

# Ookla The Mok, 54 Miles

I'd love you more if you lived 54 miles away.  
It's not that I hate you,  
I just got nothing left to say.  
I must confess I like you less with each passing day.  
I couldn't ask you to leave  
but I'd prefer it if you wouldn't stay.  
I tried, you lied,  
denied what you thought I didn't know.  
You're ambivalent, I'm indifferent,  
I don't care if you want to go.