

Story of My Bros

Dance Gavin Dance

My friends and I have parted ways
You know I love to make mistakes
I'm a disaster no one's laughing Goodbye
The memories will fade away
Tomorrow will be yesterday
The worst is yet to come
At least I'll get there all alone
No one around to judge
Judge what I've become I'm smoking weed out of a pussy filled with money, I like this
Don't act like you know me
I'm smoking weed out of a pussy filled with money, I like this
It's under control
I've got nobody left to blame
No hopeful trust for me to break
And I am faster, no one's laughing Goodbye
The memories will fade away
Tomorrow will be yesterday
The worst is yet to come
At least I'll get there all alone
No one around to judge
Judge what I've become I'm smoking weed out of a pussy filled with money, I like this
Don't act like you know me
I'm smoking weed out of a pussy filled with money, I like this
It's under control Be my bruiser
Trust me I'm a loser
You're a classy lady, how'd you get so bad?
I'm unruly
Tie me up and school me
You've got privilege baby, how'd you get so sad? And you can love me, hate me
Just don't try to save me
Call my name and drag it through the mud Love me, hate me
Go on try to break me
Go on try to break me I see the glass half poured
And then I'll be inside the pitcher
I wanna wet the bed
Cause it reminds me I'm a swimmer
And when I feel like Greg
Then I'll remind me that I'm Jon (Hi Jon!)
I wanna make a mess

And then shit on every song I'm smoking weed out of a pussy filled with money, I like this

Don't act like you know me

I'm smoking weed out of a pussy filled with money, I like this

It's under control We're at the end of the mission, no need for decisions

I jump off a cliff, I like this

I fall in a ditch, I like this

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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