

# The Pharcyde, Passin Me By

Now in my younger days I used to sport a shag  
When I went to school I carried lunch in a bag  
With an apple for my teacher 'cause I knew I'd get a kiss  
Always got mad when the class was dismissed  
But when it was in session, I always had a question  
I would raise my hand to make her stagger to my desk and  
help me with my problem, it was never much  
Just a trick, to smell her scent and try to sneak a touch  
Oh, how I wish I could hold her hand and give her a hug  
She was married to the man, he was a thug,  
His name was Lee, he drove a Z,  
he'd pick her up from school promptly at three o'clock  
I was on her jock, yes indeedy I wrote graffiti on the bus  
First I'd write her name then carve a plus,  
with my name last, on the looking glass,  
I seen her yesterday but still I had to let her pass

She keeps on passin me by...

When I dream of fairytales I think of me and Shelly  
See she's my type of hype and I can't stand when brothers tell me  
That I should quit chasin' and look for something better  
But the smile that she shows makes me a go-getter  
I haven't gone as far as asking if I could get with her  
I just play it by ear and hope she gets the picture  
I'm shootin for her heart, got my finger on the trigger  
She could be my broad, and I could be her (nigga)  
But, all I can do is stare...

Back as kids we used to kiss when we played truth or dare  
Now she's more sophisticated, highly edu-ma-cated  
not at all over-rated, I think I need a prayer  
to get in her boots and it looks rather dry  
I guess a twinkle in her eye is just a twinkle in her eye  
Although she's crazy steppin, I'll try to stop her stride  
Cause I won't have no more of this passin me by

And I must voice my opinion of not even pretending she didn't have me  
Strung like a chicken, chase my tail like a doggie  
She was kind of like a star, thinking I was like a fan  
Dude, she looked good, down side: she had a man  
He was a rooty-toot, a nincompoop  
She told me soon your little birdie's gonna fly the coop  
She was a flake like corn, and I was born not to understand  
By lettin her pass I had proved to be a better man

She keeps on passin me by...

Now there she goes again, the dopest Ethiopian  
And now the world around me be gets movin in slow motion  
when-ever she happens to walk by - why does the apple of my eye  
overlook and disregard my feelings no matter how much I try?  
Wait, no, i did not really pursue my little princess with persistence;  
And I was so low-key that she was unaware of my existance  
From a distance I desired, secretly admired her;  
Wired her a letter to get her, and it went:  
My dear, my dear, my dear, you do not know me but I know you very well  
Now let me tell you about the feelings I have for you  
When I try, or make some sort of attempt, I symp  
Damn I wish I wasn't such a wimp!  
'Cause then I would let you know that I love you so  
And if I was your man then I would be true  
The only lying I would do is in the bed with you  
Then I signed sincerely the one who loves you dearly, PS love me tender  
The letter came back three days later: Return to Sender

Damn!

She keeps on passin me by...