

Farmer's Boys, Matter Of Fact

It's not that I don't care for you
I just didn't want you to know
I may not be so perfect but
You knew that a long time ago

Whenever we meet I can hardly remain upright on my feet
Joking apart I don't know, know where to start

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I just didn't want you to know
I may not be so perfect but
You knew that a long time ago

Whenever we talk I can hardly believe the words that I hear
Purely by chance I drift off, off in a trance

There's a voice in my head and it tells me beware
There's a message I've read and the meaning is clear
There's a question that's asked but I don't want to hear
There's an answer to this but I don't know...

Whenever you're close I can hardly contain the feelings within
Matter of fact, I tend to overreact

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