Ben Lee, Song 4 You

I'll buy a pair of jeans A stylish means A groovy masterpiece I'll cover them with paper men And books on zen

Records shot with darts Talk your way out of this one - blah, blah, blah...

I wrote a song for you I wrote a song for you

I'll sleep till after three I'll brush my teeth I'll wash my feet I don't feel well You couldn't tell I look like hell

Records shot with darts Talk your way out of this one - blah, blah, blah...

I wrote a song for you I wrote a song for you