

Bad Scene, Everyone's Fault

Jawbreaker

I went to a party last night
What sick things I saw
Make-out sessions and bicycle messengers
Punks and art school dropouts

I ran into this guy I knew
But hadn't seen in years
We went into the neon kitchen
And stole a couple beers

He said his girl had dumped him
But was there with another guy
He said that he still liked her

All I could say was
"Why, why, oh why, oh why
Why is it always like this?
Either you're too mean or you're too nice."
He said, "I even cooked her breakfast."

So we went into the living room
Someone was blasting Zeppelin
It sounded good
I felt ashamed
I knew every drum fill
Anyway, there she sat
Totally kissing this guy
They looked good
I mean like in love
Then I remembered my friend

He said, "How could you do this?
You said that you needed your space
He's wearing the shirt that I gave you."

Then she said, "Why, why, oh why, oh why
Why are you always like this?
If I'm having fun then it's breaking your heart
Besides, you said I could have it."

Then the cops showed up