Bad Day

Belvedere

Well I just washed my car and I think it's gonna rain i'm not gonna quiver or complain, and I just smashed my hand on it's stupid metal frame that's enough to drive us all insane. Nothing to sort out and nothing to do right, always a thorn in my side and it's not right, so complicated we're tired and unpaid, tough to admit it accept it not my day. And now i'm just a target, I'd bridge to word it so i'm just standing where I just don't know, I know i'm not for you and I should be asking how should I stay asleep, or brave it now. Nothing to sort out and nothing to do right, always a thorn in my side and it's not right, so complicated we're tired and unpaid tough, tough to admit it, accept it not my day.

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