

# Avril Lavigne, Fruity Dude

She was a boy  
He was a girl  
Can I make it anymore obvious?  
She was a jock  
And he did ballet  
What more can I say?  
He wanted her  
She'd never tell  
But secretly she'd rather go to Hell  
But all of his friends  
Stuck up their nose  
They had a problem with her boyish clothes..  
He was a fruity dude  
She said seeya later dude  
He wasn't strong enough for her  
She had a manly face  
But her head was up in space  
With all of the little green aliens..  
Five years from now  
She sits at home  
Shaving her mustache  
She's all alone  
She turns on T.V.  
Guess who she sees?  
Fruity dude dissed her on MTV  
She calls up her friends  
They already know  
But they can't stop thinking 'bout her B.O.  
She soon finds out  
He's got his own show  
And he isn't fruity anymore..  
He was a fruity dude  
She said seeya later dude  
He wasn't strong enough for her  
Now he calls her a hoe  
On his own T.V. show  
Oh why did she ever turn him down?  
He was a fruity dude  
She said seeya later dude  
He wasn't strong enough for her  
Now he calls her a hoe  
On his own T.V. show  
Oh why did she ever turn him down?  
Sorry girl but you screwed up  
Well tough luck that boy's mine now  
He is no longer a fruit  
He says he's straight and acts it too  
Too bad that you couldn't see  
See the man that fruit can be  
There is more than meets the eye  
I see the man he is inside  
He's now a boy  
And I am a girl  
Can I make it anymore obvious  
We're going out  
Haven't you heard?  
That we'll someday rule the world..  
He was a fruity dude  
I said seeya later dude  
I'll be on stage after your show  
I'll be laughing crazily  
Telling the audience  
About that creep you used to know..  
He was a fruity dude

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