Midwestern Guys

Lydia Loveless

These January nights
They really make me hate my life
And I want to get into a fight
But you already said you're not going to fall for that again this timeYou want to paint your masterpiece
But inspiration really doesn't always come all that easy
That's why they're always mad at me
You want to lock me in the kennel and then leave for Myrtle Beach, goodbye [?] alright
Midwestern guys
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Midwestern guys
Midwestern guysAnd after it gets dark
You want to go look at the stars
Oh, you should know the way to my heart
Honey, you want to make love, not fuck, it's your part [?]
That's how romantic you are, yeahTell me all about '83
That was a long time ago, well, you can sure say that again to me
The lives lost [?] and then he lighted a tree
And you played Pyromania
'Til she got down on her knees
Between your thighs
Midwestern style

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