

# Tickle Me Pink, Typical

she struts up to me.  
she whispers my name as if i know her  
but i never knew her

she asks me the time  
a quarter to one  
we go for a drive  
i just don't know her

on the coldest night  
in the darkest room  
i will sleep alone  
cause it's better than you  
yeah it's better than you

you can't play me like that, it's a matter of fact  
your nothing more than a typical whore,  
and i won't be your fool anymore.

we go to her house  
flip on the tele and lie on the couch  
but i don't feel her  
anymore

she asks me to bed  
this is the end, of my disenchantment  
now that i'm walking out the door

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your nothing more than a typical whore,  
and i won't be your fool anymore.  
maybe someday you'll get it, perhaps you'll regret it  
or maybe you'll find someone else who accepts it.  
but i won't be the one

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