

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.