

I sat along the rocks and I watched the cold Maine water rush away.
The sun and my guitar and I knew what you were doing yesterday.
You broke those promises but I'll get over it,
'Cause as long as I'm breathing fresh air, I really don't give a shit.

But I'll get mad for the next ten years, but realize sometimes things are great.

I didn't have directions, I hadn't eaten anything all day.
We sucked a fat one and wasted a hundred dollars just to play.
I ate a bag of peanuts before the winding road.
I couldn't drink a thing all night because of the vomit in my throat.
Then you gave me your sweatshirt and your number, sometimes things are great.

You don't own me! You don't own me!

I worked my ass off my entire life to accomplish my dream.
It started happening and everything got bastardized by greed.
I said, "Pull this shit over and let me out,
I swear to fucking God I'm fucking giving up right now."
And now I've got a brand-new start, I realize sometimes things are great.

Scream it in apartment halls -
Shout this shit in shopping malls -
Take a ball point pen and paint the inside of your eyelids with the constant reminder:
You don't own me. You don't own me.

Then I was underground without food, sunlight or encouragement.
Depression set in I was a product of my environment.
And then the other day, you said, "Jeff, get in your car.
Yeah, pick Glenn Tillbrook up at the hotel and take him to the bar."
And he wore a t-shirt just like me and he wasn't on his phone
For fifteen fucking minutes I had a conversation with my hero.
I'll be mad for the next ten years
And after that I'll drink ten beers until the bar runs out of beers
And prepare for the next twenty-three years.

And if I wasn't a fat kid in high school, I would have never listened to punk rock.
And if I knew how to throw a football, I would have never played any music.
And if never got my heart broken, I would sing, "Blah blah fucking nothing."
And if you didn't fuck my ex-girlfriend, I would still owe you three thousand dollars.
And if I never lived in that van there, I wouldn't have met Chris or Steve, Alex, James, or Middagh.
And if I never worked in a basement, I would have never quit my job.
And if I had a big emo band or dropped out of college, I would have never met you, man.