

All dressed up, no place to run
No car, no girl, no pills, no fun
Nothing to do in this empty room
I've got to get my head together soon

Alone again, no plans, no friends
You come around at half past ten
You say "How are you holding up my friend?
Are you sitting around getting drunk again?"

And I hear the desperation of those lines
Wasted hours, all this wasted time
Oh yeah, I've been just fine!

Then we're out the door in an hour more
We stumble down from the second floor
And we're swaying, braying
We don't know what we're saying

And you grab my shirt, you're always so curt
I swear to God that this doesn't hurt
When you stare like that, you put on that act
You say something and then you take it back

And I feel as though I've done something wrong
Oh, how I miss you when you're gone

And I wish I had the guts to scream,
"You know, things aren't always what they seem"
When you walk away, I want you to stay
Don't leave me here to pace and pray

All these nights I burn, these hours I turn
You'd think that by now I'd learn
That you're only what you pretend to be
I guess that was just lost on me

I can't stand the way you look at me in that dress
Papillon, I might be alright I guess
If I wasn't such a mess
I'm such a mess