

# Screeching Weasel, Leather Jacket

I wanna tell you what's on my mind  
And i wanna bill you for wasted time  
And wasted cigarettes that quenched your fix  
And wasted spit I left there upon your lips  
I'm getting used to the fact you left  
And I'm getting used to the loneliness  
But even if you knew that you wouldn't care  
And now i sit and talk to an empty chair  
And bang my head against the wall  
And think up ways i should've told you to fuck off  
But I won't lose a bit of sleep  
'Cause I know that you're really just a creep  
And I've got something that I'm gonna keep  
Forever and ever and ever  
Your leather jacket