

# Averman, Boner Jamz '03

There's a strange tension in the air,  
or maybe it's just me.  
Maybe you don't see me and I'm going crazy.  
I'm trying my best not to be like him,  
but I can't blame him for always wanting to know how you think.  
Alone and hanging out to dry.  
Would you please stop smiling at me?  
It's your smile that makes me want to wake  
and I don't want to wake if you don't want me to be yours.  
Your mixed signals are colder than Virginia November  
and I've written a thousand letters  
I'll never send you  
because  
You don't give a fuck  
about what I have to say  
and if you don't give a fuck  
then why should I give a fuck?  
Alone,  
like you've always wanted to be.  
You cut all your strings  
and forgot all about me.  
Alone and hanging out to dry.  
I'd rather have you as a friend  
then not have you at all  
so I'll watch you watch me be miserable