

Woody, I'm Not A Band

He knows them all
Just makes a phone call
All the girls per dial
He only likes some far away
She has it all
Head's bright and tall
Only the looks and style
Confuses asking for a while

She's got all the things to stay
You keep on walking away

Boy, you're dancing all alone
Blinded to see the forest for the trees
Disguised you're living in the show
Money will buy you the glitter on the phone

You feel on top
To award it
Can't stop
Crowded in your eyes
Maintain people passing by
He walks alone
Has lost his phone
All he had is try
As the stranger is passing by

She had all the things to stay
You keep on walking away

Boy, you're dancing all alone
Blinded to see the forest for the trees
Disguised you're living in the show
Money will buy you the glitter on the phone