

Taking Back Sunday, You're So Last Summer

She said, Don't...don't let it go to your head.
Boys like you are a dime a dozen,
Boys like you are a dime a dozen.
She said...You're a touch over-rated.
You're a lush, and I hate it.
But these grass stains on my knees,
They won't mean a thing

(Chorus)

And all I need to know is that I'm something you'll be missin'
Well, maybe I should hate you for this
Never really did ever quite get that far
Maybe I should hate you for this
Never really did ever quite get that..

I'd never lie to you
Unless I had to, I'll do what I got to
Unless I had to, I'll do what I got to
The truth...is you could slit my throat
And with my one last gasping breath
I'd apologize for bleeding on your shirt

(Chorus)

Cuz I'm a wishful thinker with the worst intentions
This'll be the last chance you'll get to drop my name
Cuz I'm a wishful thinker with the worst intentions
This'll be the last time you'll get to drop my name

If I'm just bad news, then you're a liar
If I'm just bad news, then you're a liar
If I'm just bad news, then you're a liar
If I'm just bad news, then you're a liar
Maybe I should hate you for this
Maybe I should hate you for this