

Good Disaster

Veruca Salt

I can't do this any better
I don't have the right to try
I can't get there any faster
Watch the hours go by

Weren't you in mississippi
Weren't you rude to my friend
You could have covered for me
She paid to see your band

My mother never liked you
My brother felt the same
They all saw right through you
Before I knew you were lame

Run little one, away from what you started
Something will come of all tomorrows parties
Oh all tomorrows parties
We could have had so much...fun

Another good disaster
I love to fall apart
They tell me I'm the master
Of loving and losing heart