

I Hate This Town

John Grant

Horrifying as it was for me
To see your face today,
I guess I knew that it would happen at some point.
And I dreaded it because I knew
That you would be so kind.
You're good at that; you've got it right down to a science.

So you observe the strict rules laid out in the books of etiquette
And tell me you hope I enjoy my stay.
And I feel numb, and I can't believe
That I was stupid enough to leave my bed today.
If I'm so smart, then why is this happening?

You know, I hate this fucking town.
You cannot even leave your fucking house
Without running into someone who no longer cares about you--
Somebody whom you desperately want to see,
But you know it's only going to cause more grief
'Cause there is nothing left to say,
And he can't hear you anyway.

It's so confusing 'cause I really want
To hate you, but my intellect reminds me
That that doesn't make no sense.
And I wanted to be your friend,
But I couldn't pull it off in the end.
And I'm disappointed with myself because I thought I could.

But then again you always made it clear
That you do not care either way--
Which begs the question,
"How can I still claim to love you?"
You told me time and time again
That you don't lose--you always win--
And that to make an effort would just be beneath you.

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Now, I'm packing my bags again,
And you are not inside of them.