

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 Sundays what it takes to prove
I have nothing else to loose
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

