

# I Hate This Song

## Secondhand Serenade

Speak with your tongue tied, I know that you're tired  
But I just want to know where you want to go  
I may be sad but I'm not weak, this situation is bleak  
And your puffy eyes never lie, your tears come from inside

Until Sunday I'll be waiting for an answer  
I guess that yesterday's not good enough for you  
You know that I hate this song  
You know that I hate this song because it was written for you

Drown your fears with me, I'm feeling real sorry  
Your glossy eyes don't need the sadness they have seen  
But you're way too deep to swim back up again  
But somehow I can't find the moment you said goodbye

Until Sunday I'll be waiting for an answer  
I guess that yesterday's not good enough for you  
You know that I hate this song  
You know that I hate this song because it was written for you

This is becoming a problem, I'm hurting, it's unfair  
But somehow your words, the way that I heard are haunting me  
You're under my skin, you're breaking in

And the tasteless fights that filled our nights are starting to  
cave in  
You're under my skin, you're breaking in  
And if Sunday's what it takes to prove I have nothing left to l  
ose

Until Sunday I'll be waiting for an answer  
I guess that yesterday's not good enough for you  
You know that I hate this song  
You know that I hate this song because it was written for you