

# Avril 14th

## Will Dutta

There's not much going on today  
I'm really bored, it's getting late  
What happened to my Saturday?  
Monday's coming, the day I hate  
Sit on the bed alone, staring at the phone  
He wasn't what I wanted, what I thought, no  
He wouldn't even open up the door  
He never made me feel like I was special  
He isn't really what I'm looking for  
Hey, hey, hey  
Hey, hey, hey  
This is when I start to bite my nails  
And clean my room when all else fails  
I think it's time for me to bail  
This point of view is getting stale  
Sit on the bed alone, staring at the phone  
He wasn't what I wanted, what I thought, no  
He wouldn't even open up the door  
He never made me feel like I was special  
He isn't really what I'm looking for  
Ah, ah  
Hey, hey  
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah  
Hey, hey  
Ah, ah  
Hey, hey  
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah  
Hey, hey  
Na, na, na, na, na  
We've all got choices  
Na, na, na, na  
We've all got voices  
Na, na, na, na, na  
Stand up make some noise  
Na, na, na, na  
Stand up make some noise  
Sit on the bed alone, staring at the phone  
He wasn't what I wanted, what I thought, no  
He wouldn't even open up the door

He never made me feel like I was special  
He isn't really what I'm looking for  
He wasn't what I wanted, what I thought, no  
He wouldn't even open up the door  
He never made me feel like I was special  
Like I was special, 'cuz I was special

Ah, ah

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah

Ah, ah

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah

Na, na, na, na, na

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