

Letters To Cleo, Big Star

There it goes again, got a little habit.

Oh, oh, oh,

Stay away from him.

Clinging, gnawing things

Tucked away like secrets.

Ah ha oh,

Stay away from him.

It comes and goes.

He comes and goes.

Look he's turning around.

But,

I can't help it - I'm still waiting.

Guess I wouldn't seek,

Underneath,

A bed,

If I had not.

Hidden once or twice,

Or maybe three times,

There myself.

So how 'bout you?

It comes and goes.

He comes and goes.

Look, he's turning around.

But,

I can't help it - I'm still waiting.

Oh my,

What have I,

Done now?

Oh my, what have I,

Done now?

You're mine,

What's come over,

what's come over you?

[Guitar Solo]

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I can't help it - I'm still waiting.

Oh my,

What have I,

Done now?

Oh my,

What have I,

Done now?

You're mine,

What's come over you,

Am not, are too,

Oh my.