

Magic Dirt, Dirty Jeans

You're an ordinary boy and
That's the way I like it
On the train in the corner
With a mind-numbing headache
Went out last night
With only one life
Had to let you know
That you're beautiful
And you make me go and
Even if you're takin'
There's no moves I'm makin'
My legs are achin'
My eyes are sore
I haven't washed my jeans
In three months or more