

Alkaline Trio, Fuck You Aurora

My, my what a mess we've made of our pretty little heads these days.
It appears a heavy wind's blown through here recently.
Best wishes have been made for you, you never had no say it's true.
You have to be the cutest gravedigger I've ever seen.
And all your lonely nights in the city of lights are much like
all these crowded bars I so often find my stupid self stumbling through.

My, my what a mess was made of my head
when I heard what you'd been through that day
It appears a violent storm's passed through you recently.
Letters meant to be sent have been torn.
The phone lies off the hook, on the floor.
All these "I'm sorry"s and "I miss you"s are useless,
I fucked this one up long ago.
And all your lonely nights in the city of lights are much like
all these crowded bars I so often find my stupid self stumbling through.

Fuck you Aurora,
You took my only friend.
And although it's all my fault,
the blaming myself had to come to an end
so I say:
Fuck you Aurora,
You took my only friend.
You won't catch me behind the wheel of a Chrysler ever again.

My, my what a mess we've made of our precious little lives these days.
It appears a big fucking tornado has twisted us up recently.
Best wishes have been made for you, you never had no say it's true.
You have to be the cutest gravedigger I've ever seen.
And all your lonely nights in the city of lights are much like
all these crowded bars I so often find my stupid self stumbling through.

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