

Guttermouth, Whiskey

do you know what i want
no i don't think you know what i want yea
gotta think of me
when i think about us i think about everything
chorus:
give it back your out of time
i've got a reason what was my crime
i'm not a puppet
don't pull my string
i'm start thinkin then i'm drinkin
gotta get away from everything yea
no not tonight...

here we go again
you haven't got a clue you never comprehend yea
playing games with my head
i think about me i think about na na nothing
(chorus)

now you know
i'm sick of you and i really ain't got nothing else to do yea
have a drink with my friends
now i see your face and i couldn't give a damn