

When I Was a Little Girl

Billy Talent

Another F again I fret
Another cocky hypocrite
Another dirty look from a passerby
Kiddy porn and lunatics
All the things that make me sick
Another suicide from a sad rock star
So get the fuck out of my face
And disappear without a trace
You annoying little prick
I'll reach into my bag of tricks
And then I'll pull out a hand grenade
Your machoism fades away
But I will not pull out the pin
Because that's mean!
With judgment day not far away
You're sniffing all your days away
I don't know who to blame
Is it me or is it you?
Violent death and viruses
And lack there-of of consciousness
Another shitty song on the radio
Lets go!
I'll kick the teeth out of your face
I killed the cat, there's no more chase
You push on me. I'll push you back
So come on girls, let's go attack
Don't look at me, I've had my fill
Don't find yourself inside a pill
But I will not pull out my gun
'Cause I don't have one!
Why can't you let me be?
Said, Why can't you just let me be?
Why can't you just let me be?
Why can't you just let me be?
Why can't you let me?

Songwriters

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