

Broadway Calls "Fuck You Seattle"

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This place is making me sick now, so I'm pouring
whiskey down.
I'll stumble off the edge of the world tonight.
I sit back and take this in.
Now I'm paying for your sins.
This break from tradition's just not right.
This is not my fault.
This is a bad dream, somebody wake me.
I love you Seattle, but I'm counting down the days 'til
you break my heart again and wash my feelings down
the drain.
And is this necessary to feel this pain again?
I'll grit my teeth and bare it as you barrel through my
skin.
This place is making me sick now, so I'm pouring
whiskey down.

Let's celebrate the end of my world tonight.
I hear your friends laughing out loud, the Sparks
flowing from their mouths.
This break from tradition's just not right.
This is not my fault.
This is a bad dream, somebody wake me.
I love you Seattle, but I'm counting down the days 'til
you break my heart again and wash my feelings down
the drain.
And is this necessary to feel this pain again?
I'll grit my teeth and bare it as you barrel through my
skin.

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