

Theory Of A Deadman, Bad Girlfriend

My Girlfriend's a dick magnet My Girlfriend's gotta have it
She's hot, can't stop, up on stage, doing shots, Tip the man he'll
Ring the bell, get her drunk she'll scream like hell.

Dirty girl, gettin' down, dance with guys from outta town.
Grab her ass, actin' tough. Mess with her, she'll fuck you up.
No one really knows if she's drunk or if she's stoned, but she's
Comin' back to my place tonite!

She likes to shake her ass she grinds it to the beat
She likes to pull my hair when I make her grind her teeth
I like to strip her down she's naughty to the end
You know what she is, no doubt about it
She's a bad, bad girlfriend!

Red thong, Party's on, Love this song, sing along.
Come together, leave alone, see you later back at home
No one really knows if she's drunk or is she's stoned
But she's coming back to my place tonite. I say
No one really knows just how far she's gonna go,
But I'm gonna find out later tonite

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Doesn't take her long to make things right.

But does it make her wrong to

Have the time of her life. the time of her life

My girlfriend's a dick magnet My girlfriend's gotta have it
She's a gold digger now you figure out it's over, pull the trigger.

Futures finished, there it went, savings gone,

The money spent

I look around and all I see is, no good, bad and ugly,

Man she's hot and fixed to be, the future

Ex-Miss Connolly!

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