

# Sorry Sorry

Rooney

Well, i met this girl on a  
Saturday night, saturday night  
Saturday night, saturday night  
Saturday night, saturday night

She sat there all alone with that  
Shirley temple and a cellular phone  
No one to call  
No one to ring  
Cause no ones home

The bartender knew her number and name  
I grabbed my cell phone and gave her a ring  
Wrong number  
Guess i've gotta do it the hard way

I walked up to her having seen the future and said  
I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell  
I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell

That wasn't me  
That was alter ego  
That wasn't me  
That was johnny rockets

She was so confused  
From her point of view i would be confused too  
I was so rude  
What was i thinking?

But, but she dug my hair and new suede shoes so much  
She dragged me straight, straight to her room  
And i was forgetting what i knew i would do

Two hours later we lay on the bed and i said  
I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell  
I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell

That wasn't me  
That was alter ego  
That wasn't me  
That was johnny rockets

I'm sorry, sorry for making your life a living hell  
(i'm sorry, i'm sorry, i'm sorry, i'm sorry)  
I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell  
(i'm sorry, i'm sorry, i'm sorry, i'm sorry)

That wasn't me  
That was alter ego  
That wasn't me  
That was johnny rockets

I'm sorry, sorry for making your life  
I'm sorry, sorry for making your life  
I'm sorry, sorry for making your life a living hell