

Sum41

"Machine Gun"

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Well I'm up and I don't know why,
But I guess that's all that counts.
Looking 'round as I'm holding my head,
and I'm in somebody's house.

The sun it hits me like a punch in the face
with a headache I can't ignore.
Seems almost every weekend my bed is someone's
floor.

I can't keep this up.
I have had enough.

Eating cold pizza on the side of the curb
to cover up my morning breath of gin.
Something doesn't seem to sit with me right
it' going out the way it went in.
I can't keep this up.
I have had enough.

You can count me out, I'm on to you.
You can count me out, I'm tired of
Leaving my embarrassments behind

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