

Single File, Velcro

She likes the boy who lives downstairs
She loves the way he combs his hair
And the way he sits out half the night and rocks out
Under the porch light

It's not about his velcro shoes
It's all about the way he moves
So she keeps her window open
And secretly she's hoping
That he'll run away with her

Draw the blinds, close your eyes
Convince yourself that it's alright
Arms around her pillow
She's trying hard to let go of this lonely friday night