

I Hate This Song

Secondhand Serenade

Speak with your tongue tied, I know that you're tired
But I just want to know where you want to go
I may be sad but I'm not weak, this situation is bleak
And your puffy eyes never lie, your tears come from inside
Until Sunday I'll be waiting for an answer
I guess that yesterday's not good enough for you
You know that I hate this song
You know that I hate this song because it was written for you
Drown your fears with me, I'm feeling real sorry
Your glossy eyes don't need the sadness they have seen
But you're way too deep to swim back up again
But somehow I can't find the moment you said goodbye
Until Sunday I'll be waiting for an answer
I guess that yesterday's not good enough for you
You know that I hate this song
You know that I hate this song because it was written for you
This is becoming a problem, I'm hurting, it's unfair
But somehow your words, the way that I heard are haunting me
You're under my skin, you're breaking in
And the tasteless fights that filled our nights are starting to cave in
You're under my skin, you're breaking in
And if Sunday's what it takes to prove I have nothing left to lose
Until Sunday I'll be waiting for an answer
I guess that yesterday's not good enough for you
You know that I hate this song
You know that I hate this song because it was written for you

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