Fuckabout

Drenge

This song is a fuckabout
Not one to write home about
And I guess if you're in any doubt
That I'm a fuckabout
Then I'll hear you outI live in a paradise
It's not home, but I guess it's alright
And you live on the second floor
Sleep in the corridor
What are you living for?
When words get stuck in your throat
And all you wanna do is choke
On the lies that you've been fed
When you are down in the dumps
And you're kicking at the walls
'Cause you don't know what you've saidWhen I put the kettle on
You put heavy metal on
I won't say a word, until I go
Then you say
What do I know anyway?And I waste, every single day
Staring into the middle space
And you know that I'm a fuckabout
What can we talk about anyhow?
I don't give a fuck
About people in love
They don't piss me off
They just make me give up
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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