

Queers

"I Didn't Get Invited to the Prom"

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I never get to do what I want to do
My brain is fried and my heart it's screwed
I'm hurting and it's all because of you
Let me tell ya
Nothing's not right, not anymore
My heart us barely ticking, my complexion's poor
I'm hurting and it's all because of you
And oh I'm sick of crying, couldn't you give me a
chance
Oh, I'm sick of crying, couldn't you give me a chance
Now couldn't ya, couldn't ya, couldn't ya give me a
chance?
She's hurting me so, awoah awoah oh oh
It was all that I wanted too
It was everything, it was me and you
It was everything that I wanted to do

I didn't get invited to the prom

[repeat first verse]

She's hurting me so, awoah awoah oh oh
I was so excited, and she was undecided
So I didn't get invited to the prom

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