

# Sorry Sorry

Rooney

Well, I met this girl on a  
Saturday night, Saturday night  
Saturday night, Saturday night  
Saturday night, Saturday night  
She sat there all alone with the  
Shirley Temple and a cellular phone  
No one to call, no one to ring  
'Cause no one at home  
The bartender knew her number and name  
I grabbed my cell phone and gave her a ring  
Wrong number  
I guess I've gotta do it the hard way  
I walked up to her having seen the future and said "I'm sorry, sorry for  
making your life a living hell"  
I'm sorry, sorry for making your life a living hell  
But that wasn't me, that was Alter Ego  
'Cause that wasn't me, that was Johnny Rockets  
She was so confused  
From her point of view I would be confused too  
I was so rude  
Oh, what was I thinking?  
But, but she dug my hair and new suede shoes so much  
She dragged me straight, straight to her room  
And I was forgetting what I knew I would do  
Two hours later we lay on the bed and I said "I'm sorry, sorry for  
making your life a living hell"  
Yes I am, I'm sorry, sorry for making your life a living hell  
That wasn't me, that was Alter Ego  
That wasn't me, that was Johnny Rockets  
Take it away  
I'm sorry, sorry for making your life a living hell  
(I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry)  
I'm sorry, sorry for making your life a living hell  
(I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry)  
I'm sorry, sorry for making your life  
I'm sorry, sorry for making your life  
I'm sorry, sorry for making your life a living hell

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