

Sorry Bro

Andrew Jackson Jihad

15 songs, 15 shows, 15 sucking at your tit.
How does it feel to live here? How does it feel to leave here?
15 notes, 15, 15 dogs chewin' on your throat.
How does it feel to come home? I wish you had a home.
And you've got nothing I want but something I need.
You've got the elegance and the ability to breathe.
Traffic report: 15 dead.
A head on collision, at least thats what I thought I had read.
We're the kids in America, whoa oh.
We're the kids in America, whoa oh.
15 days, you're back on track with 15 ounces cut out of your fu
cking back.
How does it feel to be you?
I do not envy you, dude.
And you've got nothing I like but something I love.
The charm and the skills to rise above.
You know how to be loved.
And you're as clean as a broke dick.
I don't want to be like you but I'm still rooting for you.
I would hate to be like you but I'm still rooting for you.
I would hate to be like you but I'm still rooting for you.
I don't want to be like you but I'm still rooting for you.
You've got nothing I hate but got something I loath.
You still walk around letting other people pick out your clothe
s.
And they will tell you when to go, they'll tell you who to know
.
And they will tell you when to stop.
And then you'll stop.