

Pitiful

Remi Wolf

Man, I feel sick, the joke's on me
Went to the party looking for treats
Band in the back, art school kids
This girl that I know all up in your dickins

Hit me like a truck
Burnin' on the 101
And if it's just a break
Why do I feel so yuck? (Yuck)

And I'm so pi-pi-pi-pi-pitiful (Yuck)
I get so, drunk-a-drunk-a-drunk when I call ya (Yuck)
And baby, it'll take a miracle
I'll go home, I'm pi-pi-pi-pi-pitiful (Yuck)
Pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pitiful (Yuck)
Pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pitiful (Yuck)
Pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pitiful
I'll go home, I'm pi-pi-pi-pi-pitiful

I love my wine, he is my friend
When we go out he's holding my hands
Pick up the phone, been calling for hours
Got me a hammer from a big mouse and

Hit me like a truck
Burnin' on the 101
And this is just my luck
Man, I feel so dumb (Yuck)

And I'm so pi-pi-pi-pi-pitiful (Yuck)
I get so, drunk-a-drunk-a-drunk when I call ya (Yuck)
And baby, it'll take a miracle
I'll go home, I'm pi-pi-pi-pi-pitiful (Yuck)
And I'm so pi-pi-pi-pi-pitiful (Yuck)
I get so, drunk-a-drunk-a-drunk when I call ya (Yuck)
And baby, it'll take a miracle
I'll go home, I'm pi-pi-pi-pi-pitiful (Yuck)
Pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pitiful (Yuck)
Pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pitiful (Yuck)
Pi-pi-pi-pi-pi-pitiful
I'll go home, I'm pi-pi-pi-pi-pitiful