Upset Boulevard

Spector

You walked back into my life, not innocent but holy
We didn't have to fall in love, we could have climbed down slowly
Can you feel the streets below us? It's a sick, sick town
And girl what grows up must come downDon't wait for me
Don't wait for me
Don't wait for me
Don't wake up I won't be home
True romantics sleep alone
I changed my clocks to your time and I let the jet lag set in
I know you feel uncomfortable in clothes you haven't slept in
But they meant it when they said it, it's a sick, sick town
And girl what grows up must come downAre you down for tonight? Down for whatever
Like nothing can break your heart
Is it him that you want or me that you want
Make up your mind I don't have time for this
You're still up, I'm impressed you're a mess
Oh don't wait up I won't be home
True romantics sleep aloneDon't wait for me
Don't wait for me
Don't wait for me
Don't wake up I won't be home
True romantics sleep alone
Rewind all your favourite songs
Remind yourself how it went wrong
Discuss the good times with your friends
You'll never be nineteen again
Remember them for how they were
You'd kneel down and worship her
But now you'd barely recognise
Those cold and undead hollow eyes
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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