

# Lunachicks, Glad I'm Not Yew

I dont claim to ride a bike  
with long black hair to show my might  
I dont follow the latest styles  
they make me throw up bright green bile  
I dont have to shave my head  
or walk around and beg for bread  
I dont have big ears that stick out  
or act like my parents threw me out!

Dont parade around town  
or shoot up gloo that gets me down  
I dont have lots of holes in my arm  
and have'nt used up all my charms,  
dont go to clubs 'cause I think its cool,  
and hang out with all the fools  
so glad. oh so glad I'm not you

I dont sit in a highrise office  
and think about how much money I make  
I dont have a greasy toupe or walk around with hair thats fake  
dont have pearls, or cars or furs  
only cowboy boots, no spurs  
no silk sheets apon my bed  
glad I'm not you, I'd rather be dead!  
I have acid wash, but no poodle hair  
thats why I shot you that ugly stare  
no high heels with jeans and socks  
I rather have a bagel, hold the lox  
no tan in the middle of winter  
I'd rather have a ten foot splinter

\*Chorus\*