

SR-71, Kick Me

She clings to me like cellophane.
Fake, plastic submarine.
Slowly driving me insane,
But now that's over.
So what if the sex was great?
Just a temporary escape.
Another thing I grew to hate,
But now that's over!

Why?!
Why do you always kick me when I'm high?!
Knock me down till we see eye to eye.
Figured her out:
I know, she may not be Miss Right.
She'll do right now.
She'll do right now.

I used to hang on every word.
Each lie was more absurd.
Kept me so insecure,
But now that's over.
She taught me how to trust,
and to believe in us.
She taught me how to cuss!
That bitch, it's over!

You know, I used to be such a nice boy!

Why?!
Why do you always kick me when I'm high?!
Knock me down till we see eye to eye.
Figured her out:
I know, she may not be Miss Right.
She'll do right now.
She'll do right now.

She clings to me like cellophane.
Fake, plastic submarine.
Slowly driving me insane,
But now that's over! (Over!)

Why?!
Why do you always kick me when I'm high?!
Knock me down till we see eye to eye.
Figured her out:
I know, she may not be Miss Right.
She'll do right now.
She'll do right now.
Right now.
Whoa! Right now!