In the Melody

Wheatus

That night that you got on a plane to Los Angeles
I turned back into the me that I was
That guy that would go out to buy a new porno
And come back with twenty, the pervert you loveAnd as I drove I remembered that you made a tape
For me to play if I ever had a lonely day
I slipped it in and the Stereophonics came on singing about musicWell, at least someone still believes in the melody
I, I think that I've heard it already but I
I think that I must admit that as bad as it gets
Someone still believesThe sound of American radio's making me feel like
I just killed my mom and my dad
These pop songs are meant to be simple
So people who make them
We take them and break them in halfAnd as I drove I remembered that you made a tape
For me to play if I my ears were ever being raped
I slipped it in and the Tragically Hip came on singing about musicWell, at least someone still believes in the melody
I, I think that I've heard it already but I
I think that I must admit that as bad as it gets
Someone still believesWell, at least someone still believes in the melody
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