

3-11 Porter

"Nothing Is Cool"

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We always sit around with our thumbs up our ass
Ain't going nowhere too caught up in the past
Easy to commiserate and break your heart again
Leave it all behind let the healing begin
You won't look at me I won't look at you
No communication I guess we're through
It comes as no surprise typical human race
Talkin' shit behind our backs but never face to face
We could move forward with just a little talk
But we've got too much pride so off the plank we walk
I won't look at you you won't look at me

The joke's on us four eyes can't see
We could push it back and forth and find someone to
blame
As if admitting we were wrong would bring us to shame
I could hang the rope and you could tie the noose
I guess we just love the abuse
Your feelings are hurt mine are hurting too
If we don't get past the anger what the fuck are we
gonna
Do
I love you but I love me, too
And I won't sit and wait to be screwed.

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