

Sore Loser

Dog Eat Dog

You tried out for the high school team
So you would have some childhood dreams
That you and your father could share
Football coach said you're too small
Don't even think of basketball
You knew you were destined to fail
Went to the track meet
Wanna be an athlete (sore loser)
Get back in your seat they said
Go to the dugout
Three strikes you struck out (sore loser)
And home runs flew over your head
Looking down on rock 'n' roll
And you dreamed of scoring goals
You're saving those dreams for your bed
Thought it was cool to be a jock
You ended up a rent-a-cop
A dozen donuts in your hand
You're a loser
A sore loser
Now it seems the tables turned
The game of life you should have learned
So try using some of your brains
All your high school friends are stars
Driving really fancy cars
The irony drives you insane

Songwriters

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DAVE / FINLEY, BRANDON / MUELLER, SCOTT
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