

## Pop In G

Heatmiser

Mic city sons seem to dumb everything down  
I got wished a lot of luck  
And I'll tell you what it's worth now

It's a cold-blooded style  
Never was worthwhile  
You're as good as they come  
But you're such a fucking trial

You went and called me up  
Do you bother me on purpose  
You make me feel like I'm half my age  
And at least twice as nervous

You go ah-ha whistling  
Sweet caroline  
And I'll be there to  
'Cause I never speak my mind

It's a miracle how  
No offence is taken  
But I'm full of them then  
Anytime you feel up to face them

You go drink your problems still  
A statue in the barroom  
You've got feelings left to kill  
And I won't forget it too soon

It's a cold blooded style  
Never was worthwhile  
You're as good as they come  
But you're such a fucking trial

You go ah-ha whistling  
Sweet caroling  
And I'll be there to  
'Cause I never speak my mind  
You don't want me to speak my mind