

## Trip

## Smash Mouth

Making faces from across the room  
Look at me looking at you  
What's your name, my name too  
I'm getting the chills sitting next to you  
Shake myself in your soul  
The blood in your veins  
The smell your clothes  
What am I suppose to do  
There's nothing left for me to choose  
Make my move or walk away  
Once again with out a date  
Is it me or do I smell  
I had a shower the other what the hell, is going on  
Just where do I belong  
I don't really care

Get outta my hair, get outta my hair

Smoke my cigarettes and drive my car  
Flick your ashes on my bedroom floor  
Wear my underwear, steal my shirts  
I think it's love and then you burp  
If I died you'd probably spit on my grave  
And date my friends the very next day  
Your always complaining that I'm not home  
When I try to call you on the telephone  
My pants are falling my socks don't fit  
I can't seem to walk with out having to trip over you  
Just what am I gonna do  
I don't really care

Get outta my hair, get outta my head

What is said, what is done  
I take it on the run  
I won't apologize  
I won't be telling lies  
How could you, why would you  
Take advantage of and leave me of my love  
Then leave

Smash my windows and keyed my car  
And outta the blue you send a birthday card  
What's a man suppose to do  
When all I get is grieve from you  
Playing games and trashin' my  
Who could it be  
Hopefully nobody for me  
I don't really care  
Get outta my hair