

The Midway State "Stupid Love Songs"

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Back alleys are so dark at twelve and one o'clock, I'm
empty handed with only a glass but no I won't drink. Its
seven-thirty again I'm dreaming that I had a life
instead I'll sit here on the edge of my bed singing
stupid love songs that don't ever end. I don't want to
hate you. I wish that I could love you. instead I'll wallow
in misery and dance to the rhymes of your sweet
nurseries, well I've tried begging down your stone cold
eyes but I should have known that I'd look to far from
what's inside of your heart.

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