

Cold War Kids, Something Is Not Right With Me

Something is not right with me
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Something is not right with me
How was I supposed to know?

Something is not right with me
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Something is not right with me
Trying not to let it show

I tried to call you collect
You said you would not accept
Your friends are laughing
'Cause nobody uses pay phones

Gave me quarters to select
Song on the the jukebox that gets
People dancing
Should have never chose `[[Matthew_Sweet:Girlfriend]""Girlfriend""]]`

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I'm trying not to let it show

Passions of the people were sleeping late into the evening
Reach behind, they could hardly find their spines
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You said you like old cars
I bought a beat up brown Dodge
it was smoking black
And died in your frontyard

You follow whose dating who
But, but when it comes to you
One is pulled a dozen
Different ways in the mind

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