

# Stupefied

## Wax

If I came up to you  
And asked you to dance with me  
Would you be my partner?  
Partner, pa, pa, partner  
I'd like to talk to you  
But whenever I try to  
All that comes out is bla-bla  
Blah blah, bluh, bluh, blah blah The minute you walked into the room  
The butterflies in my stomach broke out of their cocoons  
Normally I got a quick type of witty style  
But your pretty smile got me feeling like a little child  
Unable to formulate phrases  
Unable to remember even what my own name is  
Oh yeah, sorry it's Wax  
Around you I find it hard to relax  
You bombard me with maximum levels of attraction  
I'm asking myself to maintain composure  
Overreacting to the picturesque view I'm seeing.  
It'd be impossible for me to look at you as just another human being  
When it seems you were sewn, from royal oats  
Any male co-workers you have are some spoiled folks  
Seein you every day  
Are they hiring here's my resume but anyway.  
If I came up to you  
And asked you to dance with me  
Would you be my partner?  
Partner, pa, pa, partner  
I'd like to talk to you  
But whenever I try to  
All that comes out is bla-bla  
Blah blah, bluh, bluh, blah blah I've seen pretty women before but this is overkill  
Just one look impairs my basic motor skills  
Walking like I got two left feet  
Looking like I'm drunk but I'm only two becks deep  
Simple questions are unanswerable  
And the hard truth becomes much less durable  
How can I tell you that I'm working at a grocery store  
You've probably dated stock brokers before  
You looking just like Penelope Cruz

I ought to interrupt your conversation like developing news  
I mean what do I have to hypothetically lose  
Worst case scenario is you yell at me and tell me to move  
And I can handle rejection  
I just can't handle one step in your direction  
But for now I won't disturb you  
Maybe after a few shots I'll get the nerves to  
I can see the future when she's all mine  
I can see a wedding and kids, the whole nine  
I can picture us on a honeymoon laughing  
Walking on the beach I can hear the waves crashing  
I can see the next fifty years in a flash  
I can see our grandkids playing in the grass  
I think I made a crystal ball out of a pint glass  
Bout to let the opportunity of a life pass  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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