

Bowling For Soup, Crayon

Feeling like a crayon
(I'm gonna be) look out
I can't move a muscle
Gotta get me out

Feeling like a crayon
Caught up in the crowd
While my friend the Cheeto
Is eaten by a mouth

Feeling like a crayon
Caught up in the crowd
I can't move a muscle
Gotta get me out

Can't get out
Can't get out
I can't get out

Feeling like a crayon
Want to meet the crowd
While my friend the Cheeto
Is eaten by a mouse

Gonna pick a mattress
Of a sofa sleeper
Gonna swear to make up
I'm fallin
deeper and deeper

Can't get out
Can't get out
I can't get out