Lonely

American Music Club

Well you don't want me to touch you
You just want me to shut up
You don't want me to think what I'm thinking
Or the devil in my throat to come up
And you get so nervous that everything's a jokeIf I have to be this lonely
I may as well be aloneSo I go back to my room
To my room by the freeway
I fall onto my bed like snow
Like the cold I never woke you
And the killing followed me home
Hey what's song you whistlingIf I have to be this lonely
I may as well be aloneWhen you wake up in the morning
You won't remember that anyone was here
And that life is so rewarding
And I guess that you're the grand prize my dearWhen you wake up in the morning
You won't remember that anyone was here
If I have to be this lonely
I may as well be alone

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