

Screeching Weasel, Ding Bat

ding bat
she's a ding bat

always walking into trees
wakes me up to ask if im asleep
sits around, stares into space
oh god i hate her face cuz she's a

ding bat
she's a ding bat

the dumbness really bothers me
brainless questions constantly
i wish she'd shut her mouth, give me a break
oh god i hate her face, i hate her face

ding bat
she's a ding bat

she lives alone in her own world
naive, wat a little girl
doesnt care the worlds a mess
such a waste of flesh, a waste of flesh

a waste of flesh
a waste of flesh
a waste of flesh