

# Butch Walker, Number 1 Summer Jam

Don't put another thing on my plate  
My brain is so full of your face  
I ache, I counted the hours  
Since the minute that I drove by you

And I got a scar where she saw me  
Don't think I'll see her around

Come back Sunday (Come back Sunday)  
Every day'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 'cuz 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

And oh, what a fool I must be  
You're so far ahead of my world

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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, if you wonder, what we could be