

Old 97's, Wish The Worst

Why aren't you here? It's almost 4 am.

I finished up all of your beer, Now I'm startin' on your gin.

I went through your diary, flipped through your phone book -called all your friends.

I just wanna know where you been, I just wanna know where you been.

I pulled back your sheets, Now I'm crawlin' in your bed.

Every drink's one more defeat, And every footstep hurts my head.

I don't want excuses. I don't wanna hear that you were out with your friends.

I just wanna know where you been, I just wanna know where you been.

CHORUS

I hope you crash your momma's car.

I hope you pass out in some bar.

I hope you catch some kinda flu.

Let's say I wish the worst for you.

I hope you're happy with yourself.

I hope you found somebody else, cause I ain't askin' you again.

I just wanna know where you been, I just wanna know where you been.

Why am I here? I've got better things to do.

I could hang out on the pier, down by the Hudson, sniffin' glue.

I guess I'm a loser, but I like being miserable, swimming in sin.

I just wanna know where you been, I just wanna know where you been.

CHORUS