

# Lonely

American Music Club

Well you don't want me to touch you  
You just want me to shut up  
You don't want me to think what I'm thinking  
Or the devil in my throat to come up  
And you get so nervous that everything's a joke

If I have to be this lonely  
I may as well be alone

So I go back to my room  
To my room by the freeway  
I fall onto my bed like snow  
Like the cold I never woke you  
And the killing followed me home  
Hey what's song you whistling

If I have to be this lonely  
I may as well be alone

When you wake up in the morning  
You won't remember that anyone was here  
And that life is so rewarding  
And I guess that you're the grand prize my dear

When you wake up in the morning  
You won't remember that anyone was here  
If I have to be this lonely  
I may as well be alone