

Crush'd

Say Anything

When I was eight years old
Before puberty took hold
I thought I'd end up beside a princess bride
And love was indivisible Never mind how my taste reflects
A disturbing oedipal complex
It's not awkward, girl
The compliments are coming next You're no witch, you're no wench
You're like Bjork with better fashion sense
So I phone 50 Cents
And I'm building up my confidence Respect to your work
You're an artist, I'm a silly jerk
I think that dynamic could work
So work it I have a total crush on you, baby
And I can't let it go, oh no
I have a total crush on you, baby
Baby, if only I could let you know When we spoke, no joke
I started shedding slutty girls like snakeskin
My collection acquired
Through shallow misdirection And as I drive tonight
The West Coast sky daring me to try
I feel alive tonight
The possibility that I'm your guy Though I suffer from dyslexia
And mild manorexia
My hair cannot commit
To one popular genre of music And though they all claim
That a girl can't take her boy's last name
Or end up divorced and estranged
I'm counting on you I have a total crush on you, baby
And I can't let it go, oh no
I have a total crush on you, baby
Baby, if only I could let you know Your other suitors are no poets
They're only actors who can play guitar
Have I won your heart? They're not students or screenwriters
They're only models that they taught to read
Love, would you agree?
And it's oh so sweet I have a total crush on you, baby
And I can't let it go, oh no
I have a total crush on you, baby
Baby, if only I could let you know I'm quite sure you love me, Sherri

I'm quite sure I love you too
We should make a verbal agreement
To only kiss each other Because one time beneath the sky
Outside my New York pigsty
I saw a vision of you and I, alright Did it hurt? Did it hurt?
Did it hurt when you fell from heaven, girl?
Did it hurt? Did it hurt?
Did it hurt when you fell from heaven, girl? Did it hurt? Did it hurt?

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