

The Arrogant Sons Of Bitches, Have Fun Rotting

i'm taking the last train home tonight
i'm drinking but i can't get drunker than this
i'm going home alone again with a checklist of my ex-best friends
and a headache the size of your little white lies
blood dripping from my head into sore black eyes
place my head between my hood and the vent
walk home from the station
no friends

killing time by killing myself slowly
drugs and booze and tobacco companies own me
you said you never meant any harm
but you meant what you did
now i'm hurt and you're alarmed
i'm a replaceable fixture in your house
i'm a dispensable character from your past
and i'm not feeling safe, come on pick up the fucking phone
i can't accept when this night ends i'm going home alone

i'm running far away from my problems (its me vs. them)
i'm not waiting for you to decide what to pack (its me vs. them)
i'm not talking california
there's never been a better time to get out of america (its me vs. them, its me vs. them)

i'm running far away from my problems (i will give my last so long suckers, as you write down good
i'm not waiting for you to decide what to pack (on the back of old post-its as i exit and die)
i'm not talking california (accept the fact that you will not be seeing me again)
there's never been a better time to get out of america (no more white flags i swear this time we're n

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because its me vs. them