

Good Grief

Foo Fighters

Since I'm putting down
All of the true things around but I like it
I handed down the crown
Given the jewels and the answers of may
The thought of being ousted
Comes and goes, comes and goes
When I think about it
The wind blowsHate it
Hate it
Hate it
Hate it
Hate it
Hate it
Hate it

Run me out of town
Somewhere a move might intended a gown at
Pissed at all the bowels
Always the blues and a delicate smile
Missed all of the sideways
Gull and noun, gull and noun
Chills and petty band-aids
Wrapped aroundHate it
Hate it
Hate it
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