

Celebrate

Ian Britt

I hope you're gunna miss me, I hope you're gunna feel alone
I have drawn a line and you're on the other side this time I hope you're gunna miss me, I hope you're gunna feel
pain
There is no sweeter end than, bittersweet revenge And I urge you to get drunk and sleep around
I hope you feel shame
And I urge you to punch well below your weight
I hope you drive yourself insane Such a splendid day, the day you went away, away, hey hey
Hang that mirror ball and lay the buffet out
It's time to celebrate,
To celebrate me, to celebrate me And I hope you have rough days
Days you realise
I was the genuine thing
An angel saint and the lion king Oh I hope your heart breaks
Crumbles in your woe
Find a new number to call
On a public toilet wall And I urge you to buy a big mirror and sit there
I hope you feel shame
And I urge you to take the longest look at your life
I hope you drive yourself insane Such a splendid day, the day you went away, away, hey hey
Hang that mirror ball and lay the buffet out
It's time to celebrate,
To celebrate me And when I next see your face
I hope it's a state
So I can wrap you in my embrace
And wipe clean the slate
Rewind and undo
It seems I still miss you

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>