

Bowling For Soup, Wisk

She was just 17 and she was a loser
That didn't mean that much to me
She got drunk one day and stole my daddy's car
She went and drove into a tree

I got pissed off one day and through her down some stairs
She cried "oh, daddy don't hit me"
She broke a bottle over her best friends head
It's a wonder she's not dead

She's a loser and she thinks we all abuse her
She doesn't know who to believe

I lost her number and I never called her back
But it's all the same to me
She found out the band was playing at a local
And now she's been stalking me

She's a thorn in my side and she stole my daddy's ride
I wish she was lost at sea
And I just tried to be her friend
And now I don't know where this ends
I wish she would marry me.

She's a loser and she thinks we all abuse her
You know she makes me so happy

She was just 17 and she was a loser
She meant everything to me
She got drunk one night and bit me till it scarred
I let her do the other arm