

Custom, 120

So what

So the fuck what

So what

If I stay up late enough
Something might happen
And if I drink just enough
I may be happy
And if I think just enough
I'll see that nothing really matters
If I stay up late enough
Something might happen

To be, to try
The girls and the guys
To see, to cry
As we watch them fry
To flee, goodbye
While the innocent try
The plea, the sigh
Try and indemnify
With dignity and thought
Crucify the lot
The bought, and sold
Unraveling the knot
All boiling cold
Smoldering in rot
The stories been told
Although we forgot

There has to be something
There has to be someone
Out there
There has to be answer
A prescription, a prayer

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So what