I Don't Know

Bowling For Soup

I'm on my way to west hall
And I don't know
What you're thinkin' when I show up
You invite me in
I sit and stare at the walls
Full of pictures
Of the people and the places
You hold dear
Sitting on the porch swing later
Our fingers will be cold
I could have used some chopstick
But I found something better to use
You make me lose track of time
For just an hour
That we gained the night before
Daylight savings time
Sitting on the porch swing later
Our fingers will be cold
I could have used some chopstick
But I found something better to use
It all went by so fast
I forgot
Take a picture from a shoe box
Before I go away

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