

# Brodie, Good Guy - Bad Luck

I remember growing up, and I  
Can't forget throwing up  
That Friday night  
I drank everything in site, and

I remember sneaking out, and how  
My mom was freaking out  
When I got home  
She had the police on the phone

Why do I always insist on  
Making these dumb mistakes  
I guess I'm just a good guy with bad:

I remember skipping class, and I  
Can't forget that car crash  
I didn't get far  
I hit the principals new car, and

I remember her Dad's place, and I  
Can't forget her Dad's face  
When he opened the door  
And caught us on her bedroom floor

Why do I always insist on  
Making these dumb mistakes  
Maybe it's just part of growing up

I'd like to think I'll learn my lesson  
How many times does it take  
I guess I'm just a good guy with bad luck

I'm just a good guy with bad luck  
I'm always screwing up  
This time I'm really fucked  
I'm just a good guy with bad luck