

# Horror Show, Boston

In her car six hours long  
Whisper words song after song  
Eyes wide shut we sat and stare  
Long loss sought, oh, life's unfair  
We always want we can't have  
And we always lose  
So we're always sad  
Grade school crush  
Blood soaked hair  
Four more hours and well there  
Utter words of importance  
When we forget to say  
She likes me, I love her  
But they always go away  
Wishful thinking  
Lost train of thought  
Shattered dreams broke  
From the start, desperate yells  
Cries for help, we do it ourselves  
What we always want we'll never have  
'Cause we want too much  
What is love and what's it like  
One one zero off the mass pike  
Irony floods the car like air  
Hope and pray that she is there