

# 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