

Good Grief

Foo Fighters

Since I'm putting down all of the true things around, but I like it
I handed down the crown, given the jewels and the answers of may
The thought of being ousted comes and goes
When I think about it the wind blows
I hate itRun me out of town, somewhere a move might intended a gown at
Pissed at all the bowels, always the blues and a delicate smile
Missed all of the sideways, gull and noun
Chills and petty band-aids, wrapped around
I hate itGood grief

Songwriters

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