

I Can't Do It Alone

3OH!3

Oh God, God, she's really done it now
Coked up, her body's all spun around
Oh yeah, yeah, she's really done it
And seein' her just isn't something I can stomach

Back it up, back it up if you talkin' shit to me
Smack it up, smack it up if you act a bitch to me
Stack it up, stack it up if you're fuckin' rich as me
My daddy owns a dealership, the rest is fuckin' history

This ain't a love song, oh no
This ain't a broken heart homie singin' only
'Cause he's lonely

This ain't a love song, oh, no, no, no
This ain't a whiskey drowned ballad
There ain't nothing here that's valid

So tell me baby, pretty baby that this house is not a graveyard
Tell me how to stay strong and carry you home
Over corpses of her long lost fathers and her unborn daughters
Goddammit, I can't do it alone, I can't do it alone
I can't do it alone, no I can't do it alone

Oh no, no, I'm not impressed with you
Pink drinks that seem to get the best of you
Rock late and sleep until the sun sets
I'd talk but you took the tongue I talk with

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I can call you out and complain the rain is worse
But it's that much better if I blame it on a person
I can call you out and complain the rain is worse
But it's that much better if I blame it on a person

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