

Souls, The Girl On My Couch

in my home and on my couch

lies a girl she's oh so dull

I've tried to ask her where she's from

she doesn't remember

no she doesn't care

she wears my clothes

and laughs at her own jokes

she writes silly poems in my palms

SHE DRINKS MY WINE

AND SPITS ON MY FLOOR

CUTS HER TOENAILS IN MY BED

THOUGH I HATE HER

I HAVE TO CONFESS

I AM ENVIOUS

I AM JEALOUS

she love to cry

to Ricki Lake

she orders pizza

and lets me pay

her topless lifestyle's

just too much

but without me

she just couldn't be

I'M HER BEST FRIEND

SHE ALWAYS SAYS

THOUGH SHE KEEPS FORGETTING

MY REAL NAME

I MUST HATE HER

BUT I MUST ADMIT

SHE IS SOMETHING I WISH I WERE