

After O'Rourke's, 2:10 a.m.

The Good Life

I hate it when you say you need me.

You don't need me.

I hate even worse that I need you.

It kills me.

When I was young I loved to be by myself, all alone.

Now that I'm older I'm scared of myself, all alone.

So lay with me, my love. I hate when you say you know me.

You don't know me.

What I hate even worse is I know you.

You're no mystery.

You refuse to acknowledge how much you can't stand who I am.

I've been trying to tell you that I'm a terror of a man.

I hate it when you call

... so lonesome after the bar.

I know I should hang up the phone, but I never do.

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