

## **Secondhang Serenade**

### **"I Hate This Song"**

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Speak with your tongue tied,  
I know that you're tired  
But I just want to know,  
Where you want to go,  
I may be sad, But I'm not weak,  
This situation is bleak  
And you puffy eyes never lie,  
Your tears come from inside.

Until Sunday I'll be waiting for an answer  
I guess that yesturday's not good enough for you,  
You know that I hate this song,  
You know that I hate this song  
Because it was written for you

Drown your fears with me  
I'm feeling real sorry  
Your glossy eyes don't need  
The sadness they have seen  
But you're way too deep to swim  
Back up again  
But somehow I can't find  
The moment you said goodbye

Until Sunday I'll be waiting for an answer  
I guess that yesturday's not good enough for you,  
You know that I hate this song,  
You know that I hate this song  
Because it was written for you

This is becoming a problem I'm hurting it's unfair  
But somehow your words,  
The way that I heard are haunting me,  
You're under my skin  
You're breaking in,  
And the tasteless fights that filled our nights  
Are starting to cave in,  
You're under my skin  
You're breaking in  
And if Sundays what it takes to prove  
I have nothing else to loose

Until Sunday I'll be waiting for an answer  
I guess that yesturday's not good enough for you,  
You know that I hate this song,  
You know that I hate this song  
Because it was written for you

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