

Local H "April : White Belt Boys"

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Yeah... hope you have a lonely life
Yeah... hope you have a lonely life
A high heel stumble home from the gala with your
gurney bag clutched to your chest
Hangin' on the arm of the guy who sewed you into your
new dress
Oooh... It's a tragedy, so completely, it's almost Greek
And if I was to be hard-pressed, I'd lie and say I could
not care less

Yeah... hope you have a lonely life
Yeah... hope you have a lonely life, a lonely life
One red carpet bleeds into another, you're stained and
it won't rub off
Lining up to get under your covers
The boys with white belts, snouts for the trough
Oooh... It's a tragedy, so completely, I'm barely me
And if I was to be hard-pressed, I'd lie and say I am not
obsessed

Yeah... hope you have a lonely life, a lonely life.

Sha!

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