

The Queers, I Didn't Get Invited To The Prom

I never get to do what I want to do
My brain is fried and my heart is screwed
I'm hurting and it's all because of you
Let me tell ya:
Nothing's not right, not anymore
My heart is barely ticking, my complexion's poor
I'm hurting and it's all because of you
And oh I'm sick of crying, couldn't you give me a chance
Oh, I'm sick of crying, couldn't you give me a chance
Now couldn't ya, couldn't ya, couldn't ya give me a chance?
She's hurting me so, awoah awoah oh oh
It was all that I wanted too
It was everything, it was me and you
It was everything that I wanted to do
I didn't get invited to the prom
-repeat first verse-
She's hurting me so, awoah awaoh oh oh
I was so excited, and she was undecided
So I didn't get invited to the prom