

Sorry, Dudes. My Bad.

Say Anything

It's too much to do on my own,
My friends I need you now.
I'm sorry that I wrecked that tour for us,
the drugs, left me wiggling out on the bus.
I'm snapping into Slim Jims,
out to save some souls.
If I can't do my job,
my god, what am I even here for?

I want to be back in the van,
where evil never would nor could nor should ever understand.
Back in the van,
it's anything, but their outrageous grandstand.

[Coby Linder:]

"Dude, I know you got your problems, we all do.
I'm here with you man,
we've been in this band forever,
don't let it go man."

[Alex Kent:]

"Max I will sell you this xanax for five dollars
and we can go to the waffle house
and talk about aliens and it'll be chronic."

[Chris Conley of Saves the Day:]

Cause if you want it,
then come and get it.
We're all with you now,
we're all with you now.
Cause if you think it,
then you can make it.
We're all with you now,
we're all with you.

I want to be back in the van,
where evil never would nor could nor should ever understand.
Back in the van,
it's anything, but their outrageous grandstand.

Forever yours I am,
like the ocean to the sand.
Forever in debt to my band,
like I'm in the palm or your hand.
Forever wondering why,
like a skeptic to the sky.
Forever yours and yours and yours and yours,
I am, goodbye.

I want to be back in the van,
where evil never would nor could nor should ever understand.
Back in the van,
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