

# Blue October, Two A.M. Lovesick

A walk like a burned out porn star  
With aching feet for a car  
My buddy had a baby with a girl named star  
Makes me appreciate how the little things are

But crossing a road isn't easily told  
To a young has-been centerfold  
Labelled a winner's episode

Yeah, I'm really clean if you know what I mean  
Except for this recurring dream  
Of losing total feeling  
While the windmill's squealing  
The windmill's squealing

I paint to kill the dead saints  
I paint to make it clear  
My colors run in blue and gray  
But they give hope to someone dear

Yeah, yeah, yeah, 2AM lovesick  
With a walking pneumonia drumkick  
And this candle doesn't have a wick  
But I'm really not that scared  
No, I'm not that scared

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