

## Colombian Ga-Ga Diaper Dealer "Knock Knock!"

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You only care about yourself, a selfish child no one can help,  
A hundred people played for you, they wrote the songs that you still spew,  
You're still convinced you're not the problem,  
A hundred band mates sick and tired, of hearing same old stories,  
And lousy drunken tales of how they used to play for you,  
They lost their minds and couldn't hang, well fuck that shit I'm sick of it,  
I can't take another fit, worry about your self, it's what you do best,  
Give that fucking ego a rest.

Chorus:

Your only priority is yourself, you burned a hundred bridges,  
Wonder why you are in hell, it's your club, you earned it,  
Your selfish reward, it's your 2 o'clock check out and I'm at the door.

I'm knocking and I'm knocking and I'm hoping to disturb you,  
Wake you from your dreams, straight to reality, to a world where you tell lies, threaten and realize what a piece of shit you are, a friend that's in disguise.  
Booo!

Chorus x 2

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