

Matt Costa **"MrPitiful"**

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Oh Mr. Pit, oh Mr. Pit, Mr. Pitiful
Who let you down?
Who let you down, who let you down?

You still don't believe, you don't believe
You don't believe and your grievances show
When your soap box unfolds

But please, come down
From that cloud you're sitting on
I don't expect you to admit that you were wrong
Just wanna know how you've been

And don't make me feel bad that we're still friends
Mulling it over in my bed
I hope that you see through your picket
I hope that you see through your
Big yard and white picket fence

To make amends
And still be friends
Still be my friend

So where did you go, where did you go?
Where did you go while I was out?
While I was out, while I was out?

Well, I don't believe, I don't believe
I don't believe everything I see
And if you don't like the movie then quit acting

But please, come down
From that cloud you're sitting on
I don't expect you to admit that you were wrong
I just wanna know how you've been

And don't make me feel bad that we're still friends
Mulling it over in my bed
I hope that you see through your picket
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To make amends
And still be friends
Still be friends
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