

# Good Disaster

## Veruca Salt

I can't do this any better  
I don't have the right to try  
I can't get there any faster  
Watch the hours go by  
Weren't you in mississippi  
Weren't you rude to my friend  
You could have covered for me  
She paid to see your band  
My mother never liked you  
My brother felt the same

They all saw right through you  
Before I knew you were lame  
Run little one, away from what you started  
Something will come of all tomorrows parties  
Oh all tomorrows parties  
We could have had so much...fun  
Another good disaster  
I love to fall apart  
They tell me I'm the master  
Of loving and losing heart

Lyrics provided by

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