

Clear all my systems  
you shout like the bitter old man  
One handsome mister  
presidents, preachers  
we all do wrong  
a celebration  
To those who always let things pass  
I will support you  
what of your sorrow and pain  
'cause I got it before

[Chorus:]

You're making me hang my head so low  
You should be impressed by me  
All the things that I've done and see how I try  
I want to drown in your flattery  
you're making me hold my head so low

to all my brothers  
annoying alarm clock wants to wake us up  
and don't you hit me  
(A drunk to spy on till I've gone too far)  
a celebration  
to those who will let things go wrong  
I will support you  
And what of your sorrow and pain  
'cause I got it before

[Chorus]

And my knees are already aching  
shaking like never before  
I think that you can do better  
C'mon do I look like a fool?

[Chorus]