

I guess i'm not the kind of boy
Who's seen it all before
Anymore
I thought i'd figured out the way
To see the sunny side
Of the day

Making plans, making good
And keep on asking on
Could it be so good

I'll have to sit and calculate
Think myself a mess
For the best
It seems i have to complicate
All the thing i see
Lucky me

And when you all go out to play
I'll keep an eye on you
For a clue
Cos i won't take it anymore
Being the jealous one
In the sun

And when i come and see the light
Heaven help you all
At the sight
Cos fireworks and movie screens
Can't prepare you all
For the scene
All my plans making good
I can't stop thinking now it'll be so good

Cos now it seems I'm all the rage
Such a tender heart
Such and early age
Now tell me where the hell were you
When i was the only one
Who couldn't see the sun
All my plans making good
I can't stop thinking now
It could be so good?