

Local H, White Belt Boys

Yeah hope you have a lonely life

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A high heel stumble home from the gala with your gurney bag clutched to your chest

Hangin' on the arm of the guy who sewed you into your new dress

Oooh It's a tragedy, so completely, it's almost Greek

And if I was to be hard-pressed, I'd lie and say I could not care less

Yeah hope you have a lonely life

Yeah hope you have a lonely life, a lonely life

One red carpet bleeds into another, you're stained and it won't rub off

Lining up to get under your covers

The boys with white belts, snouts for the trough

Oooh It's a tragedy, so completely, I'm barely me

And if I was to be hard-pressed, I'd lie and say I am not obsessed

Yeah hope you have a lonely life, a lonely life.

Sha!