

Sorry Sorry

Rooney

Well, i met this girl on a
Saturday night, saturday night
Saturday night, saturday night
Saturday night, saturday night

She sat there all alone with that
Shirley temple and a cellular phone
No one to call
No one to ring
Cause no ones home

The bartender knew her number and name
I grabbed my cell phone and gave her a ring
Wrong number
Guess i've gotta do it the hard way

I walked up to her having seen the future and said
I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell
I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell

That wasn't me
That was alter ego
That wasn't me
That was johnny rockets

She was so confused
From her point of view i would be confused too
I was so rude
What was i thinking?

But, but she dug my hair and new suede shoes so much
She dragged me straight, straight to her room
And i was forgetting what i knew i would do

Two hours later we lay on the bed and i said
I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell
I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell

That wasn't me
That was alter ego
That wasn't me
That was johnny rockets

I'm sorry, sorry for making your life a living hell
(i'm sorry, i'm sorry, i'm sorry, i'm sorry)
I'm sorry sorry for making your life a living hell
(i'm sorry, i'm sorry, i'm sorry, i'm sorry)

That wasn't me
That was alter ego
That wasn't me
That was johnny rockets

I'm sorry, sorry for making your life
I'm sorry, sorry for making your life
I'm sorry, sorry for making your life a living hell