

F**k Up

Shane Dawson

I WAKE UP ON THE WRONG SIDE OF MY FLOOR
MY CLOTHES STILL SMELL LIKE THE NIGHT BEFORE
WHERE AM I, WHY AM I TALKING TO MYSELF-SELF
I'M LIKE A FAT KID RUNNING THROUGH A CANDY STORE
I'M LIKE A NYMPHO SURROUNDED BY A BUNCH OF WHORES
WHY CAN'T I JUST GET CONTROL OVER MYSELF?-SELF
I'M NOT TRYING TO BE A SAINT.
I DON'T WANNA BE A PRESIDENT SOMEDAY.
I'M JUST TRYING TO MAKE MY WAY.
YEAH!

I'M SORRY I'M A FUCK UP, YEAH
I CAN'T DO NOTHING RIGHT
I'M SORRY I'M A FUCK UP, YEAH
IT AIN'T NO ONE'S FAULT BUT MINE
I'M SORRY I'M A FUCK UP, YEAH
I CAN'T DO NOTHING RIGHT
I'M SORRY I'M A FUCK UP, YEAH
SO IF YOU FUCK UP ALL THE TIME

LETS ALL SING!

OOPS MY BAD I NEVER SAID I'D EVER GET IT RIGHT.
DA DA DA DA DA

MY GIRLFRIEND TOLD ME THAT SHE WANTS A BREAK
AND THAT BEING WITH ME IS WHAT TURNED HER GAY
WHAT'S WITH ME;
WHY DOES THIS HAPPEN ALL THE TIME?-TIME
I'M LIKE A BLIND MAN WALKING THROUGH A PERFUME SHOP
I'M LIKE A BLACK GUY SWITCHING LANES IN FRONT OF THE COPS
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I'M JUST A BAD LUCK CHARM.
TO BLAME WHEN THINGS GO WRONG.
BEEN CURSED SINCE I WAS BORN
MAYBE ONE DAY I'LL CHANGE
FOR NOW ALL I CAN SAY
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AAH...FUCK IT.