

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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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.
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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