

Sorry, Sorry

Rooney

Well, I met this girl on a
Saturday night, Saturday night
Saturday night, Saturday night
Saturday night, Saturday nightShe sat there all alone with the
Shirley Temple and a cellular phone
No one to call, no one to ring
'Cause no one at homeThe 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 wayI 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 hellBut that wasn't me, that was Alter Ego
'Cause that wasn't me, that was Johnny RocketsShe 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 doTwo 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 hellThat wasn't me, that was Alter Ego
That wasn't me, that was Johnny Rockets
Take it awayI'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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