1-2-3-4, count 96 more and then come and find me cause im hiding, baby not in the closet or the door or down in the playroom where we used to play soccer and i'd grease the floor with lysol and love

Right now gotta get something straight i can count backwards and make the grades i will let you carry my books thru those pre-school days

Try to tag me in the laundry chute where i'd grab your arm and come crashing down like bmx racers over double jumps those sentimental days plotting all the ways throwing snowballs at innocent passing cars the last laugh was never ours

Right now gotta get something straight i can count backwards and make the grades i will let you carry my books thru those pre-school days (2x)

And i remember playing games walking on bar stools with alias names and holding our breath, the floor a fiery toxic death, baby and i would always get my sister straight trash the dollhouse with ig-88 and my han solo, in his hoth battle gear clothes

Right now gotta get something straight i can count backwards and make the grades i will let you carry my books thru those pre-school days