

Fickle, Sorry

Tell me about your girlfriend cause mine sucks
With all that I do she does not agree
She'll never understand maybe she's too dumb
She'll never comprehend the way I feel

She wanna change my style
No one controls me now
I don't want to be the same
I know I'm different and I don't care

Stop playing punkrock, stop riding skateboard, you stop ask me for ten bucks, stop drinking some b
I had to make a choice, I raised her a fuck
I prefer staying alone, I don't need her 'cause...

What am I supposed to do, what am I supposed to say
She said try to work, clean your socks, I'll stop "laissez faire" and I don't care
All's just for fun