

## Good Charlotte

### "Sleepin on My Couch"

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It seems nowadays friends step to me bogus  
and end up on my couch at night without notice  
it's cool to have a friend over every now and then  
but I gotta have my space  
and I don't wanna see their face  
like every single day of the week  
talk is cheap  
you betta find yourself another place to sleep  
it ain't my fault that ya moms got fed up  
and now you wanna come to my crib and wet my bed  
up  
you better find a job so you can get an apartment  
and you can save your crocodile tears  
don't even start  
with the sob stories  
I got enough from the other seven brothas  
in the den playin' Genesis  
damn I can't win at this  
seems like I'm gonna have to flip  
and tell those other brothas  
that they're gonna have to skip  
I've had it up to here with these lazy cats  
sleepin' on my couch and I'm tired of that

[Chorus]

People come to my house  
and kinda wonder where the squadrons at  
they're not gone  
they're just down at the laundrymat  
because they wear the same pairs of clothing  
I'm taking up crazy patience just holding  
my temper  
I'm about to start charging rent for  
every single brother  
that kicked it with my mother eating biscuits  
on Saturday morning like a family  
the minute they step  
it's like moms is crazy mad at me  
'cause they're in my mother's room watching television  
I feel like giving 'em the boot

and say the hell with 'em  
but if I give 'em the boot  
I'm not a friend though  
even though my room  
smells like dime bags of indo but  
I can't pretend like I haven't been peepin' it  
even mom knows that my brothas been sleepin'  
on my couch for weeks  
so your speeches fall flat  
sleepin' on my couch and I'm tired of that

[Chorus]

Maybe this was just my upbringing perhaps  
but I was taught that I shouldn't  
take seven day naps  
at other brothas' cribs like I don't have a home  
brothas on my couch so much there's like foam  
coming out the seams  
and a pair of jeans is missing from my closet  
I wonder why I even bother being friendly  
they're running my ass like the Indy 5000  
they went and wrinkled my mother's blouse  
when they snuck downstairs  
for a midnight snack  
and ate the last slice of bread  
and a box of apple jacks  
then they hit the sack  
with the stereo blastin'  
and even little Tyson is fed up  
so I'm askin'  
you all to jet  
before I get upset  
and throw each and every one  
of you bums out on your back  
my house is a mess  
so step ya little pest  
who was sleepin' on my couch 'cause I'm tired of that

[Chorus]

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