

3OH!3, I Can't Do It Alone

Oh God, God, she's really done it now,
Coked up, her body's all spun around,
Oh yeah, yeah, she's really done it,
And seein' her just isn't something I can stomach,
Back it up, back it up,
If you talkin' shit to me,
Smack it up, smack it up,
If you act a bitch to me,
Stack it up, stack it up,
If you f**kin' rich as me,
My daddy owns a dealership,
The rest is f**kin' history
This ain't a love song (oh no),
This ain't a broken heart homie singin' only 'cause he's lonely,
This ain't a love song (oh, no, no, no),
This ain't a whiskey-drowned ballad,
There ain't nothing here that's valid,
So tell me baby, pretty baby, that this house is not a graveyard,
Tell me how to stay strong and carry you home,
Over corpses of her long-lost fathers and her unborn daughters,
God dammit, I just can't do it alone
I can't do it alone,
I can't do it alone,
No, I can't do it alone
Oh no, no, I'm not impressed with you,
Pink drinks that seem to get the best of you,
Rock late and sleep until the sun sets,
I'd talk but you took the tongue I talk with
Back it up, back it up,
If you talkin' shit to me,
Smack it up, smack it up,
If you act a bitch to me,
Stack it up, stack it up,
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Tell me how to stay strong and carry you home,
Over corpses of her long-lost fathers and her unborn daughters,
God dammit, I just can't do it alone
I can't do it alone,
I can't do it alone,
No, I can't do it alone
I can call you out and complain the rain is worse,
But it's that much better if I blame it on a person,
I can call you out and complain the rain is worse,
But it's that much better if I blame it on a person
So tell me baby, pretty baby, that this house is not a graveyard,
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