

Temper

Attila

Apologies for the things I've said
Sometimes I don't think before I speak but who does?
Especially when you've got a lot on your mind
I'm short tempered so just bare with me Just bare with me and let me speak
I'm punching holes in these walls
My eyes are open, I can't even see, my eyes are open
I've had too many tonight but buy some rounds Pass them around, get on my level, it's only 11 and you're far
behind
I've had too many tonight but buy some rounds
Pass them around, get on my level, it's only 11 and shits getting heavy
Who fucking spilled the beer on my carpet
Alright everybody throw your hands up
Put 'em in the air and if you're not holding a red cup
You know the drill, get on your knees
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I can't control my anger any more But you must understand
I've been away for a long long time
No one can save me 'cause I'm too far gone
Oh, baby, baby, you should have the thing's I've done God damn, all those nights, all those blunts, all those
lights
I wouldn't trade it for the world or anything in it
I looked rough but I'll admit it, yeah, the girls came too
They fucked me good but, girl, I swear they don't compare to you Oh, shit, I think I said too much
Oh shit, I think I said too much
And every day is like a never ending struggle
Where I'm always fuckin' falling behind
And every second is a motherfucking obstacle
Where everybody's falling behind, fall behind I've had too many tonight but buy some rounds
Somebody buy some fucking rounds
Who fucking spilled the beer?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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