

Some sang their songs  
Like they're flying on uppers  
So sweet and smug  
That I lose my supper

Some mumble psalms  
Of solace and virtue  
Hang by their palms  
And choke on the cud they chew

I'm glad we met  
So sad you left  
Sometimes the sweetest things turn sour

Love songs are cheap  
And only get cheaper  
They prey on the meek  
Who only get Meeker

Cliches sung by stars  
Looks so good on paper  
Each bar fed to you  
A faux communion water

Don't even think of being average  
'Cause you're so much more to me than edequate  
I'm hanging on to every word you speak  
I'll burn the torch until you come to me

I'm glad we met  
So sad you left  
Sometimes the sweetest things turn sour  
The time we spent  
Was heaven sent  
Opened my eyes and stole my hours