

Why "Good Friday"

Visit "[Good Friday](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

If you grew up with white boys
Who only look at black and Puerto Rican porno
Cuz they want something that their dad don't got
Then you know where you're at
Motoring your ear holes shut
In a rush with wet coke
In a Starbucks bathroom with the door closed
On booze some left in residue and confused
Like the first time you used soft water
Down on my luck caught unaware
Like Houdini when the last fist struck

(Chorus)

Sinking in laughing at something sunken in I am
If I'm sinking in laughing at something sunken in I am
If I'm sinking in laughing at something sunken in I am

Sucking dick for drink tickets
At the free bar at my cousin's Bat Mitzvah
Cutting the punchline that it ain't no joke
Devoid of all hope circus mirrors and pot smoke
Picking fights on dyke night with shirleys and loccs
And snatching purses
Doing Elton at karaoke and forgettin all the verses
Blowing kisses to disinterested bitches
Playing lead lay in a bad way on broadway
Sending sexy SMSes to my ex's new man
Cuz I can
On the road trying to break an old van
Eating pussy for new fans I am
What the hell
Using Purell til my hands bleed and swell
Missing mail at a motel 6 I'm unwell if

(Chorus)

Feels exciting touching your handwriting
Getting horny by reading it and repeating (core leads?)
And me staring at the picture of your feet on the
(sticker?)

At the R. Crumb exhibit
I wonder who sent it
Jerking off in an art museum john til my dick hurts
The kind of shit I won't admit to my headshrinker
Not even in a whisper to my own little sister
I just act like a dick and talk shit when I'm with her
Ought Six
I say the Friday before Easter was not good
I cried to myself in the piss
And with you in the front row of the Silver Jews show
You may act like you didn't notice
My fear of the dead at Showbiz Pizza when I was six
Was overwhelming at not dissimilar to this

(Chorus)

At Jacob (hands?) on tour
I wake up hungover on a hardwood floor
From a dream about your dress
Hangs off of your little breasts
I'd rather be dead
Than call this song how I lost your respect
But God bless or get neglected (2x muted)
And I'll see you when the sun sets east
Don't forget me

Visit [Why](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.