

## Sheer Terror "Love Songs For The Unloved"

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I wish I had something new to tell you...  
I wish I could say anything at all.  
To make you go away (please don't leave.)  
I know I fucked it up and I'll keep fucking up  
It's easier to fuck it up than to break my balls by  
keeping up...  
The same old shit served up brand new  
Spastic fits just like a glove.  
Here's another rhyme for you  
Love Song for the Unloved.  
Broken-hearted misery  
Set to a 4/4 beat.  
Dance away to my failed passions.  
I can only drag my feet.  
And when it rains, it pours like molten lead.  
Aw hell, it pisses down my aching,  
Throbbing head.  
I'm bitter and I'm burned and  
I ain't feeling too good.  
But I'll get by or didn't you  
Fucking think I could?  
I suppose I could say I'm sorry  
Or tell you that I adore you  
Even more than anyone  
I ever adored, anyone before.  
I could clutch at straws,  
I could find a clause,  
Or I could say goodnight...  
I'll tell you anything I  
Think you want to hear.  
Too little, way too late.  
I think we've made that pretty clear.  
So I'll sing my sad sack tale  
To the stupid and sublime.  
They may not like it, but hell,  
It's my fucking dime.

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