

# When I Was A Little Girl

Billy Talent

Another F again I fret  
Another cocky hypocrite  
Another dirty look from a passerby  
Kiddy porn and lunatics  
All the things that make me sick  
Another suicide from a sad rock star  
So get the fuck out of my face  
And disappear without a trace  
You annoying little prick  
I'll reach into my bag of tricks  
And then I'll pull out a hand grenade  
Your machoism fades away  
But I will not pull out the pin  
Because that's mean!  
With judgment day not far away  
You're sniffing all your days away  
I don't know who to blame  
Is it me or is it you?  
Violent death and viruses  
And lack there-of of consciousness  
Another shitty song on the radio  
Lets go!  
I'll kick the teeth out of your face  
I killed the cat, there's no more chase  
You push on me. I'll push you back  
So come on girls, let's go attack  
Don't look at me, I've had my fill  
Don't find yourself inside a pill  
But I will not pull out my gun  
'Cause I don't have one!  
Why can't you let me be?  
Said, Why can't you just let me be?  
Why can't you just let me be?  
Why can't you just let me be?  
Why can't you let me?

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