

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