

# Slapstick, She Doesn't Love Me

Who knows just what she's thinkin'  
Who knows what the fuck she's thinkin'  
Who know's just what she's thinkin'  
Who knows what the fuck she's thinkin'  
It didn't take much in the grass when she gave my hand a soft touch  
From then I never wanted to let her go  
but I still see her everyday  
She walks by but she won't even look my way  
Does she love me? Does she even know? no.  
She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me, she loves me not.  
That bitch don't know what she got.  
I left it alone for a while  
Walked away everytime I saw her pretty smile  
but that didn't help me forget about her. woah. no no no  
And even if she runs away I know she'll be back again someday  
It makes me feel better when I think that way  
She don't know what she lost when she lost me.  
Who knows what the fuck she's thinkin'  
She loves me, she loves me not. She loves me, she loves me not.  
She loves me not, she loves me not.