

You know just the other morning,
i was hanging around in my house,
i had that old book with pictures,
of madonna naked,
and i was checking it out,
well just then a friend of mine came to the door,
she said she never picked me for a scum-bag before,
said she didn't never wanna see me no more,
and i still, don't know why,

i think i'm an alright guy,
i think i'm an alright guy,
well i just wanna live, until i gotta die,
i kno i ain't perfect,
but God knows, i try,
think i'm an alright guy,
i think i'm alright

Well, maybe I'm dirty,
And sometimes I like to get stoned.
Ain't like I'm foolin' with my Intern,
While I'm talkin' on the phone.
well, i know i get wild, and i know i get drunk,
it's not like i got a bunch of bodies in my trunk,
my old man used to call me a no good punk,
and i still don't know why,

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i think i'm an alright guy,
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you know, just the other night,
the cops pulled me over outside the bar,
well they turned on their lights,
and they ordered me out of my car,
man, i was only kidding when i called them a coupla dicks,
but still they made me the stupid human tricks,
now i'm stuck in this jail,
with a bunch of dumb hicks, and i still don't know why,

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you know, i think i'm an alright guy,
i think i'm alright