

Squeeze, Ain't It Sad

No cameras, no lights, no stars in my eyes
And no way of getting through to you
No writing, nor call with a two-time tart
And no way to make a dream come true
Walking up the street, take a hold of my hand
Its just a postcard of the place I knew
Because ain't you sad girl, ain't it sad
Ain't you sad girl, ain't it sad
Funny little things I thought I never had
No afternoon cafe(?), missing english and math
And off to the slammin' summer coast
No waiter, no tips no movies, no scripts
And no way of getting into my post
Riding up the street take a hold of my wheel
Its just a life time and I make the most
Because ain't you sad girl, ain't it sad
Ain't you sad girl, ain't it sad

Funny little things I thought I never had

Because ain't you sad girl, ain't it sad
Ain't you sad girl, ain't it sad
Funny little things I thought I never had
No walking down the beach, no girls left to speak
And no time to mess around with a kiss
No wlaing her home, when she is feeling alone
And no time to get her under the peir
Running up the steets, you can catch us if you can
This is my lifetime and I will not fear
Because ain't you sad girl, ain't it sad
Ain't you sad girl, ain't it sad
Funny little things I thought I never had
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