

Secondhand Serenade, I Hate This Song

Speak with your tongue tied,
I know that you're tired
But I just want to know,
Where you want to go,
I may be sad, But I'm not weak,
This situation is bleak
And you puffy eyes never lie,
Your tears come from inside.

Until Sunday I'll be waiting for an answer
I guess that yesturday's not good enough for you,
You know that I hate this song,
You know that I hate this song
Because it was written for you

Drown your fears with me
I'm feeling real sorry
Your glossy eyes don't need
The sadness they have seen
But you're way too deep to swim
Back up again
But somehow I can't find
The moment you said goodbye

Until Sunday I'll be waiting for an answer
I guess that yesturday's not good enough for you,
You know that I hate this song,
You know that I hate this song
Because it was written for you

This is becoming a problem I'm hurting it's unfair
But somehow your words,
The way that I heard are haunting me,
You're under my skin
You're breaking in,
And the tasteless fights that filled our nights
Are starting to cave in,
You're under my skin
You're breaking in
And if Sundays what it takes to prove
I have nothing else to loose

Until Sunday I'll be waiting for an answer
I guess that yesturday's not good enough for you,
You know that I hate this song,
You know that I hate this song
Because it was written for you