

# Screeching Weasel, Lose The Dink

i haven't slept in days and i'm cruisin' on fumes. i hope my babbling is something you'll excuse. that  
he cannot give you anything that you could need. you must be sick of promises he doesn't keep. i h  
i'll take you to Niagra falls, spray paint your name on alley walls. and by the way my chorus blows.  
it goes heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeyyyyyyyy

it seems i'm just planning by numbers all the time, i can't keep thoughts of you and assface from m

i'll take you up to south paris  
i'll get you in the zoo for free.  
sorry this chorus is so weak.

chorus