She Doesn't Get It

The Format

All the girls pose the same for pictures
All the boys got the same girls' hair
I am bored 'cause I feel much older
Look at me, as if I've got a reason to stare

But you talk so loud
that it calms me down
You're crying "Let's make a toast"

She says she's leaving on a Sunday
That leaves me one more night
Can I take you home?
I know it's wrong
but I know your type
She says she's leaving on a Sunday
and I don't care
I need to know where to turn
I tried it once
It never caught on
I was the only one who got burned

I've read every word you're said
From a poster of a cat
Four books look across your sofa
I thought your coffee table
was more clever than that

It gets worse once we get to her room
as she stops and sings
"doot do do doot do do doot do"
I claim "new religion" is my song
She doesn't get it
It's all before she was born

And you lock your doors
Like I've been here before
I feel like I've seen a ghost

She says she's leaving on a Sunday
That leaves me one more night

Can I take you home?
I know it's wrong
but I know your type
She says she's leaving on a Sunday
and I don't care
I need to know where to turn
I tried it once
It never caught on
I was the only one who got burned
I was the only one who got burned

Suddenly between sheets and eyelids I am reminded why I don't do this
I fall in love far too quickly
I never want her to forget me
When you're gone
Will you call?
Will you write?

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