

Sorry Lad

No Fun At All

I'm crying for the first time
Got my feet in the air
I'm breathing for the first time
And I want to declare My demands are simple
A kind and happy universe
Where everyone is good Sorry, lad, so sorry, son
Don't put your aims too high
Sorry, lad, so sorry, son
This world won't qualify
Sorry son, I'm sorry, son
It's what you get I'm canceling the contract
'Cause I wanna go back
I'm tearing up the contract
Didn't even unpack Want to go back right now
But I have lost my way
Need to go back so badly
But I'm so astray

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