

Donots, Jaded

I not the joker who wins your game
Whenever
Your good excuses (they) turn out lame
And I not
Always the hand that helps you out
Whenever
The lucky loser runs out of luck
So sit down and lean back
Cause this might hurt a bit
(I won make your bed
I don give a shit)
Can you do anything on your own
Without picking up the phone?
Please don complicate it
I feel so jaded
Can you do anything on your own?
Hey don you know
I feel so jaded
I feel so jaded
...now
I wait for the day when you come to see
That nothing
In our life ever comes for free
Because youe
Sneaking through life at my expense
With an empty head and empty hands
I so worn out
I not the joker in your game
When your excuses turn out lame
And nothing ever comes for free
When will the lucky loser see?