

# Neal Morse, Nowhere Fast

There is this girl I know  
She hates my guts I love her so  
But I've got a simple mind  
It thinks just this: she will be mine  
I tell her "I like your dress";  
She says I'm sick, disturbed, obsessed  
Well I don't know what that's about  
She won't say why she won't go out with me

She keeps tellin' me she doesn't need a reason  
And all my friends think that I'm bein' outclassed  
But I just got to be her first or at least her last  
And I'm getting nowhere fast  
I'm getting nowhere fast  
I'm getting nowhere fast

I had a shirt designed, it has her face pressed into mine  
I never wear it, I keep it new  
She says she'll kill me if I do  
I'm puzzled and perplexed, I'm overwhelmed and under-sexed  
And I still can't figure why she says she'd rather die than be with me

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And all my friends think that I'm bein' outclassed  
But I just got to be her first or at least her last  
And I'm getting nowhere fast  
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She'd like to see me drown in my own tears  
Well that's all right  
Even if it takes a hundred years  
Well that's all right  
Yeah that's all right

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