

# Ookla The Mok, Tandem Bike

She came into my room at two o'clock in the afternoon  
And she said that she had a desperate need  
To talk about our relationship  
and wasn't it time that we called it quits  
But she cried when I said that I kind of agreed  
I didn't know what to say  
I began to wish I was dead  
Crazy me crazy me  
I thought that she meant what she said  
She said she wanted to hear me say that I'd always want to be near her  
I asked, "Well why isn't that what you said?"  
She turned and cried some more and when she left she slammed the door  
Then I sighed with relief and sat down on my bed  
My jaw nearly hit the floor  
I couldn't believe my eyes  
Twenty minutes later when I opened the door  
And she was standing right outside  
I said, "Hey what the hell are you still doing here?"  
and she said, "Well  
I thought you were gonna come after me"  
I rolled my eyes and told her, "You should really be acting older  
You're thirty years old and I'm just twenty-three"  
CHORUS:  
Then she rode away  
On a bicycle built for two  
All alone  
To make her leave was beyond my power so we hugged for half an hour  
And I know for sure because I checked  
My cowboy secret space detective super hero radioactive  
Message decoding watch behind her neck  
Two hours later she finally left  
And this time she was really gone  
I sat done immediately  
And I began to write this song  
I was out on New Year's Eve and as I was getting ready to leave  
I saw her approach from across the bar  
So I pretended I was plastered, she found out and called me a bastard  
But she followed me home anyway in her car  
We argued right outside my door  
It was unbelievably cold  
My toes were getting kind of numb  
So I told her that I had to go  
Now I live in fear every time I see her coming near  
I try to hide but I can't get away  
I'm sick of lies and compromises averting eyes and wearing disguises  
She stalks me twenty-four hours a day  
CHORUS