

Sorry

Seth Sentry

I don't know but I was in a funny mood
Thinking back when I was younger just a scummy youth
I don't apologise for things that I have done
The word sorry tastes bitter on my tongue

I mean I've often felt sorry for someone
Or sorry for myself but I never say sorry when it counts
Cause someone told me stuff my sorrys in a sack
So I poured them all out over this track and it sounded like

Dear Dean, I'm sorry back in junior school I grabbed your uniform
Then I threw it all in the urinal
While you were changing in the cubical so you just chased me naked
Out the gym and then beat me up in the music hall

I'm really sorry to the women I would lead along
And all the girlfriends that I have cheated on
The ones who loved me where I acted like I wanted them
But really I just wanted them to want me it's obvi

Ously like I wasn't complete unless I thought you loved me
But I found it hard to love them, I'm sorry that you're upset
Someone told me stuff my sorrys in a sack
But it's getting too heavy for my back

I never needed nothing from you all before
Sorry does it make me wrong
I'm tryna say the right things cause I feel like I need it
And I don't wanna wait too long

I've done things you can blame me for
Sorry but there may be more
I'm tryna say the right things cause I feel like I need it
And I don't wanna take this weight too long

Sorry I stumbled in drunk then I pissed all over your couch
And your lounge and everyone that was sitting on it as well
Sorry I smoke too many cigarettes that ain't mine
And still steal your lighter at the same time

Sorry I waste time, sorry I'm difficult
I don't listen to people when I am speaking to em
(It's like I just drift off into other dimensions
So a lot of the time I nod my head every upwards inflection)

And if I forget your name then I just call you bro
I'm sorry I called your Mum bro, bro
I peddled drugs instead of BMXs
A teenage deadshit
With a predilection for being reckless

I remember back in the day we used to go on this website called the anarchis
t cookbook
And test out recipes on the neighbours' letterboxes
Man that was fucking awesome, one day we made home made napalm
And accidentally set fire to the tennis club

Sorry I stole your rahzel tape joni
And I'm sorry for making a whole song about saying sorry
But someone told me stuff my sorrys in a sack
But it's getting too heavy for my back

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When I was young and dumb as hell and owed money to someone foul
I wandered down the road and broke into a summer house
Fucking fell through an open window I found above the shower
Snuck around expecting to find some valuable stuff to sell

But all I found was a toaster and kettle, nothing else thought fuck it well
I've come too far to
Just give up now
I left them both in a rubbish bag on their back porch
Cause it was still daylight decided I'd come back for it

Went home and smoked a joint and just forgot
Came back a day later and saw the owners home
Talking to some cops
Someone told me stuff my sorrys in a sack
But I stuffed your toaster in it, I hope you got it back

I'm sorry for the music that I don't often write as much
But most of all I'm sorry that I don't apologise enough

Somebody told me stuff my sorrys in a sack
But it's getting too heavy for my... too heavy for my...

I never needed nothing from you all before
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I'm tryna say the right things cause I feel like I need it
And I don't wanna wait too long

I've done things you can blame me for
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