

Nervous

Ariel Abshire

We're underage
We were on the phone
Now we're not at home
And I'm hiding it from mom
We've been going out for a year
And now that you're here
Everything in secrecy
Our elbows touch in your car

Truth is, you make me nervous
Every time we meet, it feels like the first time
And I can't help being nervous
But please just kiss me one more time

Sleep on the couch
Or sleep in the car
Or kiss on the mouth against the front door
Kiss on the couch
Hands in the dirt
We will kiss until our lips hurt

Truth is, you make me nervous
Every time we meet, it feels like the first time
And I can't help being nervous
So please just kiss me one more time

Truth is, you make me nervous
Every time we meet, I feel the same
And I can't help being nervous
And I guess I'm feeling kind of ashamed

We're underage
We were on the phone
Now that you're here, don't leave me alone

Truth is, you make me nervous
Every time we meet, it's bad as the first time
And I can't help being nervous
You should've given me some more time

Truth is, you make me nervous
Every time we meet, I feel the same
And I can't help 'cause I'm nervous
And god, I'm feeling so ashamed

Truth is, you make me nervous
And with that said, you don't feel the same
And it feels like watching your house burn down
Anticipating the roof to crumble in the rising flames

Kiss on the couch, hands in the dirt
We just ruined my mother's favorite shirt
Now she'll know

Lyrics submitted by Lance.

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