

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Jude Law And A Semester Abroad (Alan Douches Remix)

Par Brand New

Album : Jude Law And A Semester Abroad (Alan Douches Remix)

Whatever poison's in this bottle
Will leave me broken, sore and stiff
But it's the genie at the bottom who I'm sucking at
He owes me one last wish
So here's a present
To let you know I still exist
I hope the next boy that you kiss has something
Terribly contagious on his lips
But I got a plan (I got a plan)
To drink for 40 days and 40 nights
A sip for every second-hand tick
And every time you fed the line, "You mean so much to me"

I'm without you

Tell all the English boys you meet

'Bout the American boy back in the States

The American boy you used to date

Who would do anything you say

Tell all the English boys you meet

'Bout the American boy back in the States

The American boy you used to date

Who would do anything you say

And even if her plane crashes tonight

She'll find some way to disappoint me

By not burning in the wreckage

Or drowning at the bottom of the sea

Jess, I still taste you

Thus reserve my right to hate you

And all this empty space that you create does

Nothing for my flawless sense of style

It's 8:45 (it's 8:45)

The weather's getting better by the hour

I hope it rains there all the time (rains all the time)

And if you ever said you'd miss me, then don't say you never lied

I'm without you

Tell all the English boys you meet

'Bout the American boy back in the States

The American boy you used to date

Who would do anything you say

Tell all the English boys you meet

'Bout the American boy back in the States

The American boy you used to date

Who would do anything you say

Who would do anything you say

You're never gonna get it right

You're never gonna get it, never gonna get it right

You're never gonna get it, never gonna get it right

You're never gonna get it

You're never gonna get it right

You're never gonna get it, never gonna get it right

You're never gonna get it, never gonna get it right

You're never gonna get it, never gonna get it right

You're never gonna get it

No more songs about you

After this one, I am done

You are, you are, you're gone

No more songs about you

After this one, I am done

You are, you are, you're gone

So tell all the English boys you meet

'Bout the American boy back in the States

The American boy you used to date

Who would do anything you say

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