

Bowling For Soup, I Don't Know

I'm on my way to West Hall
And I don't know
What your thinking when I show up
You invite me in

I sit and stare at the walls
Full of pictures
Of the people and the places
You hold dear

Sitting on the front porch made our fingers really cold
Could have used some Chap Stick, but, I found something better to use

You made me lose track of time
For just an hour
That we gained the night before
Day-light savings time

It all went by so fast
I forgot
To take a picture from the shoebox
Before I go away