

Arrogant Sons Of Bitches "Kill The President"

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What's the bullshit for?
Verbal battlefield. Syllables of war.
I shut myself off. It happens again.
You're not my friend. You're not my friend.
You're not my friend. (sh-sh-sh-sh-shake)
The winter knocked down my door like a selfish bitch
I'm glad that you haven't got your wish
'cause in the cold, all alone, I've been thinking of
everyone but you.
And it feels like seventh grade again
and none of this will ever end
I'm just your public malcontent
another extraneous trend.
Don't try to be like me because
I'm not one to compete just to
obtain the status of a symbol of idolatry.
This time I'd really rather be alone.
Can we forget this? I can just go home.
This time I'd really rather be alone.
Acting unaffected by this hand of fate.
Saying "everything's ok!" with a straight face.
I remember when you said I could count on your for
anything.
...and I still hold on.
You'll hold off and play another dumb cherade again.
I'm driving my car home and never walking in the rain
again.
I miss the smell of Taco Bell and places that we knew
too well.
Driving me crazy. Driving me crazy. Driving me crazy.
Driving me crazy.
This time I'd really rather be alone.
Can we forget this mess and just go home?
This time I'd really rather be alone.
I'm bleeding profusely from my insides
While you're smiling 'cause you're stealing all of my
best lines.
I'm doubled over and I'm taking my own side.
Over and over again. I'm so useless.
Now you're becoming everything.
(Well was I ever anything?)
Everyone I love always leaves me.

My judgment's been off every time.
(You're words will always still be mine)
This time I'd really rather be alone.
Can we forget this? I could just go home.
This time I'd really rather be alone.
I'm bleeding profusely from my insides
While you're smiling 'cause you're stealing all of my
best lines.
I'm doubled over and I'm taking my own side.
And, oh, how I'll be slapped on crowded streets.
And in some lame cry of defeat
I'll open up
I'll shout it loud:
"Fuck that! Turn off the new sound!"
I'll be slapped on crowded streets.
And in some lame cry of defeat
I'll open up
I'll shout it loud:
"Fuck that! Turn off the new sound! Fuck that!"
"Fuck that! Turn off the new sound! Fuck that!"
"Fuck that! Turn off the new sound!"
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Over and over again. I'm so useless.
Now you're becoming everything.
(Well was I ever anything?)
Everyone I love always hates me.
My judgment's off this time for the last time.
What's left beside me now?
No one in this world is ever listening.
Pay attention now. Pay attention now.
No one in this world is ever listening.
Pay attention. Pay attention.
Pay attention now. Pay attention now.
Now. Now. Now.
At home alone again all night.
(At home alone again all night...)
Expect the worst and you'll be right.

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