That Boy

The Babies

That boy and his heartache
That boy and his heartache
That boy and his heartache
That boy and his heartache
Don't don't don't, don't you come talk to me
Blind as a bat when it comes to the birds and the bees
Why do you think I wear holes in my jeans?
Oh, don't don't don't, don't you come talk to me
This world and its heartbreak
That world and its heartbreak
His world and his heartbreak
Oh, and her world and her heartbreak
Don't don't don't don't you come talk to me
Best friend died, don't you see?
His mother came, and lied down next to me
Oh, don't don't don't, don't you come talk to meAnd, oh lord it's like an earthquake
Oh lord it's like an earthquake
Oh lord it's like an earthquake
Oh lord it's like an earthquake
Sometimes I get so scared that I can't breathe
And the ground moves right out from beneath my feet
And the sky is hanging low to the tree
Oh, don't don't don't, don't you come talk to me
Just cut me a break
Won't you just cut me a break
Just cut me a break
Won't you just cut me a breakJust make those hips shake
Just make those hips shake
Just make those hips shake for me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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