

The Story So Far, Daughters

Before you twist your tongue
Know there's no chance at all
Came here against my will
And my wills tested strong

Until now, I know we've never met
But I don't want to talk and I'm already upset
That you'll meet your demise in a drunken man's bed
Take another pull to make certain you forget

And to think that you're somebody's daughter
Away at college not getting smarter

Everything changes when all the lights in the room are as low as you,
But don't trip you'll sober up soon
Regain an honest perspective as you puke on the floor
Can't remember why your knees are so cut up and sore

And you'll be hung over all day. (all day! all day!)
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