

## Upset Boulevard

Spector

You walked back into my life, not innocent but holy  
We didn't have to fall in love, we could have climbed down slowly  
Can you feel the streets below us? It's a sick, sick town  
And girl what grows up must come down

Don't wait for me  
Don't wait for me  
Don't wait for me  
Don't wake up I won't be home  
True romantics sleep alone

I changed my clocks to your time and I let the jet lag set in  
I know you feel uncomfortable in clothes you haven't slept in  
But they meant it when they said it, it's a sick, sick town  
And girl what grows up must come down

Are you down for tonight? Down for whatever  
Like nothing can break your heart  
Is it him that you want or me that you want  
Make up your mind I don't have time for this  
You're still up, I'm impressed you're a mess  
Oh don't wait up I won't be home  
True romantics sleep alone

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Rewind all your favourite songs  
Remind yourself how it went wrong  
Discuss the good times with your friends  
You'll never be nineteen again  
Remember them for how they were  
You'd kneel down and worship her  
But now you'd barely recognise  
Those cold and undead hollow eyes