

Wolf Dix Rd.

Iron Chic

Whatever, whatever I did, I'm wrong
You've got me now! You got me now!
You got me now after spittin' me out
You fuckin' nincom fuckin' poop

I'm gonna think real hard
About what I'm gonna say
I really couldn't stand you thinking
Any less of me
And how I spend my days
So I'm looking for the perfect phrase

I'm gonna try real hard
I'm gonna find a way
I'm really gonna try and stand on
My own two feet
I spend my days
Lookin' for the perfect place
To lay my head
Close my eyes and get some rest

What was the question?
I don't know-ooh-woah-ooh-woah
I wasn't paying attention
Would you say I'm lacking direction?
Is my course corrected?
I don't, I don't fucking know
Ooh-woah-ooh-woah-ooh-woah
I'm gonna find out on my own

I can only coast so far
There's gotta be a better way
I really want a chance to prove that
I'm not a waste of space
And so it goes, these days
I can barely keep up the pace
Approach the edge
Close my eyes and take one step

Fought real hard
But tried to stay
Dropped our guard
And let the tide drag us away

What was the question?
I don't know-ooh-woah-ooh-woah
I wasn't paying attention
Would you say I'm lacking direction?
Is my course corrected?
I don't, I don't fucking know
Ooh-woah-ooh-woah-ooh-woah
I'm gonna find out on my own

Ooh-woah-ooh-woah-ooh-woah
Ooh-woah-ooh-woah-ooh-woah, oh, oh
Oh, oh, ooh-woah-oh-oh
Tiskáno z pisnický-akordy.cz