

# Okay, Loveless

You slept in my bed after you said,  
"I need to sort out my head."

So we didn't, we just talked instead  
But my blood, it still has to be red  
It's still gonna go wherever it be led

Now I can't get you out of my head.

And last night I heard you kiss a little drummer girl that you missed  
You don't know nothing about her lips, why would you want to go on loveless?