

# The This This

Late Night Alumni

Only loneliness is new to you.  
But you can't think of how to say it.  
The same old splitting smile for you  
is all I have to give today.

Won't you let this sit and rest a bit?  
On cueue, here comes a song.  
Then just as we begin I say, "get on with it",  
and once again, I'm wrong.

It's the this this,  
the that this,  
the tall blonde with a hat this.  
The good this,  
the sweet this,  
the this I still believe in.

I think I love this.  
I think I love this.

Can't you see my face is tight for you?  
Is it getting in the way?  
The same old splitting smile for you  
is all you have to give today.

Won't you let this sit and rest a bit?  
On cueue, here comes a song.  
Then just as we begin, I say "get on with it",  
and once again, I'm wrong.

It's the this this,  
the that this,  
the tall blonde with a hat this.  
The good this,  
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the this I still believe in.

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It's the this this,  
the that this,  
the tall blonde with a hat this.  
The good this,  
the sweet this,  
the this I still believe in.

I think I love this.  
I think I love this.

Can you see it how I see it?  
Tell me how it looks to you.  
You have two feet in the door  
don't you?  
don't you?

Can you see it how I see it?

Tell me how it looks to you.  
You have two feet in the door  
don't you?  
don't you?

I think I love this.  
I think I love this.