

Son Of Dork, Little Things

It's summer, everybody's out
And you're right over there
I'm staring while you play around
With that pencil in your hair

It's sad
In your eyes
I'm just one of the guys
I'm so into you
You don't have a clue
There's nothing you can do to stop me now

You got me falling
Through noticing the little things you do
Putting a hold right over me
Funny as it seems
You make me dream
Doing the little things, these little things you do

I saved up for binoculars
I bought them last weekend
To watch you playing badminton
With all your slutty friends
Maybe it's time I gave up, drew the line
My friends say i should
I wish that I could
But there's nothing they can do to stop me now

You got me falling
Through noticing the little things you do
Putting a hold right over me
Funny as it seems
You make me dream
Doing the little things, these little things you do

I call up your house
But I'm always outta luck
Keep hanging around
But that's never good enough
And you don't reply when i talk to you
I shout at you
But you don't even blink an eye
It makes me wonder why

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Doing the little things, those little you do, do, do (x3)