

The Arrogant Sons Of Bitches, Sorry, We Steal

Connecticut. Not really where I want to go.
But it's as far as I can drive in twelve inches of snow
in an broken Econoline. It's equidistant to going out east.
Thanks guys!
Uh, did you like the way we played?
Thanks for buying the CD!
Can we please stay at your place?
Because at home no one waits for me.
I lost count.
How many I Love You's you said were never true.
I'm breaking free from you.
And when you realize your wrong, I'll already be gone
and you won't be seeing me again (no not again).
I'll be dead in a cardboard box in transit back to Long Island.
And you'll feel the weight of the world on your shoulders
Like I felt the weight of everyone who never gave a f**k about me.
Mobile phone doesn't work very well
But if I get away from here, I'm an expatriate from hell.
And once you break free it wouldn't make sense to go back
to Long Island: where I knew I was alone
Idly sitting by and waiting after breaking back into my home.
No one cared that I was back.
So goodbye.
I'll forget what to bring.
Who cares? F**k everything.
See the world and sing.
It seems like we had a good start.
But every start has got to stop.
The last words you'll ever hear from me:
"The only way you can be free is to say,
'F**k this place I call my home!"
I'm giving up the burden that was giving up on me.