

# When I Was a Little Girl

Billy Talent

Another F again I fret,  
Another cocky hypocrite,  
Another dirty LOOK from a passerby.  
Kiddy porn and lunatics,  
All the things that make me sick,  
Another suicide from a sad rock star.

So get the fuck out of my face,  
And disappear without a trace.  
You annoying little prick,  
I'll reach into my bag of tricks.  
And then I'll pull out a hand grenade,  
Your machoism fades away.  
But I will not pull out the pin,  
Because thats mean!!

With judgement day not far away,  
You're sniffing all your days away.  
I don't know who to blame,  
Is it me or is it you?  
Violent death and viruses,  
And lack there-of of consciousness.  
Another shitty song on the radio.  
Lets go!

I'll kick the teeth OUT of your face.  
I killed the cat theres no more chase.  
You push on me I'll push you back.  
So come on girls lets go attack.  
Don't look at me, I've had my fill.  
Don't find yourself inside a pill.  
But I will not pull out my gun,  
Cause I don't own one!!

Why can't you let me be?  
Said, why can't you just let me be?  
Why can't you just let me be?  
Why can't you just let me be?  
Why can't you let be!