

# eels, Fucker

I came home tonight  
I felt like I'd die of loneliness  
Strange you think, popularity  
I'm looking for a simple life,  
life ain't simple  
I'm sick and tired, I don't wanna be alone  
I go to a party, but I don't really want to  
So now i'm sitting out here on my porch  
writing in the dark air, listening to  
my little black cat miau  
I'm trying to vent some of the terrible passion  
that's coursing through me  
There's something about you  
There's something about spending the afternoon  
asleep in your arms  
I hate you  
Fucker