

Poor Bailey

"The Terrible 20's"

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I wanna pawn you off for a melody
I wanna drown myself in tragedy
I wanna row, row, row this bent-up boat ashore
You can write me off as a parallel
I'm just a product of a chemical
I'm gonna rock, rock, rock
'Til I roll, roll, roll away

I'm pretty sure I'm not convinced
I like living in conflict
We got enough, we got plenty
I'm in my terrible twenties
I take only what I will waste
I can fit in a suitcase
Oh come on, I want
I wanna crash, I want a bad trip
I wanna win, no, I wanna quit

I wanna pawn you off for new SG
I wanna drown myself in tragedy
I'm gonna rock, rock, rock
Till I roll, roll, roll away
Alright, oh, whoo!

She's my old lady
Born to behave
The tunnels were flooded
I couldn't escape
Someone came with a radio
Lowered by pail
Now I'm digging the hole to my burial
I'm writing the soundtrack to my funeral
Rise to fall, rise to fall, yeah
Rise to fall.

There's everyone to blame, no one to thank
A paragraph away, a quarter of a page
I'm a cold, cold, cold, a cold, cold-blooded fool
I wanna celebrate, let's belligerent
When nothing's possible and everything makes sense
I'm gonna talk, talk, talk

'Til you walk, walk, walk away

I'm pretty sure I'm not convinced

I like living in conflict

We got enough, we got plenty

We're in our terrible twenties

I take only what I will waste

I can fit in a suitcase

Oh come on, I want

I wanna crash, I want a bad trip

I wanna win, no, I wanna quit

I wanna sail away on a sinking ship

Well you can write me off,

It's not like I give a

I'm gonna rock, rock, rock

'Til I roll, roll, roll away

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