

# No Doubt, Cellophane Boy

And I'm not the Judge or the referee  
And I can't accept, cause I am uptight  
And the smokes getting into my eyes are burning  
My concern is I just might give you a life

And I can't relate to the hypnotist  
And I can't get close, cause the plastic wrap  
And I want to have kids, but their father's up inside the  
clouds  
The distance between is on my mind

Up Until now things have been fine, temporarily  
You're cute, but the circumstance has changed  
Your substitution method, crutch  
Your whole protection from your pain  
This presentation of my ploy  
Is to change my cellophane boy

Oh, it's not the 70's  
Let your future fly with me

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Your cute, but the circumstance has changed  
Your substitution method, crutch  
Your whole protection from your pain  
This presentation of my ploy  
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And I want your habit to be me  
Your harbor and your refugee