

Drake Bell, Don't Preach

You say that I suck and I'm lousy,
You say I can't write, not yet
You always told me how to be,
Now I'm sick of it,

[Chorus]

Sorry doesn't make it okay,
When I'm the one that paid your way
Don't preach,

You're drilling a hole in my ceiling,
Too bad it won't rain
But who's living without any feeling,
So don't you complain,

Sorry doesn't make it okay,
When I'm the one that paid your way,
Sorry doesn't make it okay,
When I'm the one that paid your way
Don't preach

I can't believe what you say,
How you live, how you love, how you lie,
You took my money away,
Made me sleep on the floor that I bought,
But I don't care anyway,
Cuz I laugh when you cry,
Do you think you would die if I said,
Don't preach,

Sorry doesn't make it okay,
When I'm the one that paid your way,
Sorry doesn't make it okay,
When I'm the one that paid your way

The house, the bed, the cars and the front door,
How's it feel now that it's paid for,
Already paid for, [4x]
Everybody's paid for [4x]