Little Shocks

The Future Hit Makers

I don't want much
I'm happy with what I've got
On the second floor
Passed a ruffian on the stair
What the driver saw
Through the letter box of number four
I don't laugh much
It will be deafening when I do
And all these little shocks
Are deriding my imaginary dynamo
I wish I could give you undivided attention every minute of the day but I can't
I wish I could give you undivided attention every minute of the day but I can't
Cleanse my heart
And everything will be explained
In the diaries
Especially the latter part
I'll be a somebody
Upon my hectic last day in Hell

Give me ability
To knock the pen away from his hand
And all these little shocks
Are deriding my imaginary dynamo
I wish I could give you undivided attention every minute of the day but I can't
I wish I could give you undivided attention every minute of the day but I can't
I wish I could have just a little bit more, just a little bit more of your time
I wish I could give you undivided attention every minute of the day but I can't
I wish I could give you undivided attention every minute of the day but I can't
I wish I could give you undivided attention every minute of the day but I can't
I wish I could give you undivided attention every minute of the day but I can't
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