

Wheatus, Drummer boy

Hey fairweather friend
You know you're rippin me down again
And I dont care what you say
I can tell when we play
That you don't believe in me
So this is how it'll end
Like it was all just a waste of time
Now I got no where to go
I think I'll call up my bro
I do believe he can save my hide
I've had enough of yoru alibis

CHORUS

Hey drummer boy
Do you remember the beat
That we played in the street
In the faded summer time
Hey keep me hanging on
Now I got no where to go
I think I'll call up my bro
I do believe he can save my hide
What you think fairweather friend?
Hey mystery man
Ain't you the guy with the master plan
I'll watch you sit on that fence
Just like your fuckin' parents
They never did like me anyway
And no I wont be your ass
While you go look for some greener grass
No I cant be the fool
Who watch you push in your stool
And stick around just in case you fell
Go find some other bitch to nail

CHORUS