Leather Jacket

Screeching Weasel

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I wanna tell you what's on my mind
And i wanna bill you for wasted time
And wasted cigarettes that quenched your fix
And wasted spit I left there upon your lips
I'm getting used to the fact you left
And I'm getting used to the loneliness
But even if you knew that you wouldn't care
And now i sit and talk to an empty chair
And bang my head against the wall
And think up ways i should've told you to fuck off
But I won't lose a bit of sleep
'Cause I know that you're really just a creep
And I've got something that I'm gonna keep
Forever and ever and ever
Your leather jacket

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