

Lambretta, Creep

God, I'm such a creep. I'm having so much fun breaking up.
It's getting kind of wicked.
And there's no need to weep. It's more like a relief I can't stop.
Laughing and I'm thinking. You're looking at a single in gold.
I'm just your worst freakin' nightmare girlfriend.

I am such a creep. I am such a creepy kind.
Sorry, but I do believe I'm just that type of girl.
I am such a creep (and I can't help it). I ain't gonna waste my time.
And I do believe that boy just had to go.
God, I'm such a creep.

The grass is turning green. The air is loosing weight and the sun
is lighting up my bedroom.
My smile is kind of mean. I feel like I'm a dove with a gun.
I'm looking in my phonebook and there's a lot of numbers to dial.
I'm just your worst freakin' nightmare girlfriend.

I am such a creep. I am such a creepy kind.
Sorry, but I do believe I'm just that type of girl.
I am such a creep (and I can't help it). I ain't gonna waste my time.
And I do believe that boy just had to go.
God, I'm such a creep.

(And I can't help it, help it, help it...)

God, I'm such a creep. I'm having so much fun breaking up.
Laughing and I'm thinking. You're looking at a single in gold.

I am such a creep (and I can't help it). I am such a creepy kind.
Sorry, but I do believe I'm just that type of girl.
I am such a creep (and I can't help it). God, I'm such a creep.
(Ain't gonna waste my time)
Sorry, but I do believe that a boy just have to go.
God, I'm such a creep.