

You're So Last Summer

Taking Back Sunday

She said Don't
Don't let it go to your head
Boys like you are a dime a dozen, boys like you are a dime a dozen
She said
You're a touch overrated
Your a lush, and I hate it
But these grass stains on my knees they won't mean a thing

And all I
Need to know
Is that I'm something you'll be missing
Maybe I should hat you for this
Never really did ever quite get that far
Maybe I should hate you for this
Never really did ever get quite that

I'd never lie to you
Unless I had to I'll do what I got to
Unless I had to I'll do what I got to the truth
Is you could slit my throat
And with my one last gasping breath
I'd apologize for bleeding on your shirt

And all I
Need to know
Is that I'm something you'll be missing
Maybe I should hate you for this
Never really did ever quite get that far
Maybe I should hate you for this
Never really did ever get quite that

Cause I'm a wishful thinker with the worst intentions
This will be the last chance you get to drop my name
Cause I'm a wishful thinker with the worst intentions
This will be the last chance you get to drop my name

If I'm just bad news, then you're a liar
If I'm just bad news, then you're a liar
If I'm just bad news, then you're a liar
If I'm just bad news, then you're a liar

If I'm just bad news, then you're a liar
If I'm just bad news, then you're a liar
If I'm just bad news, then you're a liar

Maybe I should hate you for this
Maybe I should hate you for this

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