

The Killers, Get Trashed

Sitting here on the bed
Trying to clear my head
But Brooke you just won't budge
So I look back instead
Why'd you go away?
Useless when I say, hey
Baby I'll be the best
'Cause I'm a jealous mess

So wash your hands from all this dirt
And take my words for what they're worth
Baby I'll be the best
But you stand to protest

And my stomach has been so abused,
Your confusion's got me so confused,
But everything will be alright
If I get trashed tonight

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