

Get Back to Me

Gazai

You, I think it was half past 3
You spilled your Jim and Coke on me
Left the party half past 4
Had to sneak into your dorm
Left before the sun had shown
Trippin all over your clothes
As I shut the door to 213
I heard your voice from the bed say...

Get back to me, Get back to me
I'm waiting for you to
Get back to me, Get Back to me
I'm waiting for you

I always living on the fly
Used to think about you and I
Hoping someday that we could be
I'm thinking that some day we should be
You
I'm tired of wasting time
You probably found another guy
And now I'm messaging your iPhone
Because you're in another time zone

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