Mr. Nothing Gets Worse

Yeah I'll make a crash landing on an army site, I'll Step in your cake and I'll ruin your party And if nothing comes out well I maybe shouldn't speak And I'll live my damn life, fall down when I please But you can't be with from [?] Somethin' I said, the money on Friday Every ball I know well they never did blame me The door's slammed shut, you know it's never gonna change me

Nothing you've seen and nothing you've heard Nothing gets better, Mr. Nothing Gets Worse

Had my fall and I can't get up My hands on backwards and my eyes are glued shut Got lost halfway down the pumpkin trail Threw in a key to my skeleton jail Nothing but silence on my radio waves Musta slipped my mind well today, today Feeding our feelings to the ceiling fan There's birds in the bush, there's nothing in my hand

Like nothing you've seen and nothing you've heard Nothing gets better, Mr. Nothing Gets Worse

Well [?] won't you take me to your room Got a [?] I swear that I read, I just bought a book But I left it in my car, institutions are the worst Forget all the kids with the college diplomas Thought that I knew but I guess I don't wanna Get ready for the worst 'cause I know that I'm the best Like a child with the door and I'm just a sticky mess

Like nothing you've seen and nothing you've heard Nothing gets better, Mr. Nothing Gets Worse

Come on, party!

Deer Tick