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 dawn