

Plastic Loveless Letter

Magic Dirt

Theres not enough hours in my day
To tell you that you're getting in the way
Theres not enough words in my book
To explain how I got over you
I feel all cramped up now
Trapped in this single bed
Concrete thoughts of you
Weighing down my head
Sleeping with my nemesis
Scattered on the quilt
My hand is always down my pants
Guilt guilt guilt
Do you think it's the right time
Would it make it better
Don't you think it's the worst time
To send you this plastic loveless letter
Theres not enough hours in my day
To tell you that you're getting in the way
Theres not enough words in my book
To explain how I got over you
I want you so much more now
I miss your bones like hell
I wish you were beside me
'Cos now I'm in better health
I just have to say
I just can't resist
I just have to say
I have to tell you this
Do you think it's the right time
Would it make it better
Don't you think it's the worst time
Dont you think its the best time
Do you think it's the right time
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