Screeching Weasel, Burnout Girl

i walk by your house while you're laying in bed thoughts of rescuing you race through my head i'd rip my heart out of my chest and hold it for you to inspect and while the blood dripped down our hands we could kiss the apartment ambience is like a motel little town blues can't compare to this hell do you ever wanna go anywhere but here and now well i'm waiting here alone for you you somehow ignore the repetitive structures around you that scream indifference you are inspired by nothingness nothing can alter the scope of your dreams i'll still wait while you're asleep in your bed but the air smells different out here at three a.m. and all the hopes you're clinging to will fall apart inside your room so please come on out and do something else you're an enigma you're so incredible presentable i'd eat you up if i thought you were edible