

# Butch Walker, 1 Summer Jam

Don't put another thing on my plate  
My brain is so full of your face  
I ate I counted the hours  
Since the minute that I drove by you  
And I got a scar where she left me  
Don't think I'll see her around  
Come back Sunday (come back Sunday)  
Everyday's a Monday  
Now that you're gone  
Come back Sunday (come back Sunday)  
Before I got a minute  
The minute was gone  
Think you kinda dug me  
But other guys are up above me  
Trying to get to you cuz I let you go  
I like to think I'm a pretty slick guy  
But something in the sunlight between your thighs  
Turned me into mush with a certified crush on you  
And oh, what a bore I must be  
You're so far ahead of my world  
[Chorus]  
And it's never been so weird  
To be at the bottom looking up  
And I went into this movie of blood and guts  
Thinking I was the shit, I was all grown up  
And I wonder, if you wonder, what we could be