

Die Melkert Kommissie, Tiener

Hulle noem haar "Tiener";
Hulle noem haar "Moodswing";
Sy het 'n pienk wekker
Met fluff op haar pen
Sy's mal oor Britney Spears
En maak misbruik van haar tears
En as sy een wens kon kry
Sou sy soos Twiggy wou wees

Twee koffies in 'n cheap hotel
Is al wat ek nodig het
Om haar van die wêreld te vertel
'n CNN-program
'n Dag in Afghanistan
Sonder 'n man

Sy't gegaan van 'n A-cup na 'n C
'n Regte Barbie-wannabe
Fake alles, fake personality
Haar favourite line is "why me?";
Saans dink sy aan haar perfekte prins
Met die wit selfoon
En die 007 ringtone
Sy's 'n sad case, washout
Rinse haar klere in perfume
Sy wonder of sy iets kan raak
En loop dan naak voor onderwysers
Wat hul maak braak
Want sy lyk heel swak
Ten spyte van al haar
Cosmetics
Synthetics
Pathetic
Energetic bitch
Sy is 'n walking
Talking
Stuk plastic
En al wat sy kan spel is "kitsch";

Twee koffies in 'n cheap hotel
Is al wat ek nodig het
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Sonder 'n man

Sy luister Koos Kombuis CDs
Maar s sy haat A. Letoit
Sy dra baie kort rokkies
Maar is niemand se nooi
Sy tuit haar lippe terwyl sy loop
En enigiets met 'n prys wil sy koop

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Is al wat ek nodig het
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==English translation==

</lyrics>

They call her "Teenager"
They call her "Moodswing"
She has a pink alarm clock
With fluff on her pen
She's crazy over Britney Spears
And misuses her tears
And if she could have one wish
She would be like Twiggy

Two coffees in a cheap hotel
Is all I need
To tell her about the world
A CNN program
A day in Afghanistan
Without a man

She went from an A-cup to a C
A real Barbie-wannabe
Fake everything, fake personality
Her favourite line is "why me?"
At nights she thinks of her perfect prince
With the white cellphone
And the 007 ringtone
She's a sad case, washout
Rinses her clothes in perfume
She wonders if she can become something
And then she walks naked in front of her teachers
Who vomit
Because she looks so bad
Despite all of her
Cosmetics
Synthetics
Pathetic
Energetic bitch
She is a walking
Talking
Piece of plastic
And the only thing she can spell is "kitsch"

Two coffees in a cheap hotel
Is all I need
To tell her about the world
A CNN program
A day in Afghanistan
Without a man

She listens to Koos Kombuis CDs
But she says she hates A. Letoit "[the same person]"
She wears very short skirts
But she's no-one's hoe
She trouts her lips when she walks
And she wants to buy anything with a price-tag

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