

A-whoa-oh
A-whoa-oh
A-whoa-oh
A-whoa...

10 O'clock sharp just like no other
Comin' out of bed in the tent so cannot suffer
I'm out-numbered, I know my days are numbered
Walkin' these streets in the only clothes I own

Never thought that friend there always hangin' with me
She will not miss that, I meant too much to me

Close my eye, the joy they vie from their disapproval
I am what I am and I'll always be a fuckin' loser
No fiends with the change from the get-go
So if I let go, they'll find me down in Mexico

A-whoa-oh
A-whoa-oh
A-whoa...

I'm a flock, that friend there always hangin' with me
She will not miss that, I meant too much to me

Suffer alone, I'm gettin' used to it
No-one will miss me when I'm gone
Suffer alone, I'm gettin' used to it
No-one will miss me when I'm gone

I'm a flock, that friend there always hangin' with me
She will not miss that, I meant too much to me
I'm a flock, that friend there always hangin' with me
She will not miss that, I meant too much to me