

Shane

Fruit Bats

You should call me up, Shane
Seems like you got something to talk to somebody for
'Cause it really seems a shame
That you don't seem to love yourself much anymore

It's got to be strange
One day you're cruisin', and the next you're losing ground
But you're way too old to care
About how your old man never was around

I don't have none of my own babies
So I leave my pile of nickels to you, Shane
I always thought of you as family
So it seems the very least I can do, Shane
Shane

Please understand me
I know that everything's ridiculous
But it's sad you can't see
That you're pretty much a genius

I'm probably never gonna have any heirs
So I'm leaving you my hay pennies, Shane
And a piece of paper with a Chinese prayer
And a Susan B. Anthony, Shane
Shane

I'm probably never gonna have any heirs
So I'm leaving you my hay pennies, Shane
And a piece of paper with a Chinese prayer
And a Susan B. Anthony, Shane

I don't have none of my own babies
So I'm leaving my fortune to you, Shane
I always thought of you as family
So it seems the very least I can do, Shane
Shane
Shane
Shane