The Airborne Toxic Event, Happiness Is Overrate

And speaking of
Little Miss Catherine
I feel swell, oh well
Because losing you
Was something I always...

Did so well
I guess I just can't tell anymore
And the feeling I get when I see your clothes
Spread out on my floor
Oh, I'm such a bore, I'm such a bore
I don't do anything anymore
I just count these ceiling tiles falling through my floor

Sorry, I really lost my head
I'm sorry, I really lost my head
But you know those words that you said
They get stuck here in my head
And this feeling I dread, it makes me wish I was dead
Or just alone instead, I'll be alone instead
I don't need anyone in my bed
Just these ceiling tiles falling through my head

Sorry, I really lost my head
Oh, I'm so sorry, I really lost my head
Oh, those words you said