

Smash Mouth, Trip

Making faces from across the room
Look at me looking at you
What's your name, my name too?
I'm getting the chills sitting next to you...

Shake myself in your soul
The blood in your veins
The smell of your clothes
What am I supposed to do?
There's nothing left for me to choose
Make my move or walk away
Once again without a date
Is it me or do I smell?
I showered the other day
What the hell's going on?
Just where do I belong?
I don't really care...

Get out of my hair
Get out of my hair

Smoke my cigarettes
And drive my car
Flick your ashes on my bedroom floor
Wear my underwear
Steal my shirts
I think it's love and then you burp
If I died, you'd probably spit on my grave
and date my friends the very next day
You're always complaining that I'm not home
When I try to call you're on the telephone
My pants are falling, my socks don't fit
I can't seem to walk without having to
Trip over you
Just what am I going to do?
I don't really care...

Get out of my hair
Get out of my hair

What is said, what is done
I'll take it on the run
I won't apologize
I won't be telling lies
How could you?
Why would you?
Take advantage of
And raid me of my love
Then leave?

Smash my windows and key my car
Then out of the blue you send a birthday card
What's a man supposed to do
When all I get is grief from you?
Playing games and trashing my
Who could it be?
Hopefully no body for me
I don't really care...

Get out of my hair