

# Bratmobile, Do You Like Me Like That?

I got a story about D.C. to tell  
And I don't think you're going to like it very well  
It's about boys and girls, and the rich and the poor  
But what if no one can afford to live here anymore?  
Well I guess you can, 'cause you got a trust fund  
You're so comfortable, but you're the only one  
So I'm gonna turn it up and shake you down  
'Cause your past is too clean, gonna throw it all around  
You were brought up well, but your daddy never taught you  
To keep your mouth shut.  
Well omigod!  
We don't do that here!  
Well now we do  
You'll see what we're gonna do about you.  
You're taking one thing that one girl does  
And making it represent all of us  
So what do you know about the catty girls?  
The only thing you know is your rich boy world  
You're talking politics on your pedestal  
And you half-baked idea of "what it means to be a girl"  
But you can't feel how we suffer or we bleed  
You can't give us what we want, much less what we need.  
Well omigod!  
Well I know what you said!  
Yeah you can't run!  
You say the girls are dum, but not this one!  
You narrow your world to the safest girl  
And up your nose with all the rest  
Well we do exist and we do insist  
That a life that's boring is the life without risk  
You don't know what it's like to be harrassed all day  
Then to be told that you're only in the way  
We're living in fear, trying not to disappear  
So yeah, we're kinda weird, not normal, no way!  
Well omigod!  
We don't say that here!  
Wll that's not cool  
You say the boys are too, but why not you?  
So I got a story about D.C. to tell  
But I don't think you're goinna like it very well  
It's about "Nice Guys" and the girls who let them  
Be innocent as rain and about as thoughtless.  
You can bring the keg and I'll bake the cake  
And we'll raise our glass to another mistake  
So what if us girls try to tear ourselves apart?  
Well we're here to tell you that it's time to get smart!