

Good Grief

Foo Fighters

Since I'm putting down all of the true things around, but I like it
I handed down the crown, given the jewels and the answers of many
the thought of being ousted comes and goes
when I think about it the wind blows
I hate it

Run me out of town, somewhere a move might intended a gown at
pissed at all the bowels, always the blues and a delicate smile
missed all of the sideways, gull and noun
chills and petty band-aids, wrapped around
I hate it