

But She Beat My High Score

Say Hi To Your Mom

Sounds are cutoff short
They make up rhythms
And pixelated many pixel food
Well I thought I found a way
To lay the joystick down
A girl with eyes the color of pea soup
And there's a flame
There's a spark
But she beat my high score
So say goodbye
There's the door
I can't see you anymore

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Nah nah nah nah
?
Besides she lost her cloak just yesterday
The dry cleaners must have mixed
The tickets up and so
She got some guys
Leather three piece suit instead

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