Last Day On Earth

beabadoobee

You made it
It's your last day on Earth
You killed someone last night
And burned down a church
Oh, you made it
For what it's worth
Well, and if it all goes wrong
And it looks like we'll soon be gone
Then we should all just get along
And sing a song I wrote
And it goes like this, it goes

Shoop-doop, shoop-doo, badoobadoo
Shoop-doop, shoop-doo, badoobadoo, oh yeah
Shoop-doop, shoop-doo, badoobadoo
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Shoop-doop, shoop-doo, badoobadoo
Shoop-doop, shoop-doo, badoobadoo, oh yeah
Shoop-doop, shoop-doo, badoobadoo
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

You made it along
You got a problem with Peter, you got a problem with John
You can't go on
All this follow me shit
I want to get fucked up at home
Be naked alone
And turn up my phone
Because this song I wrote is just so fucking sick, it goes...
Shoop-doop, shoop-doo, badoobadoo
Wait, I got something to say
(What's that? Oh shit)
I forgot, wait a minute
The world's about to end so I'm gonna have to finish
I guess if it were nicer, we'd be better off innit?
I haven't got a plan, so I'm think I'm gonna wing it
Naked, alone with this song I wrote and it goes like this
It goes

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Shoop-doop, shoop-doo, badoobadoo
Shoop-doop, shoop-doo, badoobadoo, oh yeah
Shoop-doop, shoop-doo, badoobadoo
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah
(Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah), yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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Shoop-doop, shoop-doo, badoobadoo
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