

Haze of Love

Cake

It's three o'clock in the morning,
Or maybe it's four.
I am thinking of you,
Wondering what I should I do,
But I'm finally cutting through this haze.

It's four o'clock in the morning,
Or maybe it's five.
I think I'm alive,
And I think I'll survive.
I'm finally cutting through this haze of love.
Haze of love.
For days and days and days,
I'm in a haze of love.

Yeah you don't love me like I love you.
All though you pretend,
I can see this will end.
I'm finally cutting through this haze of love.
Haze of love.
For days and days and days,
I'm in a haze of love.

It's five o'clock in the morning,
Or maybe it's six.
I am sick of your lies.
I am sick of your tricks.
I'm finally cutting through this haze of love.
Haze of love.
For days and days and days,
For days and days and days,
For days and days and days,
I'm in a haze of love.