

# Bratmobile, And I Live In A Town Where The Boy

. . . . . (yawn)

Make me miss amerika  
rip it when we're 6 yeah  
lock her in her room now  
tell me it's my birthday-  
i don't care.

rub her face in glass Dad  
try to kick some ass Dad  
tell me who's insane man  
throw up exrery other day-  
i don't care.

cross my legs and hold it in  
say you wish you had no ears  
funny how she don't exist  
mommy chained her up instead-  
i don't care

fill me with yr lies boy,  
don't matter wasn't real  
she don't wanna be my friend  
but i can't stand her anyways  
i can't go home again  
but i'm still a good tax break  
cut us off at the hearts  
scabs grow thicker by the years-  
i don't care.

splitting hairs and doing time  
slap me till i feel fine  
who commits the real crime?  
will you ever be mine?