

If This Tour Doesn't Kill You, I Will

PUP

If this tour doesn't kill you, then I will
I hate your guts and it makes me ill
Seeing your face every morning
One more month, and twenty-two days
If this tour doesn't kill you, I may
I'm counting down the miles till we leave the state
I'm counting down the minutes till I can erase
Every memory of you For a second, let's be honest
Nothing will clean your filthy conscience
Everything ya do makes me wanna vomit
And if this tour doesn't kill you, buddy, I'm on it Why can't we just get along?
Why can't we just get along?
Why can't we just get along?
Why can't we just get along?
Ya think you're so original
(Why can't we just get along?)
I can't wait for your funeral
(Why can't we just get along?)
Don't wish you were dead, wish you'd never been born at all
(Why can't everybody just chill?)
I'm trying not to let you get in my head,
But every word, every goddamned syllable that ya say
Makes me wanna gouge out my eyes with a power drill
If this tour doesn't kill you
If this tour doesn't kill you
If this tour doesn't kill you, then I will

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