These Sore Eyes

Gold Motel

I go out alone every Saturday night.
I come home alone pretending it's alright.
I still read your books underneath city streetlights.
These sore eyes are such an awful sight.

I keep on looking to the past.
Trying to find all the reasons why.
I go out alone every Saturday Night.
I come home alone pretending it's alright.
I still read your books underneath city streetlights.
These sore eyes are such an awful sight.

I keep on playing all your songs.
Hoping to find a simple reason why.
You come. You go. You're never far away from me.
You're gone. You're here. You're in and out of love with me.
You come. You go. You're never far away from me.
And so I tried to find all the reasons why.

I keep on playing all your songs.
Hoping to find all the reasons why.

I go out alone every Saturday night.
I come home alone pretending it's alright.
I still read your books underneath city streetlights.
These sore eyes are such an awful sight.
These sore eyes are such an awful sight.

Lyrics submitted by Danny Fritz.

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