

Bowling For Soup, If You Come Back To Me

You were right all along.
You know I hate that, admitting I was wrong.
So I don't answer the phone when it's you.
It's funny when I see the caller I.D.
Shows the phone line's still in your dad's name.
So hey, I'm doing OK.

And I'll get back to you if you come back to me.
Your voice is so Marilyn Monroe.
It's funny how that makes me wanna smash the phone.
I wonder if J.F.K. ever felt this way.
All alone, like Summer when it snows.
So out of place, so out of those fake smiles.
I used to do so well.
And here's the part of the song
Where I start to break down like my broken heart.
But it's not gonna matter
The lines are all down from a hurricane
They should have named after you.
Maybe I should get a Scorpions ringtone
To remind me of you.

CHORUS

So hey, I'm doing OK.
And I'll get back to you if you come back to me.
Oh, here we go.
Just like a broken record skippin' apart
That we both oughta know by heart.
(2nd time:
And I can still hear you singing along)

We were right there,
And now it seems so tragic.
No happy ending,
Now this whole thing seems so drastic.
You asked me 20 times
Where we could find our magic.
Ask David Copperfield or even Rick O'Casey.
David Blaine, (where's the magic?)
Lance Burton, (where's the magic?)
Harry Potter, (where's the magic?)
I used to think pop rocks were magic.
Sigfried and Roy, (where's the magic?)
Shaquille O'Neal,
(why'd you leave the magic?)
You asked me 20 times,
Or was it 28,
And your greatest trick ever
Was your great escape.