Burnout Girl

Screeching Weasel

I walk by your house while you're laying in bed
Thoughts of rescuing you race through my head
I'd rip my heart out of my chest
and hold it for you to inspect
and while the blood dripped down our hands
we could kiss
The apartment ambience is like a motel
Little town blues can't compare to this hell
Do you ever wanna go anywhere
but here and now
well I'm waiting here alone for you
You somehow ignore the repetitive structures around you
that scream indifference
You are inspired by nothingness
nothing can alter the scope of your dreams
I'll still wait while you're asleep in your bed
but the air smells different out here at three a.m.
And all the hopes you're clinging to
will fall apart inside your room
so please come on out and do something else
You're an enigma
you're so incredible presentable
I'd eat you up if I thought you were edible

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