

Kemp

Millencolin

I gotta learn how to lose and to choose my own wars
I gotta understand it's not me against the world no more
When you are sure as hell then I don't know
You are so pure and well when I am low
When you say, "Sure as hell" then I say no
I say no, I say no A spoke in your wheel, yeah, like a bugging fly
A thorn in your side just like a constant red eye
On being an ass I've really been a pro
So can I say no
So can I say no
So can I say no
Can I say no I know I've tread on your toes and it shows who I am
And all these situations and relations from the start they were damned
I feel a need to stop when you say go
I am indeed a flop if you say so
I feel a need to stop so I say no
I say no, I say no A spoke in your wheel, yeah, like a bugging fly
A thorn in your side just like a constant red eye
On being an ass I've really been a pro
What can I say? A spoke in your wheel, yeah, like a bugging fly
A thorn in your side just like a constant red eye
On being an ass I've really been a pro
What can I say?
Can I say no
Can I say no
Can I say no
Can I say no, no, no

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