

After O'rourke's, 2:10 A.m.

The Good Life

I hate it when you say you need me.
You don't need me.
I hate even worse that I need you.
It kills me.
When I was young I loved to be by myself, all alone.
Now that I'm older I'm scared of myself, all alone.
So lay with me, my love.

I hate when you say you know me.
You don't know me.
What I hate even worse is I know you.
You're no mystery.
You refuse to acknowledge how much you can't stand who I am.
I've been trying to tell you that I'm a terror of a man.
I hate it when you call
So lonesome after the bar.
I know I should hang up the phone, but I never do.