

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