

Sour Grapes

Descendents

Hey you,
new wave,
come over here You're the prettiest thing I've seen all year Hey you,
new wave,
don't turn away Close those pouty lips and listen to what I say Why must you smoke that clove cigarette?
Why must you act like you've got a hole in you head?
Why don't you split the squares and love me instead?
You're all shiny and clean,
I've seen you in my dreams Like the Rolls Royce I can't have Your presence makes me scream Sour grapes,
you leave such a bad taste Sour grapes,
I don't need you anyways Sour grapes,
feeding,
feeding my rage Hey you,
new wave,
I pity you When you get old,
what will you do?
What will you do when you turn 21?
You're cockteasing at the singles bar just for fun What will you do when you turn 31?
What will you do when you don't know how to love anyone?
I wanted her cherry,
I got sour grapes I refuse to climb the ladder for you I refuse to pant and paw for you I need love,
don't need no beauty queen But still,
when I look at you,
I scream Sour grapes,
you leave such a bad taste Sour grapes,
I don't need you anyways Sour grapes Just go riding right by me on the crest of the new wave Sour grapes,
feeding,
feeding my rage.

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