

Goo Goo Dolls

"Out Of The Red"

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I ain't got no outfits to pick and choose
So I really ain't got that much to lose
Picture's gettin' fuzzy and it's stuck on channel three
And the whole thing's lookin' pretty silly to me
Fifty thousand more and I'm out of the red

Heavy metal thrash band, it's all a bunch of shit
People tryin' to name me while I'm tryin' to do my bit
I ain't got the patience or the time to waste

Call me a rock star, you can spit in my face
Gonna take a horse to drag me outta my bed

I'd rather hang with drunks than hang out with myself
Well, the booze is over there, take a glass off the shelf
If you ain't had enough by tomorrow at noon
We're gonna place a call to the boneyard crew
Went to sleep at home and woke up in a shed
Oh, son of a bitch!

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