

Sorry Sorry

Rooney

Well, I met this girl on a
Saturday night (x6)She sat there all alone with a Shirley Temple and a cellular phone
No one to call, no one to ring
'Cause no one's home
The bartender knew her number and name
I grabbed my cell phone and gave her a ring
Wrong number
I guess I gotta do it the hard way
I walked up to her having seen the future and saidI'm sorry sorry for making your life a living
hell (x2)But that wasn't me
That was alter ego
Yes, that wasn't me
That was Johnny Rockets
She was so confused
From her point of view
I would be confused too
I'm so rude
What was I thinking?
But, but
She dug my hair and new suede shoes
So much she dragged me straight, straight to her room
And I was forgetting what I knew I would do
Two hours later we lay on the bed and I saidI'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell
Yes I'm, I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hellThat wasn't me
That was alter ego
That wasn't me
That was Johnny Rockets
Take it away
I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell
I'm sorry (x4)
I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hellI'm sorry (x3)
WOOO!I'm sorry sorry for making your life (x2)
I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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