

The Good Life, New Year's Retribution

1994

A girl pukes out the window on her car door
Her childish eyes say, I don't want this anymore
I want to be a woman
No, no, see, I don't want to be no whore.

January 1, 1994

A new year's resolution
A cause for celebration
But idle hesitation
Reminds me I am just a whore

Hate to tell her
That I saw them standing closely in the cellar
It all ticked off, it's twelve o'clock
The screams wouldn't stop
The New Year dawn got tucked away into a hole
So could you tell her, tell her that I'm all alone

This New Year came too soon
But I knew it would be you
To tear up all my thoughts
Of how I thought it was

Say goodbye
If you're leaving me, could you at least let me know?
Say goodbye
If you want to leave, then I suggest you go

Let's smoke cigarettes
But we haven't got a thing that we can light them with
We'll just wait here for a fight
Then we can bum a light
You're the only ones who really give a shit tonight
It reminds me how nothing ever turns out right

And all I want is you
All you want is something new
So let's turn out all the lights
And pretend we're someone else tonight