

# Beck, Think I'm In Love

I really think I better get a hold of myself  
Don't wanna let the night get ahead of myself  
Whisperin' her love through a smoke ring smile  
She doesn't know what happens when she's around

I think I'm in love  
But it makes me kinda nervous to say so  
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But it makes me kinda nervous to say so

Doodododododoodoo

Probably lay my head on a wooden floor  
Tell her I was tired from working the store  
Counting all the cash from an old shoebox  
Saving up to buy her something she wants

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What if it's wrong?  
What if it's wrong  
To pray in vain?  
What does it mean  
To fake your death?  
To wake up tainted?

Take a little picture in a photobooth  
Keep it in a locket and I think of you  
Both of our pictures, face to face  
Take off your necklace and throw it away

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