Sorry

Sebadoh

No, I mean it, I'm really sorry; here I'll say it again
I want you to know it, but the more I say it
The less it means in the end
Working for respect's like climbing a mountain
And I think I'm losing my grip
Once I'm fallin' and I think I'm fallin'
There's no gettin' back on pace
But my face makes that sorry shape
I know who I am, but I lost my grace
I'm gettin' a stick and I march for more
Now I was wrong, everybody knows
My mouth is moving but nothing's changing
I just can't leave it alone
Nervous defense that's doubled to senseless
Milked it dry like a bone
I milked it dry like a bone
I just can't leave it alone
I milked it dry like a bone
I just can't leave it alone
But my face makes that sorry shape
I know who I am, but I lost my grace
I'm gettin' a stick and I march for more
Now I was wrong, everybody knows
Everybody knows
No, I mean it, I'm really sorry; here I'll say it again
I want you to know it that the more I say it

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