

Mic city sons seem to dumb everything down
I got wished a lot of luck
And I'll tell you what it's worth now

It's a cold-blooded style
Never was worthwhile
You're as good as they come
But you're such a fucking trial

You went and called me up
Do you bother me on purpose
You make me feel like I'm half my age
And at least twice as nervous

You go ah-ha whistling
Sweet caroline
And I'll be there to
'Cause I never speak my mind

It's a miracle how
No offence is taken
But I'm full of them then
Anytime you feel up to face them

You go drink your problems still
A statue in the barroom
You've got feelings left to kill
And I won't forget it too soon

It's a cold blooded style
Never was worthwhile
You're as good as they come
But you're such a fucking trial

You go ah-ha whistling
Sweet caroling
And I'll be there to
'Cause I never speak my mind
You don't want me to speak my mind