

Smash Mouth, Beer Goggles

I dont love you but i want to
just give me something i cant hold on to
come on baby and speed your lust to me
Heres my number on a cocktail napkin
think about it like a loaded weapon
cock the hammer and point that thing at me

Chorus: Why dont you call
Why dont you call
Why dont you call
Kill me for the thrill of it all

I want someone anyone
tall ones short ones skinny ones
I want someone anyone

You spend your nights at home crying
i spend mine death defying
i call it testing morality
So pull the goggles down over your eyes
and say goodnight to the rest of the barflies
im forever yours temporarily

Chorus

I want some one anyone
drunk ones spun ones anyone
i want someone anyone
fat ones whacked ones gimme some
i want someone anyone
spend some rent one lend me one
fun ones dumb ones gypsy chicks on rocks
done ones even chicks with chicken pox