

3OH!3 "I'm Good I'm Gone"

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I'll take you back to when I'd spend
The nights of my weekend
Pretending a life
I'd only seen in spinning lights
I went my boys to move from mice to men
If I had the choice to go out
All those night I'd stay

I know I don't have to fight
So slow of an afterbite
That nobody has a clue
That she did what she had to do

And so, rest of you
Let go of that mess you do
Head throw off the chest if you
Think you know what's best for you
Because

Yeah, I'm workin
Yeah, I'm workin
To make butter for my piece of bun

And if you say I'm not ok
Then that's the goal
If you say there ain't no way that I could know
If you say I aim too high from down below
Well, say it now cause when I'm gone
You'll be callin but I won't be at the phone

Ink cards were stacked
Smoking a pack with spirits in the back yard
Of robbie's first parties thinking that I was hard
They probably all saw me and applauded
Cause god is a comedian
And I'm made from a piece of him

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