

Stuart and the Ave.

Green Day

Standin' on the corner of
Stuart and the Avenue
Rippin' up my transfer
And a photograph of you
You're a blur on my dead past and rottin' existence
As I stand laughin' on the corner of insignificance Well destiny is dead
In the hands of bad luck
Before it might have made some sense
But now it's all fucked up Seasons change as well as minds
And I'm a two faced clown
You're Mommy's little nightmare
Drivin' Daddy's car around I'm beat down and half brain dead
The long lost King of fools
I may be dumb
But I'm not stupid enough to stay with you Well destiny is dead
In the hands of bad luck
Before it might have made some sense
But now it's all fucked up Well destiny is dead
In the hands of bad luck
Before it might have made some sense
But now it's all fucked up We're all fucked up
You're all fucked up

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