

# 7

## Logs

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 Well, I wrote my number down  
I never wrote it down before  
Was gonna bring it over like something from a film  
But I didn't have the bottle at all Well, I'm looking and you kept staring  
Your thoughts bearing up with mine  
And when you're so pretty and I'm so shy  
You probably didn't give me the eye though I'm sure you did Well, I went outside, couldn't say I tried  
And I felt regret  
Because you haven't bashed me and dashed back in  
'Cause the ship hasn't sailed yet But when I did I couldn't see your face  
I could see your mates but that wouldn't do  
Well, I dashed around, tried to find you  
But you were nowhere to be seen oh no no Well, she moved in ways, that kept her there  
In our minds for days and weeks and months  
She was that amazed and there she stayed  
Surrounded by the what if's and the maybe's

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