

Butch Walker, Alicia Amnesia

She drives a black Iroc with hot pink leather
Got a good butt but can't remember whether
She's a good girl or she's bad
Or count the sex she's had
she Comes home late with grocery sacks
and Brothers in his hat doin' Michael Jackson
Doesn't know her dad, since he dropped her on her head
And if there's one think I can say
Is she takes all my breath away

She doesn't know my name
She doesn't know her name
Every time that I call,
she can't remember at all
That's the last I fall for Alicia Amnesia

She got a summer job at the mall in town
Sellin' shiny clothes to the bands in town
Who are trying to be so cool
And they always make her drool
Takes all I have to say hey
When she's cleaning out the manic panic hair dye trays
And I can always bet, She'll ask me if we've met
If there's one thing I can say
Every time she walks away

She doesn't know my name
She doesn't know her name
Every time that I call,
she can't remember at all
That's the last I fall for Alicia Amnesia