

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.