Squeeze, Ain't It Sad

No cameras, no lights, no stars in my eyes And no way of getting through to you No writing, nor call with a two-time tart And no way to make a dream come true Walking up the street, take a hold of my hand Its just a postcard of the place I knew Because ain't you sad girl, ain't it sad Ain't you sad girl, ain't it sad Funny little things I thought I never had No afternoon cafe(?), missing english and math And off to the slammin' summer coast No waiter, no tips no movies, no scripts And no way of getting into my post Riding up the street take a hold of my wheel Its just a life time and I make the most Because ain't you sad girl, ain't it sad Ain't you sad girl, ain't it sad

Funny little things I thought I never had

Because ain't you sad girl, ain't it sad
Ain't you sad girl, ain't it sad
Funny little things I thought I never had
No walking down the beach, no girls left to speak
And no time to mess around with a kiss
No wlaking her home, when she is feeling alone
And no time to get her under the peir
Running up the steets, you can catch us if you can
This is my lifetime and I will not fear
Because ain't you sad girl, ain't it sad
Ain't you sad girl, ain't it sad
Funny little things I thought I never had
Funny little things I thought I never had
Funny little things I thought I never had