Fun Stuff

Frightened Rabbit

I took off my clothes, She took off hers too, With no fanfares and No hallelujahs. Throughout the night, I would grind Away the truth

There's nothing sadder Than sad, sad sex, And the bad, bad news Is that I gave in To the ugly hand That first led me away from you.

AAH, the fun stuff is not so fun without you.

So I drink until I fill my brim But there's nothing that Fills me up the same As the tiny word Broadcast across the sea.

And should I go out To dance tonight, Well my two left feet Need you to right Or I'll spin around In circles endlessly.

Oh, the fun stuff is not so fun without you.

Well the city was born Bright blue today And I whistle through The sunlit streets. And my empty hand Fell cold from under you.

And I'm quite alright, I get by just fine, I'm not depressed, Not most of the time, Just the fun stuff Is much less fun without you.

The fun stuff is much less fun without you.