Let's meet at the Olive Garden
It's been too long
Last time, your Grandma was in a coffin
It was weird to talk

I'm still waiting here ever since you've gone And after all these years, you still turn me on

Ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah Ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah

You took me to church you asked me to pray
But my thoughts were too obscene
Like "don't you Christians spend half of your days on your knee
s already?"
I'm sorry for what I said
And what else should I say?

I'm probably gonna fuck it up anyway

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