

Marvelous 3, You're So Yesterday

I guess I met the devil, but I sure didn't know no better
You were cool as hell like e-mail, but still timeless like a letter
As I sit and I stare at the satanic glare, on the glass frame in front of your face
You're alone on my shelf, yelling, "look at yourself";
I feel like Bobby Brady breaking the vase

But now you're all screwed up

You're so yesterday
Miles away
Promised myself on new years day
I'd take a bath today
And wash you away
As all of your little blonde hairs go down the drain

Your sister called me yesterday to tell me I was a loser
At least I haven't lost my mind, and at least I'm not a boozer
As I tried to heed to your wants and your needs
You were solemnly lost in space
So keep reading your books on "how to give dirty looks";
Everytime I should be put in my place

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