

Stupid Love Songs

The Midway State

Back alleys are so dark at twelve and one o'clock, I'm empty handed with only a glass but no I won't drink. Its seven-thirty again I'm dreaming that I had a life instead I'll sit here on the edge of my bed singing stupid love songs that don't ever end. I don't want to hate you. I wish that I could love you. instead I'll wallow in misery and dance to the rhymes of your sweet nurseries, well I've tried begging down your stone cold eyes but I should have known that I'd look to far from what's inside of your heart.

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