Well, I heard it all before But this deserves an explanation From the underwear on the floor Please excuse the exclamation

Shit, I thought for a certain
That I'd make it through the season
But your skills at love, they sure do suck
So don't give me a better reason

And it's a sad, sad situation That love created jealousy

It's the last sleep you'll get tonight
It's the last fight and you'll have to fight
It's the last time I'll be coming 'round

And I know, you know it's true Everything's on one condition And tell me where the hell you were you When I came down to the station?

Well, I keep a box of sticks
And stones in the back seat of my car
Just in case I saw your face
With another face for you to scar

And it's a sad, sad situation That love created jealousy

It's the last sleep you'll get tonight
It's the last fight and you'll have to fight
It's the last time I'll be coming 'round

Don't call, don't write You know you've lost it When you still keep trying But I can't spit back in your face

It's the last sleep you'll get tonight
It's the last fight and you'll have to fight
It's the last time I'll keep coming 'round
'Round, 'round, 'round