

I went to a party last night.
What sick things I saw.
Makeout sessions and bicycle messengers,
Punks and art school dropouts.
I ran into this guy I knew
But hadn't seen in years.
We went into the neon kitchen and stole a couple beers.
He said his girl had dumped him
But there was another guy.
He said that he still liked her.
All I could say was,
"Why, why, oh why, oh why,
Why is it always like this?
Either you're too mean, or you're too nice."
He said, "I even cooked her breakfast."
So we went into the living room.
Someone was blasting Zeppelin.
It sounded good.
I felt ashamed.
I knew every drum fill.
Anyway, there she sat,
Totally kissing this guy.
They looked good, I mean like in love.
Then I remembered my friend.
He said, "How could you do this?
You said that you needed your space.
He's wearing the shirt that I gave you."
Then she said, "Why, why, oh why, oh why,
Why are you always like this?
If I'm having fun then it's breaking your heart.
Besides, you said I could have it."
Then the cops showed up.