

Millencolin, Kemp

I gotta learn how to lose and to choose my own wars
I gotta understand it's not me against the world no more
When you are sure as hell then I don't know
You are so pure and well when I am low
When you say "Sure as hell" then I say no, I say no

A spoke in your wheel, yeah like a bugging fly
A thorn in your side just like a constant red-eye
On being an ass I've really been a pro
So can I say no?
Can I say no?

I know I've tread on your toes and it shows who I am
And all these situations and relations from the start they were damned
I feel the need to stop when you say go
I am indeed a punk if you say so
I feel a need to stop so I say no.

A spoke in your wheel, yeah like a bugging fly
A thorn in your side just like a constant red-eye
On being an ass I've really been a pro

What can I say?