

# Rooney, Sorry Sorry

Well, I met this girl on a  
Saturday night (x6)

She sat there all alone with a Shirley Temple and a cellular phone  
No one to call, no one to ring  
'Cause no one's home  
The bartender knew her number and name  
I grabbed my cell phone and gave her a ring  
Wrong number  
I guess I gotta do it the hard way  
I walked up to her having seen the future and said

I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell (x2)

But that wasn't me  
That was alter ego  
Yes, that wasn't me  
That was Johnny Rockets

She was so confused  
From her point of view  
I would be confused too  
I'm so rude  
What was I thinking?  
But, but  
She dug my hair and new suede shoes  
So much she dragged me straight, straight to her room  
And I was forgetting what I knew I would do  
Two hours later we lay on the bed and I said

I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell  
Yes I'm, I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell

That wasn't me  
That was alter ego  
That wasn't me  
That was Johnny Rockets

Take it away  
I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell  
I'm sorry (x4)  
I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell

I'm sorry (x3)  
WOOO!

I'm sorry sorry for making your life (x2)  
I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell