

# Sebadoh, Sorry

No, I mean it, I'm really sorry; here I'll say it again  
I want you to know it, but the more I say it  
The less it means in the end  
Working for respect's like climbing a mountain  
And I think I'm losing my grip  
Once I'm fallin' and I think I'm fallin'  
There's no gettin' back on pace  
But my face makes that sorry shape  
I know who I am, but I lost my grace  
I'm gettin' a stick and I march for more  
Now I was wrong, everybody knows  
My mouth is moving but nothing's changing  
I just can't leave it alone  
Nervous defense that's doubled to senseless  
Milked it dry like a bone  
I milked it dry like a bone  
I just can't leave it alone  
I milked it dry like a bone  
I just can't leave it alone  
But my face makes that sorry shape  
I know who I am, but I lost my grace  
I'm gettin' a stick and I march for more  
Now I was wrong, everybody knows  
Everybody knows  
No, I mean it, I'm really sorry; here I'll say it again  
I want you to know it that the more I say it