Itâ€™s Alright

Rubber Duc

forget the razor, grow a mane
once your hair falls out you won't see it again, no
wear your skinny jeans, your t-shirt with a stain
forget the razor, grow a maneso she hates your shitty car, just remember son it got you pretty far yeah
worn out leather, oh McDonalds, someones bra, so what she hates your shitty carso throw your hands up to the stars, with all your heart,
its alright, its all, its alright
so there's no jam in your jar, its who you are,
its alright, its all, its alrightso cut your name into a tree, roll out your sleeping bag that rolls up to your knee
and when your eighty five your grand children will see,
you cut your name into a treeso throw your hands up to the stars, with all your heart,
its alright, its all, its alright
so there's no jam in your jar, its who you are,
its alright, its all, its alrightoo'woah oh oh oh, oo'oh oh oh
its alright, its all, its alright
oo'woah oh oh oh, oo'oh oh oh
its alright, its all, its alrightdon't linger on in just one place
board the nearest ship, or catch a ship to space
where the mirror sees a crevice on your face
you leave it all, in just on placeso throw your hands up to the stars, with all your heart,
its alright, its all, its alright
so there's no jam in your jar, its who you are,
its alright, its all, its alrightoo'woah oh oh oh, oo'oh oh oh
its alright, its alright, its alright
oo'woah oh oh oh, oo'oh oh oh
its alright, its all ,its alright

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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