

# 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