

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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