

Long Island

that dog.

You're pretty dreamy for a boy from
Long island
You should come to see me on my
Western horizon
Seems as though it's cause we're never meant to meet
But I just look at you and know you're pretty sweet
I want to set a place for you at my table
We can sit forever watching reruns on cable
Take you driving in my brother's beat old car
Sharing a cigarette and wish upon a star together

So you say you like my shirt
(i like your shirt)
And you say you've got a lot just like them
(I've got a lot just like them)
And I hear you wrote a song about me
By definition, a crush must hurt
And they do
And they do
Just like the one I have on you.

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