

Green Day, Stuart And The Ave.

Standing on the corner of
Stuart and the Avenue
Ripping up my transfer
And a photograph of you
You're a blur of my dead past and rotting existence
As I stand laughing on the corner of insignificance

Well, destiny is dead
In the hands of bad luck
Before it might have made some sense
But now it's all fucked up

Seasons change as well as minds
And I'm a two faced clown
You're mommy's little nightmare
Driving daddy's car around
I'm beat down and half brain dead
The long lost king of fools
I may be dumb
But I'm not stupid enough to stay with you

Well, destiny is dead
In the hands of bad luck
Before it might have made some sense
But now it's all fucked up
[x2]

All fucked up...
All fucked up...