

Good Life, The "New Year's Retribution"

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1994.

A girl pukes out the window on a car door.
Her childish eyes say, "I don't want this anymore.
I wanna be a woman.
No no, see I don't wanna be no whore."
January 1st, 1994.
A New Year's resolution.
A casual celebration.
An idle hesitation
reminds me that I am just a boy.

You should tell her
that I saw them standing closely in the cellar.
It all ticked off, it's 12 o'clock,
the screams wouldn't stop.
The New Year dawned
they tucked away into a hole.
So could you tell her,
tell her that I'm all alone?

This New Year came too soon.
And I knew it would be you
to tear up all my thoughts
of how I thought it was.
Say goodbye.
If you're leaving me, could at least let me know?
Say goodbye.
If you wanna leave, then I suggest go.

Let's smoke cigarettes.
But we haven't got a thing that we can light them with.
We'll just wait here for a fight
then we can bum a light.
You're the only ones who really give a shit tonight.
It reminds me how nothing ever turns out right.
And all I want is you.
And all you want is something new.
So, lets turn out all the lights
and pretend we're someone else tonight.

