

Cerati Gustavo**"Sorry"**

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I'm so sorry I ruined your image of me.
So sorry.
You lay there on your back telling me how to act.
You're a crass little ass.
I bet that accent isn't your own.
A lot is revealed in your jokes.
You want me to be the coy, demure,
Waiting in the corner smiling at everyone you know.
Well, I've got bullets coming out of my eyes.
Pointed right at you; they're coming through my smile.
I'm so sorry I ruined your image of me.
I'm sorry.
So sorry.
I said yes more than I should, Mr. Wrong, I did, I did.
You followed me to my house because you knew you
can.
Then, sitting on the barstool, I took my fistful of
quarters;
They came across your head.
I ran away when you fell.
Felt like I was running away from a lifelong habit of hell.
A lifelong habit of hell.
I'm so sorry I ruined your image of me.
I'm sorry.
So sorry...

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