B.S.C.

Buck 65

I try to be nice,
Take care of my appearances,
Keep out of trouble - and trifle interferences.The bachelor of science, I run my own companySomebody call me, my number's unlisted
Some stories are straight, and others come twistedWomen's intuition and young gals' luck
Every girl I know has a crush on (Who?)Boys may cheat, either that or they may leave her
All I wanna do is dance, I've got Saturday night fever
So let me rearrange my sock drawers alone behind locked doors,
Eat scrambled eggs for breakfast, and sit and read the box scoresBut I'm not trying to score points with...
I'd rather read the bible than use its pages to roll joints with.I get what I want, but got no one to share it with
A feeling in my chest, but nothing to compare it withThe bachelor of science, I run my own companyShow me your photographs, and tell me a ghost story
Just as long as it doesn't involve your ex-boyfriendStars glow in the dark until the first sign of daylight
I like human contact, but don't like to play-fight.
The desperado knows just how at peace we are,
Sitting in the bed naked watching movies on the VCRColour me see-through and tickle my favourite inch,
Turn the ringer off, and thank God for David Lynch.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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