

Sum 41 "Machine Gun"

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And I'm up and I don't know why
But I guess that's all that counts
Looking 'round as I'm holding my head
And I'm in somebody's house

The sun hits me like a punch in the face
With a headache I can't ignore
Seems almost every weekend
My bed is someone's floor

And I can't keep this up
I have had enough

Eating cold pizza on the side of the curb
To cover up my morning breath of gin
Something doesn't seem to sit with me, right
It's going out the way it went in

And so I can't keep this up
I have had enough

'Cause you can count me out, I'm on to you
'Cause you can count me out, I'm tired of
Leaving my embarrassments behind

Na na, na na na
Na na, na na na
Na na, na na na

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