

Alright (Alright)

McCafferty

I had a friend, who moved to San Francisco, yeah
He said the air was cleaner there
He said his sister's still alive
But her kid's on some new kind of drug
Help me to finally understand
Why the pain travels up from the pen to my hand
To my brain through my lungs, where I can't breathe anymore
Because my oxygen ran low

She said it feels so great not to feel anything you gotta try i
t sometime, because it's addicting
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t sometime, because it's addicting
Well I hate the way that you talk about your piercings, like th
ey will mean something some day
You only got them because your mom hates the way that they look

Well, alright, alright! I'll take you home this time
So you and your drunk friends can stay alive
And I love the way you say I'm such a good guy
When I walk you to your door tonight

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