

No Fun

Lane 8

Why your jilted eyes on me in the supermarket?
I'd rather you just came out and said, "I told you so"
A sunny afternoon, lying face down on the orange carpet
I know you're tryin' to cheer me up, I hope you don't

Wish I knew then that no one truly leaves
I shouldn't have even tried

It's my pill to swallow
And you can save my bleedin' heart
Won't beg or borrow
If it feels good to make me want

But don't you need some troubles of your own
To chew on?
But that would be no fun
But that would be no fun
But that would be no

Every damn song I hear is a blunt reminder
That I'll never lead a crowd to tears again
And now I realize that the booby prize was becoming kinder
I would let them burn me down on an open stage

At seventeen, you're free to show your back
God help the child when she returns
When she returns, when she returns
When she returns, when she returns
When she returns, when she returns
When she returns, when she returns
When she returns, when she returns
When she returns, when she returns
When she returns, when she returns
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