

Mr. Pitiful

Matt Costa

Oh Mr. Pit, oh Mr. Pit, Mr. Pitiful
Who let you down?
Who let you down?
Who let you down?

You still don't believe, you don't believe
You don't believe, and your grievances show
When your soapbox unfolds

But please come down from that cloud you're sitting on
I don't expect you to admit that you were wrong

I just want to know how you've been
It don't make me feel bad that we're still friends
Mulling it all over in my head
I hope that you see through your picket
I hope that you see through your big yard and white picket fence
To make amends
And still be friends, still be my friend

So where did you go? Where did you go?
Where did you go while I was out?
While I was out? While I was out?
Well I don't believe, I don't believe
I don't believe everything I see
And if you don't like the movie then quit acting

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I don't expect you to admit that you were wrong

I just want to know how you've been
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I hope that you see through your picket
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To make amends
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Still be my friend