

Fatal Flowers, Blackspot

Hey girl now you look real cute
The way that you go through all those books
Does it make you feel any better
Does it change all your looks
Does it tell you, you can love me
Does it say you can hate me too
Does it tell you what you think about me, in a month or two

Hey boy you got pushed around a lot in school and in the yard
Does it make you feel any better to get back at them at last
And you tell me you hate the things, you loved a month ago
And you wanna tell me how come, what makes you think I wanna know
What makes you think people take you seriously

You're just another blackspot on another white sheet