

Hungover

3OH!3

Wake up 9 - maybe 10
Depending how my head is feeling
Every step that I take is rattling the ceiling
Take a breath - brush my teeth
Smell like death - even bleach can't erase the taste of last night
I got holes in my clothes
Someone's sweatshirt - who knows what I did...

When you came over
I shoulda stayed sober
And then I got the cold shoulder
No you know you're the reason every time I feel hungover

Please don't call - please don't text
Because my phone is dead anyways
Shut the shades - close the door
And I'll see you in a couple days
Did we kiss, did we fight?
There's a bit of the night that I might not remember
There's a burn on my coat
Cigarettes on my throat
I don't know what we did

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Now my wallet is gone
Find missed called on my phone
Now my exes all now that I'm lonely
Woke up with a tattoo
It looks bad but that's cool
Cause it reminds me of the shit that we did

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