

# Scene 98

## Cast

You know why?  
'cause you're too worried about what everybody else is thinkin'.  
You can't even concentrate on one fuckin' thing, man.  
That's right. Yeah.  
(Here we go Jack, you want me to be your dad, your drinking buddy, your ego?)  
You couldn't be my dad if you fuckin' tried.  
He had more talent in his fuckin' finger than you have in your whole fuckin' body,  
so don't even go there about that, all right?  
That's over the fuckin' line Why don't you have another drink, and we can get fucking drunk  
until we fuckin' disappear, okay?  
Hey, do you got those pills in your pocket? You're just fuckin' ugly, that's all I'm what? You're  
just fuckin' ugly  
Get the fuck out!  
Get out!  
I said get out!  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>