

# The Hellacopters, Alright Already Now

Spare me - I don't need your yappin'  
I got directions thrown at me  
Like I was in need of clues

All nite long - all day, night,  
Noon, morning same old song  
Comes on strong - never ending  
Bitching my nerves gone twitching

Come around wanna cook my goose  
It's runnin' over and I'm well worth a deuce  
Fresh out of patience and I'm getting real bored  
Bet your ass I've heard it before

I hear you - but baby you don't move me  
I've got enough of your predictions  
And I just don't care what to do