

Come pick me up in the morning.
I know you've probably thought about it too.
Otherwise I'll never leave my oven.
My arms and legs they would grow soft with you.

Come pick me up in the morning
And we can find a hole to crawl into.
We're still pretending to be lightweights.
My arms and legs they would grow soft.

Behind his smile is nothing.
Long hair's a signal to the wandering eye.
Anytime I'll leave my coffin gladly.
My arms and legs they would grow soft and die.

Someone broke into my heart
Or beat it into my head.
Several hours to drive home,
Or fall asleep instead?

So think it over.
Just think it over, don't let me down.
So think it over.
Just think it over, I'll be around.