

Whiskeytown "Empty Baseball Park"

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Why should I hate you?
After all, it's been so long
Since I've lived in town
Let it go for now

Have a drink at your favorite bar till dark
Stumble into empty baseball park
Strike one and strike two
I guess we're both out

Stumble past the record store
End up at the movies
Try and think of something else
Nothing's comin' to me

Stumble past the record store
And end up at the movies
Just try and think of something else
Nothing's comin' to me

You do this to me
You do this
And I oblige
And I fight it

Why should I miss you?
After all, it's been so long
Since I felt your kiss
Did it come to this?

Stumble past the record store
End up at the movies
Try and think of something else
Nothing's comin' to me

Stumble past the record store
And end up at the movies
Just try and think of something else
Nothing's comin' to me

I let you do this to me
I must be crazy, I must be crazy

I must be crazy, I must be
I must be, I must be

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