Welcome to the station, so here's the situation Let me tell you how it all goes down The girl you've been about, ya come to find out That she's the biggest ho around

Can we take it to the bridge And skip the part about the fridge Where she keeps her cold heart By a stale Pop-Tart

And all the brothers that she fucked
Are getting piled in a truck
And with a little luck
You can get your feet back on the ground

Why do I get it, then regret it When I let it, I let it get the best of me It's killin' me, I'm the epitome Of every bit of me, so I'm better off alone

You got a shitty boyfriend who only answers people With the words from an Everlast song
You got screwed in the end
When he said you're just a friend
And you wonder what you're doin' wrong

Workin' seven in the mornin' at the coffee shop Pourin' out your caffeinated heart, please don't let me start 'Cause he's at home on the couch, readin' porno like a slouch In your really fresh house on Hollywood Boulevard

Why do I get it, then regret it When I let it, I let it get the best of me It's killin' me, I'm the epitome Of every bit of me, so I'm better off alone

You gotta swallow your pride before you swallow that drink Then you follow the lines on the floor to the sink Where you climb down the drain And you sit and you think about everything that went wrong

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