

Stuck

Hush.

Sunday and everyone's out now walking dogs
talking on the corners the way that old people do
feel a mild panic there's nothing to do but to climb
the walls
think I'll have another pint of that small town brew
Isn't it lovely and isn't it fine
slowly I'm starting to wither in my sexual prime

You say I'm not someone to - I'm not somebody to love
and I'm not quite the girl you have been dreaming of
but hey you're stuck here like me

Late night we're chasing our fall down at Marty's Bar
buying Margaritas, exotic illusions cost
now you don't wanna dance and you don't wanna go for a
ride in your car
a tired moon sets on a sweet opportunity lost

You say I'm not someone to - I'm not somebody to love
and I'm not quite the girl you have been dreaming of
but hey you're stuck here like me
so why not try to break free?

Let's get it on
yeah we're the only ones here still vaguely alive
Isn't it lovely and isn't it fine
slowly I'm starting to wither in my sexual prime
You say I'm not someone to - I'm not somebody to love
and I'm not quite the girl you have been dreaming of
but hey you're stuck here just like me
so why not try to break free?
though I'm not someone to - I'm not somebody to love
Why don't we try to make it out of this hell hole in
time