Underground

Sloppy Seconds

Never thought we'd meet again
A young wanna-be and an old has-been
I wish I had a photo of this scene
I've suffered through dependencies
I still have violent tendencies
I could sell my life to "People Magazine"But I don't care; I don't mind
Just leave me alone or leave me behind
I won't forget the way you let me down
But I've gone undergroundSo don't come any closer
I might kick you in the nuts
Can't place your face
Can't stand your band
I hate your gutsIt's just like Andy Warhol said
Fifteen minutes and a kick in the head
I hope you don't want sympathy from me
There was I time I worshipped you
But now I scrape you off my shoe
I guess that's just the way it's meant to beAnd you didn't care, so don't pretend
'Cause you weren't there; you weren't my friend
In the end my only friend's a loaded gun
And I hate everyoneSo don't come any closer
I might kick you in the nuts
Can't place your face
Can't stand your band
I hate your gutsDon't come any closer
Don't come any closer
Don't come any closer
Don't come any closer to me

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