I don't know what I know
But I know where it's at
Just because I lost it doesn't mean I want it back

You don't get it
Cuz it the world I'm living in
You don't get it
I'm just a creep in a t-shirt, jeans, I don't fuckin care

It's not because the light here is brighter
And it's not that I'm evil, I just don't like to pretend
That I could ever be your friend

Cuz it the world I'm living in
I'm just a creep in a t-shirt, jeans, I don't fuckin care

You don't get it
Just a loser in a t-shirt, jeans, I don't fuckin care
You don't get it
I'm just a creep in a t-shirt, jeans, I don't fuckin care