

# Sloppy Seconds, Underground

Never thought we'd meet again  
A young wanna-be and an old has-been  
I wish I had a photo of this scene  
I've suffered through dependencies  
I still have violent tendencies  
I could sell my life to "People Magazine";

But I don't care; I don't mind  
Just leave me alone or leave me behind  
I won't forget the way you let me down  
But I've gone underground

So don't come any closer  
I might kick you in the nuts  
Can't place your face  
Can't stand your band  
I hate your guts

It's just like Andy Warhol said  
Fifteen minutes and a kick in the head  
I hope you don't want sympathy from me  
There was a time I worshipped you  
But now I scrape you off my shoe  
I guess that's just the way it's meant to be

And you didn't care, so don't pretend  
'Cause you weren't there; you weren't my friend  
In the end my only friend's a loaded gun  
And I hate everyone

So don't come any closer  
I might kick you in the nuts  
Can't place your face  
Can't stand your band  
I hate your guts

Don't come any closer  
Don't come any closer  
Don't come any closer  
Don't come any closer to me