

# 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 time  
You 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  
Midwestern guys  
Midwestern guys  
Midwestern guys  
And 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, yeah  
Tell 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

Songwriters

Lydia Ruth Ankrom, Todd May  
Published by

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