

If This Tour Doesn't Kill You, I Will

PUP

If this tour doesn't kill you then I will
I hate your guts and it makes me ill
Seeing your face every morning
One more month and twenty-two days
If this tour doesn't kill you, I may
Counting down the miles 'til we leave the state
I'm counting down the minutes 'til I can erase
Every memory of you

For a second, let's be honest
Nothing will clean your filthy conscience
Everything you do makes me wanna vomit
And if this tour doesn't kill you, buddy, I'm on it

Why can't we just get along?
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Why can't we just get along?
Why can't we just get along?

You think you're so original
(Why can't we just get along?)
I can't wait for your funeral
(Why can't we just get along?)
Don't wish you were dead, I wish you'd never been born at all
(Why can't everybody just chill?)
I'm trying not to let you get in my head, but every line, every
goddamn syllable
That you say makes me wanna gouge out my eyes with a power drill
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If this tour doesn't kill you, then I will