

## In The Melody

Wheatus

That night that you got on a plane to Los Angeles I turned back  
into the me that I was

That guy that would go out to buy a new porno and come back with  
twenty...the pervert you love

And as I drove I remembered that you made a tape

For me to play if I ever had a lonely day

I slipped it in and the Stereophonics came on singing about matches

Well at least someone still believes in the melody

I, I think that I've heard it already but I

I think that I must admit that as bad as it gets

Someone still believes

The sound of American radio's making me feel like I just killed  
my mom and my dad

These pop songs are meant to be simple so people who make them  
we take them and break them in half

But as I drove I remembered that you made a tape

For me to play if I my ears were ever being raped

I slipped it in and the Tragically Hip came on singing about matches

Well at least someone still believes in the melody

I, I think that I've heard it already but I

I think that I must admit that as bad as it gets

Someone still believes

WhhoooAAAAAWhhooo

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Someone still believes