

Stuttering

The Friday Night Boys

You walk into the room and I
I wanna tell you, tell you but I just can't speak
This shouldn't be so difficult, why, why?
Tell me why I see you and I just can't breathe You're like a bullet girl to my heart
You're like a very far shooting star
The very thing that I need
Look at how you get to me I can never be myself
How can I when I'm stuck in hell?
Stuttering, stuttering, stuttering
Stuttering, stuttering, stuttering I wanna tell you how I feel inside
But every time I go and try
Muttering, muttering, muttering
Stuttering, stuttering, stuttering Don't leave, I know I f'd it up
That's my luck, that's just my luck
Here I go, here I go and do it again You're tight and I'm just so tongue-tied
Why, why can't I get it right?
The words just won't come out
They wanna take me down, but I'm still around You're like a bullet girl to my heart
You're like a very far shooting star
The very thing that I need
Look at how you get to me I can never be myself
How can I when I'm stuck in hell?
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