

Less Than Jake, Where In The Hell Is Mike Sinko

I've never known what made you get up and go
And what pushed you over the edge,
When we were up on the roof
Was it the truth when you said
You never made a single difference.
Did you get it in your head
That things are better left unsaid
when you up and left town now?
Did you need to rearrange
Or did you need to make a change
Rather than just rotting the place
We used to hang around?
I know that things have gotta change,
I know your never coming back to this town.
I wonder where you've gone,
Who you're with;
I still ask myself,
Where the hell is Mike Sinkovich?