

Butch Walker, #1 Summer Jam

Don't put another thing on my plate
My brain is so full of your face I ate
I counted the hours
Since the minute that I drove by you
And I got a scar where you saw it
Don't think I'll see you around
So don't you come back Sunday
(Come back Sunday)
Everyday's a Monday
Now that you're gone
Come back Sunday
(Come back Sunday)
Before I got a minute
The minute was gone
Think you kinda dug me
But other guys are up above me
Trying to get to you 'coz I let you go
I like to think I'm a pretty slick guy
But something in the sunlight between your thighs
Turned me into mush with a certified crush on you
Oh, what a fool I must be
You're so far away from my world
So don't you come back Sunday
(Come back Sunday)
Everyday's a Monday
Now that you're gone
Come back Sunday
(Come back Sunday)
Before I got a minute
The minute was gone
Think you kinda dug me
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Trying to get to you 'coz I let you go

And it's never been so weird
To be at the bottom looking up
And I went into this movie of blood and guts
Thinking I was the shit, I was all grown up
And I wonder
(And I wonder)
If you wonder, what we could be
(If you wonder)
And I got a scar where you saw it
Don't think I'll see you around
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