

Scabs, Dizzy Stick

I know you're trying to drive me crazy
I know you're doing a good job baby
I know i can't seem to feel my fingers
This feeling you're filling me up it lingers
And no i don't mind it takes me by surprise
And no i don't mind that it leaves me by your door

Where you wiggle my wiggle my wiggle my wiggle my dizzy stick baby
ou wiggle my wiggle my wiggle my wiggle my dizyy stick baby it dcrives me crazy
When you wiggle my wiggle my wiggle my wiggle my dizyy stick baby oh oh oh

I know you're trying to make it all better
I know you're trying to make me forget her
Wrapping me up in your fancy affairs
All your philosophy has got me all caught unawares
Oh it makes me think oh so much harder
It makes me wish i was oh so much smarter

Where you wiggle my wiggle my wiggle my wiggle my dizzy stick baby
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Oh now i'm falling and the telephone is ringing
And i pick it up and it's like the angels are singing
But it's just you singing me happy birthday
But man my birthday's at least two months away
But i don't mind i don't think it's crazy
Oh i don't mind it when you try to save me

Where you wiggle my wiggle my wiggle my wiggle my dizzy stick baby
ou wiggle my wiggle my wiggle my wiggle my dizyy stick baby it dcrives me crazy
When you wiggle my wiggle my wiggle my wiggle my dizzy stick baby oh oh oh