

Empty Baseball Park (Baseball Park Sessions)

Whiskeytown

Why should I hate you?
After all, it's been so long
Since I lived in town.
Let it go for now. Have a drink at your favorite bar 'til dark.
Stumble into empty baseball park.
Strike one and strike two,
I guess we're both out. Stumble past the record store, end up at the movies,
Try and think of something else, but nothin's comin' to me. Stumble past the record store, end up at the movies,
Try and think of something else, but nothin's comin' to me. You do this to me.
You do this, and I oblige
And I fight. Why should I miss you?
After all, it's been so long
Since I felt your kiss.
How did it come to this? Stumble past the record store, end up at the movies,
Try and think of something else, but nothin's comin' to me. Stumble past the record store, end up at the movies,
Try and think of something else, but nothin's comin' to me. I let you do this to me.
I must be crazy,
I must be crazy,
I must be crazy,
I must be
I must be
I must be

Songwriters

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