

Reuben "Freddy Kreuger"

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Well
This is, for my band
The ones who shared the struggle
The whining and the ?bitching?,
Sat on my sofa
My friends all went to college
I still live in my dad's house!
Thinking, about it
And though you may regret it
You said it 'cause you meant it
Always, together
A touch of cabin fever
We find out how we really feel
This girl that I'm so sick of
This girl that I'm so sick of
This girl that I'm so sick of
This girl that I'm so sick of
When I, was fifteen
I swear it looked so easy
You go out and you get paid
Cut to an LP
You slam it on the TV
And now it's just another day down
And it's another month gone
God knows how many shows
Yeah we still keep moving on and on
But that's rock'n'roll I spose
Girl...
Girl...
This girl that I'm so sick of
This girl that I'm so sick of
This girl that I'm so sick of
This girl that I'm so sick of
My name is Freddy Kreuger
And I've got the elm street blues
I've got a hand like a knife rack
And I die in every film!
This girl that I'm so sick of
This girl that I'm so sick of
This girl that I'm so sick of
This girl that I don't love

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