

American Music Club, Apology For An Accident

When you left you took all memory of me with you
Leaving me with no hope of every being loved
And now like the air I'm blowing and blowing
With no hope of ever being seen
Well, did you hear the one about Mr. Ed
Well he said, "I'm this way 'cause of the things I've seen
But I would rather count on your love instead
Daily eating my weight in hay"
And I hate to see a good thing just go to waste
Honey, it's a little weak, yeah, it's weak for my taste
Well, I've been praying a lot lately
It's because I no longer have a TV
Just a fluorescent hangover to light the way
Between the things you say and the things I see
I just called you up to see
If you wanted to go out and drink a little wine
And waste some time on a roller coaster ride
But you say it's too dangerous to lead an empty life
And I hate to see all your sweet words just go to waste
But honey, they're a little weak, yeah, they're weak for my taste
They're weak for my taste, they're a little weak for my taste
They're a little weak, weak for my taste, they're weak for my taste
Well, I'm an expert in all things that nature abhors
Your look of disgust when I touched your skin
And I try to figure what the world needs me for
So I replay the scene again and again
And I can see you try, I can see you try and put me in my place
Honey, that's a little weak, yeah, it's weak for my taste
It's weak for my taste, it's a little weak for my taste
It's a little weak, it's a little weak, it's a little weak
It's a little weak for my taste