Lonely World

He's had six girlfriends in just as many weeks. He's tired of love so, all he does is sleep. Something is wrong, he is hollow inside. All he wants to do is runaway and hide.

Nothing ever seems to work out anymore. she wonders if she's ever been loved before. She doesn't understand. She doesn't wanna try. She doesn't give a f**k. She wants to be alone tonight.

He f**ks her cause he can, but it doesn't mean a thing. He wonder if this is the best life will bring.

She f**ks him cause she can, but she doesn't even care. She's sick of hoping that love is in the air.

He meets her for drinks, at some ridiculous place, at some ridiculous hour, where the hipsters like to hang.

He doesn't want a girl, she doesn't want a beau. They talk for an hour, then she says she has to go.

Maybe you and me could get together. And maybe you and me could do a little better. And maybe you and me could get together. Let's get out of this stormy weather.

They end up at his house, pushing on the couch. It's been a really long night, and they're both worn out. They talk for a while, and then they fall asleep. Sleep, sleep, baby sleep.