

I Will Never Write an Obligatory Song About Being On the Road and Missing Say Anything

Take this pen to paper
Like a virgin befallen by the danger
Poetry was never this real to me
Well, I was too far gone to save her

Oh Lordy, the sun is coming up
A marshmallow into a cloud
I'll never shut up again
I'm fucking disavowed

Take this pen to paper
In a stink there with four total strangers
I am lost cause freedom has it's cost
My box is full, I'll call you later

I want my baby back
I want my baby back
I miss you, miss you

I want my baby back
I want my baby back
I miss your kiss, I miss you

I was hoping you were open
But you were not, I missed my shot
But then you called me
What befallen me
I never knew, I never knew it was you

I got my baby back
I got my baby back
I miss you, miss you

I got my baby back
I got my baby back
I miss your kiss, I miss you

And I got you back
And I got you back
And I got you back
And I got you, got you back

Take this pen to paper
Watch me take this pen to paper, woah
I take this pen to paper
Watch me take this pen to paper, woah