

All dressed up, no place to run  
No car, no girl, no pills, no fun  
Nothing to do in this empty room  
I've got to get my head together soon

Alone again, no plans, no friends  
You come around at half past ten  
You say "How are you holding up my friend?  
Are you sitting around getting drunk again?"

And I hear the desperation of those lines  
Wasted hours, all this wasted time  
Oh yeah, I've been just fine!

Then we're out the door in an hour more  
We stumble down from the second floor  
And we're swaying, braying  
We don't know what we're saying

And you grab my shirt, you're always so curt  
I swear to God that this doesn't hurt  
When you stare like that, you put on that act  
You say something and then you take it back

And I feel as though I've done something wrong  
Oh, how I miss you when you're gone

And I wish I had the guts to scream,  
"You know, things aren't always what they seem"  
When you walk away, I want you to stay  
Don't leave me here to pace and pray

All these nights I burn, these hours I turn  
You'd think that by now I'd learn  
That you're only what you pretend to be  
I guess that was just lost on me

I can't stand the way you look at me in that dress  
Papillon, I might be alright I guess  
If I wasn't such a mess  
I'm such a mess