

Wheatus, Sunshine

When I look at your face I see dirt;
All the sunshine you blow up my a** starts to hurt;
And I don't really mind if I'm nothin' in your eyes;
It's no surprise to me;
There's a rocket I built;
It's under my kilt;
It's coming to blow you away.

I was a jerk;
I did the work for somebody else's dream;
I took the chance;
I lost my pants;
In somebody else's dream tonight.

Now you're calling me up to get paid;
And if you don't get paid then you'll never get laid;
But I really don't have any money;
I say goodbye; And you'll have to depend on your size;
'Cause the thing that I built;
It's under my kilt;
It's coming to blow you away.

I was a jerk;
I did the work for somebody else's dream;
I took the chance;
I lost my pants;
In somebody else's dream tonight.

Now I think that I'm going to bed,
As the image of you and yer crap leaves my head;
Cause it's t-minus 20 tomorrow, rocket flies;
And it doesn't depend on the size;
'Cause the thing that I built;
It's under my kilt;
It's coming to blow you away.

I was a jerk;
I did the work for somebody else's dream;
I took the chance;
I lost my pants;
In somebody else's dream tonight