

Of Montreal, Feminine Effects

Bobby, baby, you make me blurry
So blurry inside
I know I'm down home but I
Always thought a limousine was
Something to be laughed at

Something to be laughed at

Bobby, baby, you make me blurry
So blurry inside
I know I'm not your cut
But I never thought that I was just
Something to be laughed at

Something to be laughed at

I was a teenager when you
Took me from my mama's bed
And brought me to the real city
I tried my best to become what
I thought you wanted

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So blurry inside
I know I'm down home but I
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