

Onze "Reason"

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I've got a girl, and she treats me well
She bakes me things and wear that stuff that smells
She writes me love letters and makes me pink
lemonade
She makes me feel better about the stuff that I made
But I don't eat the cookies and I can't even smell
And I'm no fan of poetry as well
I've got paranoia bout what she puts on the drinks
And all that stuff I made, you still think it stinks
Cause I'm the type of guy that takes off the grade
And picks it off gently and smashes it with hate
I pees around yelling, ya flick people off
You havin' a good day but they just fuck off.

Cause I Hate hate hate your guts
I Hate hate hate your guts
And I'll never talk to you again.

I am the death of the party,
I cannot dance up against the wall
And I can't romance I am the loser extraordinaire.
Not to mention I am unpopular.
I am the death of the party,
I cannot dance up against the wall
And I can't romance I am the loser extraordinaire.
Not to mention I've got real bad here.
I've got a girl and she treats me well
She's way smaller than I am but she wont tell
She loves animals and nature and thinks she has no
friends
And she only cries on the weekends
But I tell everybody about her IQ
And even though she begs, I wont take her to the zoo
And I had the reason why she has no friends
And I had the reason that she cries on weekends

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