I'll grow up tomorrow
After I throw up tomorrow
Then I'll give you back the money I borrowed
Oh honey but until then can I borrow a ten
Buy some shots for my girlfriends

Oh no
God I think I lost my cellphone
Don't know how I'm gonna find my way home
To my basement apartment
Tell myself I'm an artist
But I'm really just a piece of shit

I can't do my taxes
It's a write off
Oh whatever that is

Haven't done my laundry In a million weeks But I'm feeling so chic With my thong inside out Let's go out

All of my friends are finding success And buying a house And buying a couch And I'm just sleeping in til I go out

1 2

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Don't have my driver's licence These guys are show offs They're bragging that they got it

Why don't you pick me up at four Drive me to the liquor store I could buy you something fun Cause you're not even 21

Let's go out

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