

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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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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