

Weezer, Across The Sea

You are 18 year old girl
Who live in small city of Japan
And you heard me on the radio
About one year ago
And you wanted to know
All about me and my hobbies
My favorite food and my birthday

Why are you so far away from me?
I need help and you're way across the sea
I could never touch you
I think it would be wrong
I've got your letter
You've got my song

They don't make stationery like this where I'm from
So fragile, so refined
So I sniff and I lick your envelope
And fall to little pieces every time
I wonder what clothes you wear to school
I wonder how you decorate your room
I wonder how you touch yourself
And curse myself for being across the sea

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At 10 I shaved my head and tried to be a monk
I thought the older women would like me if I did
You see, ma, I'm a good little boy
It's all your fault, momma, it's all your fault
Goddamn, this business is really lame
I gotta live on an island to find the juice
So you send me your love from all around the world
As if I could live on words and dreams and a million screams
Oh how I need a hand in mine, to feel

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