

Wrong With You

The Pietasters

Why did you have to come down
On me that hard
Just 'cuz I stole that cop's car
And drove it through your yard

So you think I'm crazy
How much could I be?
Still you're always asking
What's wrong with me.

What's wrong with you
What's wrong with you
Is everything I do
Never good enough?

I'm not your brother
I'm not your dad
I'm not the medicine you'd rather have

Well I'm a joker
Some think I'm bad
But I'm the best thing that you've never had.

How come your lame ass rich friends
All turned and ran
When I threw a fistful of firecrackers
In a ceiling fan

So I spoiled your party
It's the same old tale
You're spending less on groceries
Than on my bill

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What's wrong with you
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