Punkarella

You Am I

Don't you wish that your kids all looked more fine?
Do you feel that your guy's below your style?
Animal slippers and a drink over Sunday mail
Coffee teeth and a cigarette heart for sale
Any minute now something's gonna happen
Everything's falling 'cept the shit you fell inMailman, black umbrella
Doesn't feel the need to tell ya
Sure have looked better
And ego kissing fools
Are teaching your kids in private schools
Crack another bottle, it's fiveMonday morning who could ask for more
Smoking buds, got your friends all 'round next doorAny minute now something's gonna happen
Everything's falling 'cept the shit you fell in

Songwriters
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