

# I Will Never Write an Obligatory Song About Being On the Road and Miss

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