

Artist: descendents

Title: Sour Grapes

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Hey you, new wave, come over here
You're the prettiest thing I've seen all year
Hey you, new wave, don't turn away
Close those pouty lips and listen to what I say

Why must you smoke that clove cigarette?
Why must you act like you've got a hole in you head?
Why don't you split the squares and love me instead?

You're all shiny and clean, I've seen you in my dreams
Like the Rolls Royce I can't have
Your presence makes me scream

Sour grapes - you leave such a bad taste
Sour grapes - I don't need you anyways
Sour grapes - feeding, feeding my rage

Hey you, new wave, I pity you
When you get old, what will you do?

What will you do when you turn 21?
You're cockteasing at the singles bar just for fun
What will you do when you turn 31?
What will you do when you don't know how to love anyone?

I wanted her cherry, I got sour grapes
I refuse to climb the ladder for you
I refuse to pant and paw for you
I need love, don't need no beauty queen
But still, when I look at you, I scream

Sour grapes - you leave such a bad taste
Sour grapes - I don't need you anyways
Sour grapes
Just go riding right by me on the crest of the new wave
Sour grapes - feeding, feeding my rage

Sour grapes