

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