

Wheatus, In The Melody

That night that you got on a plane to Los Angeles I turned back into the me that I was
That guy that would go out to buy a new porno and come back with twenty...the pervert you love
And as I drove I remembered that you made a tape
For me to play if I ever had a lonely day
I slipped it in and the Stereophonics came on singing about matches
Well at least someone still believes in the melody
I, I think that I've heard it already but I
I think that I must admit that as bad as it gets
Someone still believes

The sound of American radio's making me feel like I just killed my mom and my dad
These pop songs are meant to be simple so people who make them we take them and break them
But as I drove I remembered that you made a tape
For me to play if I my ears were ever being raped
I slipped it in and the Tragically Hip came on singing about matches
Well at least someone still believes in the melody
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I think that I must admit that as bad as it gets
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WhhoooAAAAAWhhooo

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