

# I'm Not Sorry

Mike Stud

I'm not sorry  
I've been drinking  
I've been smoking  
I'm not thinkin' about tomorrow  
Pass the bottle  
I'm in trouble  
Okay I know, but I'm not sorry  
No I'm not sorry  
I said I'm not sorry  
No I'm not sorry

So pass me that liquor  
Been a long day, girl I need a pick up  
Too drunk to drive, send a cab to come and get us  
Woke up wearing two different shoes like a kicker  
So take me back to SoHo  
3rd street and Bowery  
But I don't really know though  
Sorry I'm not sorry  
Cause I can't go home yet  
My credit card's at the bar and I don't know where my phone's at  
Yeah, alright, we be gettin' reckless, drunk textin', up late, fuck breakfast  
And don't it feel good not caring about shit  
But I know tomorrow they gon' hear about this  
And we stumblin' home  
You can tell me that is wrong but I know

Nanananana  
Na na na na na  
Nanananana  
Na na na na na

I just wanna be me  
Not the people on the radio or the tv  
Same kid that made his first song back in D.C.  
And never lost sight of all that, word to Stevie  
Now everything is blurry  
Vision used to be 20/20, Katie Couric  
Now it's not doe  
Cause I'm faded on that whiskey and got all my homies with me, everybody getting trippy, turn up  
And don't it feel good not caring about shit  
But I know tomorrow we gon' hear about this  
And we stumblin' home  
You can tell me that is wrong yeah I know but

So turn up  
Hit the bar, kill the scene, I call that murder, now word up  
So bring another round bartender  
Cause all the best nights are the ones we can't remember  
Ones we can't remember  
Cause all the best nights are the ones we can't remember