

I hate your bad tattoos and your second-hand stories;
those anecdotes that grew old last month.
I hate the way you move when you're drunk and try dancing.
It's not sexy.
It's just keeping us up and I'm just not fond of anyone,
but that's got everything to do with us.

I hate the way I get when I can't handle bad news.
It feels like I've been an asshole for months.
All I've got left are these handfuls of fuck you and man,
that's never enough.

I guess I'm just down.
I guess I'll be honest.
I could use you around.
I can't stand the dork that you're hanging with now.
I guess I'll be honest.
I could use you around.

I hate the way that you can't keep your hair straight.
I hate the way that you're leaning on me.
I hate the way that you point out when girls are staring
because you know that I won't do a thing.

I hate the context clues you leave out of your writing
because I can't find myself here at all.
You know that I hate when you call me wasted.
I expect it whenever you call.

I guess I'm just down.
I guess I'll be honest.
I could use you around.
I can't stand the dork that you're hanging with now.
I guess I'll be honest.
I could use you around.
I could use you around.
I could use you around now.

My friends all say he's just a b-rate version of me;
he's stuck on video games and weed.
They're just trying to help me get to sleep.

My friends all say you're sitting way too close to me,
that I should just get up and leave.
It's like I'm weighed down to the seat.

My friends all say he's just the broke-dick version of me.
They're just trying to help me get some sleep.
I know he's what you need.

I guess I'm just down.
I guess I'll be honest.
I could use you around.
I can't stand the dork that you're hanging with now.
I guess I'll be honest.
I could use you around.