

It'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 mane so 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 car so 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 alright so 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 tree so 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 alright oo'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 alright don'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 one place so 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 alright oo'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

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