

# She Doesn't Get It

The Format

All the girls pose the same for pictures  
All the boys got the same girls' hair  
I am bored 'cause I feel much older  
Look at me, as if I've got a reason to stare

But you talk so loud  
that it calms me down  
You're crying "Let's make a toast"

She says she's leaving on a Sunday  
That leaves me one more night  
Can I take you home?  
I know it's wrong  
but I know your type  
She says she's leaving on a Sunday  
and I don't care  
I need to know where to turn  
I tried it once  
It never caught on  
I was the only one who got burned

I've read every word you're said  
From a poster of a cat  
Four books look across your sofa  
I thought your coffee table  
was more clever than that

It gets worse once we get to her room  
as she stops and sings  
"doot do do doot do do doot do"  
I claim "new religion" is my song  
She doesn't get it  
It's all before she was born

And you lock your doors  
Like I've been here before  
I feel like I've seen a ghost

Suddenly between sheets and eyelids I am reminded why I don't do  
this  
I fall in love far too quickly  
I never want her to forget me  
When you're gone  
Will you call?  
Will you write?