Clumps

Lydia Loveless

People tell me I must be addicted to romance
Never getting over the excitement of a glance
And your eyes [?] - every other time
I like to think I'm rightI hope that I affected you and tore you up inside
Must be why you turn away and never ask me why
I cry and I never sleep at night
I need you on my side but, honey, not tonight
All at once you say it was fun
But it must not be real because now you're done
And so what if that's all it was
Love turns into lust
And milk turns into clumpsSo you don't have to tell me everything I want to hear
It only makes it harder for me every time, my dear, to say bye
Everybody dies
I'll see you on the other side
Oh my god, you make me feel alive

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