

# Screeching Weasel, Thrift Store Girl

Well she's a thrift store girl  
Yeah she's a beautiful loser  
She'll switch price tags for me  
Sometimes meet me for coffee  
And I don't think she does that  
For anyone but me  
She dresses me for absolutely nothing  
Just 'cause she really likes me  
I'm here for her to serve  
She asks for nothing in return  
'Cause she's a thrift store babe  
She's like my live in maid  
She's just a girl but still  
She's really not afraid  
To call in sick so we can hang out in Wicker Park  
And rot amongst the cynical prototypes of our love  
And I sincerely hope that she's always around  
I hope she always stays around