

Huffamoose, She Don't Get It

She don't get it
She don't get it
But then not many of us do
But we still try to fake it
You didn't hear that from me
You couldn't have,
I never say anything I don't mean, and I did mean to say that

chorus

And when you get confused pretty girl
Take a second pretty girl
And think about how strange it is, that you're a human being
And you're wearing shoes and undergear
Your neighbor has an accent dear
And he's living on a planet
That is suspended in an atmosphere
Just take a second and maybe you will find
A little piece of mind

From my balcony I witness
The end of the dayshift
Workers walking to their cars and
Barking their "see you later"
In the distance I can hear
The freeway that they're now on
Locked inside their cars and barking at other drivers

Chorus

She don't get it
Silly little pretty girl she hasn't got a clue this one

I know this life isn't for real
I talk about the differences
In my series of short essays
But death is another subject
She flirts openly in space
Flirts with the cosmos
Shrinking suitors with her sharp tongue
But that's just the way she comes off

Chorus