

American Hi-Fi, Flavor Of The Weak

She paints her nails and she don't know,
He's got her best friend on the phone.
She'll wash her hair, his dirty clothes,
Or all he gives to her.

And he's got posters on the wall
Of all the girls he wished she was.
And he means everything to her.

Her boyfriend,
He don't know
Anything
About her.

He's too stoned,
Nintendo.

I wish that I could make her see,
She's just the flavor of the weak.
It's Friday night and she's all alone,
He's a million miles away.

She's dressed to kill, but the TV's on,
He's connected to the sound.

And he's got pictures on the wall
Of all the girls he's loved before,
And she knows all his favorite songs.

Her boyfriend,
He don't know
Anything
About her.

He's too stoned,
Nintendo.

I wish that I could make her see,
She's just the flavor of the weak.
Yeah.

Her boyfriend,
He don't know
Anything
About her.

He's too stoned,
He's too stoned,
He's too stoned,
He's too stoned.

Her boyfriend,
He don't know
Anything
About her.

He's too stoned,
Nintendo.

I wish that I could make her see,
She's just the flavor of the weak.
Yeah she's the flavor of the weak.
She makes me weak.