

Weezer, Your Sister

Thieves, and pain, and nauseating pills
Lies, and nails, and nauseating pills

Why am I so hung up on your sister?
Why am I so hung up on you mom?
I thought that I would never even miss her
I thought that I would never use the bong

And I never cry like that
And I never swear like that
And I never lose my mind

Thieves, and pain, and dragon colored tears
Still, remain and cover up the years

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Why am I so hung up on you mom?
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I thought that I would never use the bong

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And I never swear like that
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