Guttermouth, Camp Fire Girl #62

She's got the healing powers of medicinal marijuana
And she feeds herself the same ole crap she feeds to her iguana
And she won't go to the bar
God forbid that she drive a car
And of course she will protest the war
And even though she's an idiot
[Chorus:]
I get excited when I see her
You better pass me the saltpeter
Like a sailor on shore leave
Like a recent parolee
I want to date her but first bathe her
She always eating echinacea
On her feet are birkenstocks
I guess my head is filled with rocks
Most of her friends are never happy
That is unless they're bitchin'
She looks down upon my comrades like they're carcinogen
She doesn't know what she's fighting for
Like a modern day conquistador
And of course she will protest the war
And even though she's an idiot
[Chorus]
She doesn't know what she's fighting for
Like a modern day conquistador
And of course she will protest the war
And even though she's an idiot
Even though she's an idiot
[Chorus]
I guess my head is filled with rocks rocks rocks