

# Romeo

## The Country Party Band

I have a secret place inside my mind  
Where I keep hidden inspiration you will find  
And when my petty anger goes to my head  
You'll find I'm better off dead  
Oh, and I now hold the key, to find out what is killing me  
It's been so long but somehow I just still care  
I am a Romeo, am a Romeo, with no place to go  
Hey hey hey  
Pick-it-up, pick-it-up, pick-it-up, pick-it-up  
Hey hey hey  
Sometimes I think you hate me, hang up the phone  
But take a closer look, this hate I feel is my own  
So many times I've loved you, more than myself  
It's time to take that love and put it on the shelf  
Oh, and when I hold you tight  
It makes me want to scream and fight  
Love turned to hate  
Some how it's just, how it's just, how it's just too late  
I am a Romeo, am a Romeo, with no place to go  
Hey hey hey  
Pick-it-up, pick-it-up, pick-it-up, pick-it-up  
Hey hey hey  
Pick-it-up, pick-it-up  
Hey hey  
Pick-it-up  
Hey  
Pick-it-up  
Hey hey hey  
Rock the reggae music, 'cause it sounds so fine, right  
When I hold you tight, in my arms you are mine  
But in the morning when I wake up and I still feel the same  
I know something goin' on and I know who's to blame  
Every time I tell you I'm the real Romeo  
It fills my soul and heart with anger, pain, and sorrow  
'Cause somethings going on and I think you should know  
So listen to my rhyme, 'cause this is how it goes  
In a tight mini short in a short mini skirt  
It feels so wrong and it feels so right  
The more I think about it your a pain in the ass

I told you many times, this time it's gonna last  
Want the kind of woman who can make me feel right  
Not sloppy drunk sex on a Saturday night 'cause  
I am a Romeo, am a Romeo, with no place to go  
Hey hey hey  
Pick-it-up, pick-it-up, pick-it-up, pick-it-up  
Hey hey hey  
Pick-it-up  
Hey hey hey  
Pull up your honey if you gotta one see  
'Cause your down with the style, 'cuz your down with me  
Oh, rig the selector when your on the mixer  
Along with Peter Metro upon the echo chamber  
Two, one, no they must see but no, they can't test me  
Two, three of them come and say you can't test me  
'Cause me rock the reggae music in a different style  
Me rock the kinda reggae music right on time  
'Cause your down with the band that they call Sublime, right?  
Don't take it too slow, don't take me wrong  
Me know which way to go  
Me, me, me, me alright  
Me rock the reggae music day and all night  
Makes you wanna explode  
Makes me wanna explode  
Makes me wanna explode  
Makes you wanna explode  
Sometimes it makes you wanna explode

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