

Alkaline Trio, Cop

Wonder what it was that made you this way.
Maybe as a baby you dropped your rattle
And it still rattles you to this day.
You better practice your evil looks in the mirror,
They won't work on me.
Slowly crawling up from the down low.
The other cops still call you "fatso";
Short fuse and a top to blow.
Unhappy wife, shitty life, hit the bottle.
Your whole world dropped from under you.
Left you with sorry excuses, left you with meaningless things to prove.
Like why you became a cop, why did you become a cop?
Wonder what it was that made you this way.
Maybe as a kid your toys were taken away.
And it still toys with you to this day.
You better practice your evil looks in the mirror,
They won't work on me
Slowly crawling up from the down low.
The other cops still call you "fatso";
Short fuse and a top to blow.
Unhappy wife, shitty life, hit the bottle.
Your whole world dropped from under you.
Left you with sorry excuses, left you with meaningless things to prove.
Like why you became a cop, why did you become a cop?
Shut the fuck up.
After my court date, I'll forget about you.
I'll tell my cellmates, I'll forget about you.
After the jailbreak, I'll forget about you.
After I'm through singing this song, I'll forget about you.
I'll forget about you!