

Two A.M. Lovesick

Blue October

I walk like a burned out porn star with aching feet for a car
My buddy had a baby with a girl named Star
Makes me appreciate how the little things are But crossing a road isn't easily told
To a young has-been centerfold
Labeled the winner's episode Yeah, I'm really clean if you know what I mean
Except for this reoccurring dream
Of losing total feeling while the windmill's squealing
The windmill's squealing I paint to kill the dead saints, I paint to make it clear
My colors run in blue and gray
But they give hope to someone dear Yeah, yeah, yeah, two a.m. lovesick
With a walking pneumonia drum kick
And this candle doesn't have a wick
But I'm really not that scared, no I'm not that scared I walk like a burned out porn star with aching feet for a car
My buddy had a baby with a girl named star
Makes me appreciate how the little things are

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