

Loverboy

Shealeigh

I am tapping on the glass, loverboy
I am holding fast, loverboy
'Cause I would always be the one to say
That you would be the one to walk away
And leave me to my vicious, overactive mind
But there is a defining kind of calm
To be had when you are wrong
And all of my friends think it's funny when I'm right

But I'm not lonely I'm just alone
And I'm not your baby; I just want to go home
But what is waiting for me there?
My walls, my TV and my kitchen floor
Oh, I'd rather listen to the rest of the song

I am losing track of all of my time
And I feel the need to apologize
'Cause this is an ode to something real
Or something that I forgot to feel
And I don't miss feeling like I didn't care
'Cause all I can do is try to understand
Where I want to be when it ends
And if I don't right now, I'm sure I'll figure it out

But I'm not lonely I'm just alone
And I'm not your baby; I just want to go home
But what is waiting for me there?
My walls, my TV and my kitchen floor
Oh, I'd rather listen to the rest of the song

I guess that this is growing up
Who knew you had to think about it all at once?
Oh, I feel so crazy
When they say, "Baby-
You gotta know just where you're goin'"
Does anyone know?
So, how should I know?
I've been so careful all my life

But I'm not lonely I'm just alone
And I'm not your baby; I just want to go home
And I really like this band
But if I leave, I'll never see them again
And what is waiting for me at home?
My walls, my TV and my kitchen floor
Oh, I'd rather listen to the whole damn song