

Paul Westerberg, Dyslexic Heart

a lot of na na na's
You're shooting glances and they're so hard to read
I misconstrue what you mean
Slip me a napkin, and now that's a start
Is this your name or a doctor's eye chart?
I try to comprehend you, I got a dyslexic heart.
I ain't dying to offend you, I got a dyslexic heart.
Thanks for the book, now my table is steady
It's a library or a bar
Between the covers I judge you as ready
Half-angel, half-tart
I try to comprehend you, I got a dyslexic heart.
I ain't dying to offend you, I got a dyslexic heart.
Do I read you correctly? You need me directly
Help me with this part
Do I date you do I hate you do I got a dyslexic heart?
You keep swayin' What are you sayin'?
Think about stayin' Are you just playin', making passes
Well my heart could use some glasses...
(some na na na's)
Are you stayin'? What are you savin'?
Or are you swayin'? Just playing, making passes
Well my heart could use some glasses...
I try to comprehend you, I got a dyslexic heart
Do I read you correctly? I need you directly.
Help me with this part.
Do I love you do I hate you, I got a dyslexic heart
The song fades away with lots of na na na's