

On The Wagon

Green Day

Sometimes it gets real hard
And I need some kind of output
For input twice the size of my one inch mind
So slap me on the hand
Put it right back down my pants
Turn me right around
Kick me in the ass

Well today I say sweet things
But tomorrow
I'll be making up excuses
For my actions cuz it's been so long
Since I've been in love
That special kind of feeling
Guess my best excuse
I'm on the wagon again

Well I got no real excuse
I'm on the wagon again
Hey