

Zamora

"Bastards"

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One time I met this girl,
I talked to her online one night,
I asked her if she was alright,
Didn't say who I was,
Now i'm fucked over because,

You bastards,
Telling her who I am,
You bastards,
You could all go to Fucking Iran,
I can't deal with her anymore,
She's acting like a whore

Say it ain't so,
She's a real hoe,
She called me last night,
About a quarter to 8,
I said, "why you calling so late?"
She said, "I heard what you said"
"I hope you end up dead"
And all I wanted was some head!

You bastards,
Telling her who I am,
You bastards,
You could all go to Fucking Iran,
I can't deal with this yet,
This girl's making me wanna forget.

Even though she's really hot,
Mentally stable is what she's not,
She's got something wrong in her head,
Telling me I should end up dead

You bastards,
Telling her who I am,
You bastards,
You could all go to Fucking Iran,
I can't deal with this ever,
Leave me alone forever.

TOM: YOU BASTARDS
MARK: YOU MASTURBATORS
TRAVIS: WHAT THE FUCK?
TOM: HOW'D YOU GET A MIC TRAVIS?
TRAVIS: I'M A ROCK STAR NOW, I ROLL WITH THE
TRANSPLANTS
MARK: WHO? FUCK THEM, TIME FOR A SONG
TRAVIS: RIGHT ON
TOM & MARK: SHUT UP BASTARD

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