

Bratmobile, Flavor Of The Month Club

You got your new clothes and your new friends to match
And too many dishes and a boyfriend, what a catch
Ladies doing nothing, that's your claim to fame
Oh yeah, uh huh, now you're all the same
I wish I still had something better to do
Than to cry about my clothes and my new hairdo
No one saying nothing, just stand in line
To what do we owe these fabulous times?
Gimme gimme gimme more things! more things!
Does it really make you happy, is that really what you mean?
"The Boy Is Mine" oh oh oh oh oh
Do you wanna own someone, do you wanna own something?
At least all the guys know if they fuck with me
That I'll fuck them up indefinitely
I don't know who you think you're trying to impress
But when you try too hard you get much less
You're saying there's a fight, but there's no contest
You can say you're better, but you know I'm the best
Tell me tell me tell me one thing! one thing!
It's my scene and things, do you know what I mean?
"The Boy Is Mine" oh oh oh oh oh
Do you wanna own someone, do you wanna own something?
I know that all you try to do is put me down
But no one really cares about your hanging around
You're acting fucken stupid, we can all see that
But I ain't telling no one, 'cause a fact is a fact
I'm glad I could provide you with something to do
Like someone new to hate, well I hate you too
Gimme gimme gimme more things! more thing!
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