

# Sorry Sorry

## The Individuals

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>