

Passing Me By

The Pharcyde

Now in my younger days I used to sport as sag
When I went to school I carried lunch in a bag,
With an apple for my teacher 'cause I knew I'd get a kiss.
Always got mad when the class was dismissed,
But when it was in session, I always had a question.
I would raise my hand to make her stagger to my desk and
Help me with my problem, it was never much,
Just a trick, to smell her scent and try to sneak a touch
Oh, how I wish I could hold her hand and give her a hug.
She was married to the man. He was a thug, his name was Lee, he drove a Z,
He'd pick her up from school promptly at three o'clock.
I was on her jock, yes indeedy. I wrote graffiti on the bus.
First I'd write her name then carve a plus,
With my name last, on the looking glass,
I seen her yesterday but still I had to let her pass.

She keeps on passing me by....
When I dream of fairytales I think of me and Shelly.
See, she's my type of hype and I can't stand when brothers tell me,
That I should quit chasin' and look for something better,
But the smile that she shows makes me a go-getter.
I haven't gone as far as asking if I could get with her,
I just play it by ear and hope she gets the picture.
I'm shootin' for her heart, got my finger on the trigger.
She could be my broad, and I could be her nigger,
But all I can do is stare.
Back as kids we used to kiss when we played truth or dare.
Now she's more sophisticated, highly edu-ma-cated, not at all over-rated.
I think I need a prayer,
To get in her book and it looks rather dry,
I guess a twinkle in her eye is just a twinkle in her eye.
Although she's crazy steppin' I'll try to stop her stride,
'Cause I won't have no more of this passing me by.

And I must voice my opinion of not even pretending she didn't have me.
Strung like a chicken, chase my tail like a doggie,
She was kind of like a star, thinking I was like a fan.
Dude, she looked good, down side: she had a man.
He was a rudey, too, a nincompoop.

She told me soon your little birdie's gonna fly the coop.
She was a flake like corn, and I was born not to understand,
By letting her pass I had proved to be a better man.

She keeps on passing me by....

Now there she goes again, the dopest Ethiopian,
And now the world around me be gets movin' in slow motion when-
Ever she happens to walk by. Why does the apple of my eye
Overlook and disregard my feelings no matter how much I try?
Wait, no, i did not really pursue my little princess with persistence;
And I was so low-key that she was unaware of my existence
From a distance I desired, secretly admired her;
Wired her a letter to get her, and it went:
My dear, my dear, my dear, you do not know me but I know you very well.
Now let me tell you about the feelings I have for you.
When I try, or make some sort of attempt, I symp.
Damn I wish I wasn't such a wimp!
'Cause then I would let you know that I love you so,
And if I was your man then I would be true.
The only lying I would do is in the bed with you.
Give a try and consider the one who loves you dearly,
P.S. Love me tender.'
The letter came back three days later: Return to Sender.
Damn!

She keeps on passing me by...

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