

311, Beautiful Disaster

Today seems like a good day, to burn a bridge or two
The one with old wood creaking that would burn away right on cue
I try to be not like that, but some people really suck
people need to get the axing, chalk it up to bad luck

I know a drugstore cowgirl; so afraid of getting bored
She's always running from something; so many things ignored
I might do that stuff if it didn't make me feel like shit
I'm on some old reality tip so many trips in it

Beautiful disaster
Flyin' down the street again
I tried to keep up
You wore me out and left me ate up
Now I wish you all the luck
You're a butterfly in the wind without a care
A pretty train crash to me and I can't care
I do I don't whatever

I know a drugstore cowgirl; so afraid of getting bored
She's always running from something; so many things ignored
I try to be not like this, but I thought it'd make a good song
There's nothing to see shows over; people just move along

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