

Foo Fighters

"Good Grief"

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Since I'm putting down
All of the true things around, but I like it
Handed down the crown
Given the jewels and the answers of may
Thought of being ousted
Comes and goes, comes and goes
When I think about it
The wind blows

Hate it, hate it, hate it, hate it
Hate it, hate it, hate it

Run me out of town
Somewhere a move might intended a gown at
Pissed at all the bowels
Always the blues and a delicate smile
Missed all of the sideways
Gull and noun, gull and noun
Chills and petty band-aids
Wrapped around

Hate it, hate it, hate it, hate it
Hate it, hate it, hate it

Good grief
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