

Spector

"Upset Boulevard"

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You want back in my life,
Not innocent, but holy.
We didn't have to fall in love,
We could've climbed down slowly.
Can you feel the streets below us?
It's a sick, sick town
And girl what grows up, must come down.

Don't wait for me, (up up up up upset boulevard)
Don't wait for me, (up up up up upset boulevard)
Don't wait for me, (up up up up upset boulevard)
Don't wait up, I won't be home,
True romantics sleep alone.

I changed my clocks to your time
And I let the jet lag set in.
I know you feel uncomfortable
In clothes you haven't slept in.
But they meant it when they said it,
It's a sick, sick town.
And girl what goes up must come down.

And you're down for tonight,
Down for whatever, like nothing can break your heart.
Is it him that you want or me that you want,
Make up your mind, I don't have time for this.
You're still up, I'm impressed, you're a mess,
Oh oh oh,
Don't wait up, I won't be home,
True romantics sleep alone.

Wait for me, (up up up up upset boulevard)
Don't wait for me. (up up up up upset boulevard)
I won't wait for you. (up up up up upset boulevard)
Don't wait up, I won't be home,
True romantics sleep alone.

Rewind all you're favourite songs,
Remind yourself how it went wrong,
Discuss the good times with your friends,
You'll never be nineteen again,

Remember them for how they were,
Kneel down and worship her.
But now you barely recognize
Those cold and undead hollow eyes.

Warning, warning!
This is a musical emergency.
Piracy is a crime,
Home taping is killing music.
Keep it legal,
Enjoy it while it last.

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