

Your Sorry Life

Blood On The Dance Floor

Woah

Woah

You say, you say I'm wrong
I say yeah you're probably right
You say, you say I'm fucked up
But I feel just fine

Don't worry about what I do with mine
Worry about your own sorry life

No one can change me
No one can phase me
I'm going to hell
And I don't need saving

Oh oh oh oh
I am I am
A misfit of the damned

Oh oh oh oh
I am I am
A misfit of the damned

I don't, I don't give a damn
About what you have to say
It's okay, it's okay I'm a sinner
I never a claimed to be a saint

Don't worry about what I do with mine
Worry about your own sorry life

No one can change me
No one can phase me
I'm going to hell
And I don't need saving

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Your life isn't lived unless you are you
Be true to yourself
Stop judging me for what I do
I'm living on the edge

Your life isn't lived if you focus on me
Stop lying to yourself
Let the truth set you free...

(come on, come on, come on, come on)

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No one can phase me
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