

I Love You More Than I Hate My Period

Say Anything

Let me tell you about the love I have,
'Cause it's growing by the moment,
and I'd murder you to hold his hand.
See I don't even know this boy,
but I want him so bad.
Oh, so bad.
He's the singer of my favorite band.
If I cornered him and locked him in a closet,
he would understand.
Take me away from my boring life,
to his promised land.

And his song is stuck in my head.
His song is stuck in my head.
As long as he's not poor or dead,
then I always shall remember him.

He's not like the other guys I meet,
I'm sure he's always keen to listen,
and the words, he sings so sweet.
Like the Bible, not a fable,
he'd be willing to beat,
my ex-boyfriend up if they should ever meet.
And as I press repeat,
in the snow and sleet,
I do a lap around his block,
and as a swoon I'll keep,
my knife concealed 'til the dream is real,
and we share a suburban street.

And his song is stuck in my head.
His song is stuck in my head.
I will chain him tight onto my bed,
so I always shall remember him.

Lately, I've been wondering 'bout reverse psychology,
and all the negative crap that it implies.
Like that I want what I want when I want it,
Not when it's glimmering before my eyes.
Lately, I've been wondering 'bout complex biology,
like when a stork shows up on your roof,
to bring you a lovely love child,
bouncing boy, to spell out the truth.

His song is stuck in my head.
His song is stuck in my head.
I will fill his heart and soul with lead,
so I always shall remember him.

His song is stuck in my head.
His song is stuck in my head.
He will take my fire, and burn instead,
So I always shall remember him.