

Two Weeks

The Flipsides

These past two weeks
I've been thinking 'bout you
And all the things I wanna do with you
And all the great things I dig about you
I can't sleep at night because you're playing in my head
Can't kick the habit of saying words you've said
I'm possessed by you all the time
Well, I don't need the mailman or a phone
I will say it to your face
I want you for my own
These past two weeks
I've been thinking 'bout you
And all the things that you've helped me through
And all the time I've shared with you
It must be the way that you look in my eyes
That prevents me from telling lies
To cover up how I feel inside

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