

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