Hey Michael

Wallice

I heard you're pretty good at drums
I think that's pretty cool
But if you try to fuck my pretty friend
I'll push you in the pool

You talked for so long bout Mad Men
I've never seen that show
You don't gotta say you love Pulp Fiction
I already know

Hey Michael, you American psycho
Where the hell did my night go?

Should have seen all your red flags
Your tattoos look so bad
You're old for your friends

You're the life of the party
But the party is finally over
I think I'm gonna lose my shit
I'm gonna lose my composure

I think I wanna start a fight
Which one is your girlfriend?
This party has got no life
I think it's time for an end

My band's about to hit it big
Pretty soon I won't have time
You think that I can bum a cig?
You got a light? I forgot mine

I have self diagnosed ADHD
So if I catch you crying on my sidewalk
You can't blame me

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