

# No Fun At All, Second Best

Coming over to your house I see you waiting  
Turning over all the things I used to treasure  
Falling into something new and undetermined  
Not to worry, second best is not the end of life

Burning bridges, empty words but not forgotten  
Empty fridges, dusty rooms and burning ashtrays  
Failing for you, taking every chance to prove it  
Got to worry see the things I cherish start to slip

I don't know what you want me to be  
'cause you push me around till I can't even breathe  
I don't know what you are doing to me  
You have turned me into something ugly and cheap

Indecision, tender words with hidden meanings  
Try to listen, tolling bells is all I'm hearing  
Count the hours till they fade and all's forgotten  
In the passion nothing seemed to matter at the time

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