

Neverending White Lights, Age Of Consent

Won't you please let me go
These words lie inside they hurt me so

I'm not the kind that likes to tell you just what I want to
I'm not the kind that needs to tell you just what you want me to

I saw you this morning I thought that you might like to know
I received your message in full a few days ago
I understood every word that is said
And now that I'm actually hurt, you're going to regret

And I'm not the kind that likes to tell you just what you want me to
You're not the kind that needs to tell me about the birds and the bees

Do you find this happens all of the time?
Crucial point one day becomes a crime

I've lost you