

The Monkees, I Never Thought It Peculiar

by Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart

I never thought it peculiar
That you never gave me a smile.
I wasn't socially suited
To make it worth your while.

Oh no and I never thought it peculiar
That my heart always beat like a drum.
Each time I would see you walk by me
You were as pretty as they come.

So I sent some flowers to your doorstep.
And wrote on the card "I love you."
I don't know why but I do know that I
Had a feeling that you liked me too.

So I never thought it peculiar
When you stopped to ask me the time.
And I don't think it's terribly peculiar
That now, little girl, you are mine.

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And wrote on the card "I love you."
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