

Stupefied

Wax

If I came up to you
And asked you to dance with me
Would you be my partner?
Partner, pa, pa, partner
I'd like to talk to you
But whenever I try to
All that comes out is bla-bla
Blah blah, bluh, bluh, blah blah The minute you walked into the room
The butterflies in my stomach broke out of their cocoons
Normally I got a quick type of witty style
But your pretty smile got me feeling like a little child
Unable to formulate phrases
Unable to remember even what my own name is
Oh yeah, sorry it's Wax
Around you I find it hard to relax
You bombard me with maximum levels of attraction
I'm asking myself to maintain composure
Overreacting to the picturesque view I'm seeing.
It'd be impossible for me to look at you as just another human being
When it seems you were sewn, from royal oats
Any male co-workers you have are some spoiled folks
Seein you every day
Are they hiring here's my resume but anyway.
If I came up to you
And asked you to dance with me
Would you be my partner?
Partner, pa, pa, partner
I'd like to talk to you
But whenever I try to
All that comes out is bla-bla
Blah blah, bluh, bluh, blah blah I've seen pretty women before but this is overkill
Just one look impairs my basic motor skills
Walking like I got two left feet
Looking like I'm drunk but I'm only two becks deep
Simple questions are unanswerable
And the hard truth becomes much less durable
How can I tell you that I'm working at a grocery store
You've probably dated stock brokers before
You looking just like Penelope Cruz

I ought to interrupt your conversation like developing news
I mean what do I have to hypothetically lose
Worst case scenario is you yell at me and tell me to move
And I can handle rejection
I just can't handle one step in your direction
But for now I won't disturb you
Maybe after a few shots I'll get the nerves to
I can see the future when she's all mine
I can see a wedding and kids, the whole nine
I can picture us on a honeymoon laughing
Walking on the beach I can hear the waves crashing
I can see the next fifty years in a flash
I can see our grandkids playing in the grass
I think I made a crystal ball out of a pint glass
Bout to let the opportunity of a life pass
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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