

# 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 awoah oh oh  
I was so excited, and she was undecided  
So I didn't get invited to the prom