

Whiskeytown, Empty Baseball Park

Why should i hate you?
After all, it's been so long
Since I've lived in town.
Let it go for now.
Have a drink at your favorite bar till dark.
Stumble into empty baseball park.
Strike one and strike two...
I guess we're both out.
Stumble past the record store
End up at the movies.
Try and think of something else.
Nothing's comin' to me.
Stumble past the record store
End up at the movies.
Try and think of something else.
Nothing's comin' to me.
You do this to me.
You do this and I oblige.
And I fight it.
Why should I miss you?
After all, it's been so long
Since I felt your kiss.
Did it come to this?
Stumble past the record store
End up at the movies.
Try and think of something else.
Nothing's comin' to me.
Stumble past the record store
And end up at the movies.
Try and think of something else.
Nothing's comin' to me.
I let you do this to me.
I must be crazy.
I must be crazy.
I must be crazy.
I must be.....
I must be.
I must be.