

Call Me Maybe

Scott Bradlee's Postmodern Jukebox

I threw a wish in the well
Don't ask me, I'll never tell
I looked to you as it fell And now you're in my way
I trade my soul for a wish
Pennies and dimes for a kiss
I wasn't looking for this
But now you're in my way
Your stare was holdin'
Ripped jeans, skin was showin'
Hot night, wind was blowin'
Where you think you're going, baby?
Hey, I just met you
And this is crazy
But here's my number
So call me, maybe
It's hard to look right
At you baby
But here's my number
So call me, maybe You took your time with the call
I took no time with the fall
You gave me nothing at all
But still, you're in my way
I beg, and borrow and steal
Have foresight and it's real
I didn't know I would feel it
But it's in my way
Your stare was holdin'
Ripped jeans, skin was showin'
Hot night, wind was blowin'
Where you think you're going, baby?
Hey, I just met you
And this is crazy
But here's my number So call me, maybe
It's hard to look right
At you baby
But here's my number So call me, maybe
Hey, I just met you
And this is crazy
But here's my number
So call me, maybe
And all the other boys
Try to chase me

But here's my number So call me, maybe
Boy, you came into my life
I missed you so bad
I missed you so bad
I missed you so, so bad
Boy, you came into my life
I missed you so bad
And you should know that I missed you so, so bad
It's hard to look right
At you baby
But here's my number
So call me, maybe
Hey, I just met you
And this is crazy
But here's my number So call me, maybe
And all the other boys
Try to chase me
But here's my number
So call me, maybe
Before you came into my life
I missed you so bad
I missed you so bad
I missed you so so bad
Before you came into my life
I missed you so bad
And you should know that
So call me, maybe

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