

# morphine, I Think She Likes Me

I walked into a strange cafe  
no one there's ever heard my name  
I go to the bar, have a seat  
talk to that woman sittin next to me  
she'll ask me in a voice so low  
she ask me if I come in here alone  
she ask me nicely, "Can I buy you a drink?"  
you know I think she likes me that's what I think  
I think she likes me that's what I think  
she listens to every word I say  
I look at her, she don't look away  
I tell her that I play for treat her right  
she ask me if I'm gonna play tonight  
she cross her legs, do no harm  
she lets her finger run on down my arm  
I asked her nicely, "can I buy YOU a drink?"  
you know I think she likes me that's what I think  
I think she likes me that's what I think  
some guy comes over, what does he think?  
intruding on our private thing  
man here's looking quite upset  
wavin around with his gun like that  
she told me things about her life  
she never told me she was someone's wife  
man with the gun says, "why'd you buy her a drink?"  
I said, "I think she likes me. That's what I think."  
I think she likes me that's what I think  
I think she likes me that's what I think  
I think she likes me that's what I think  
I, I, I think she likes me