

Viciously Lonely

The Backseat Lovers

My new house sits upon the clouds
Right next door is the lost and found
Picking fights with the ghost down stairs
Turn off the lights and plug my ears

The trees are killing off in a lovely kind of way
And of course I'm pleading from the porch just stay
Maybe the winter will cut me some slack this year
Maybe I'm telling myself what I'd like to hear

Tonight I hope I fall asleep
Before my hands do
I might come close to drifting off
But I don't plan to

I'm viciously lonely
Lost respect
My best friend is the crick in my neck
Sit back and stone me
Toss your rocks
Pretty good aim if you count head shots

I tend to spend a couple hours a day
Waiting by the phone hoping there's nothing to say
But I've got the feeling that my wake up call is on its way

But as my youth begins to expire
I'll slowly put a little less wood on the fire
But maybe it'll turn like a roll of old film
Or a bottle of wine
That's been waiting to spill

Viciously lonely
Tossed around
Most these days I'm stuck in town
So come on and show me
Lay it down
Put the band in the deep-end
And try to get loud

And all the flags are halfway down the poles
So why are dogs still barking at the fireworks show