

# Tuesday, Sixty-Eight

I really think it's bad that it has to be like this.  
Even if we were just friends, friends don't act like this.  
I wanted to give you everything,  
but you wouldn't give me a chance.  
You know, nothing to do, isn't nothing to do,  
when I'm with you.  
There's a full-moon in this train-town tonight.  
And I'm thinking of you lost love,  
am I just a boy lovesick?  
I can't get over this sickness.  
Nothing to do, isn't nothing to do,  
when I'm with you.  
And already I miss you.

crbt2('Tuesday','Sixty-Eight')

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