

# Buck, Was I Thinking?

I don't miss you anymore; I don't love you anymore  
I don't kiss you; I do think I miss the idea of you  
I don't see you in my door, around here and me no more  
your head on my pillow  
I miss the idea of you

I want to forgive you; I don't know if I could  
don't know if I ever should (you're a bastard)

I don't miss you anymore...

I will fill this void; not just with any boy  
sixteen years of sheer joy

I want to forgive you; don't know if I should  
I hated her first and then  
you (you're a bastard)

leave me be, stay out of my dreams  
please leave me alone this idea of love I don't know what it means to me but leave me alone...I  
hate you! (you're a weirdo)

I don't miss you; sure don't love you  
I don't kiss you but I miss the idea of you  
I don't love you  
I don't miss you  
I'll never kiss you  
I hate you (bastard)