

# Fucker

## Eels

Came home tonight I felt like I'd die of loneliness  
Strange, you think popularity  
Looking for a simple life, life ain't simple  
Tired and sick but I don't wanna be alone Could go to a party but I don't really want to  
For now I'm sitting out here on my porch  
Writing in the dark air listening to  
My little black cat meow Trying to vent some of the terrible passion  
That's coursing through me  
Something about you something about spending  
The afternoon asleep in your arms I hate you, fucker

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