

# The Distillers, Girl-Fix-Er

No more coquettish look on your face  
Not so much pretty but you're in your place  
Hide behind your man, don't dare to think for you  
Keep your claws off me as I walk on through  
Walk on through, don't you glare  
I'm not the kind of girl who will just pull on your hair  
I won't be through, till you're blue  
Just us two, what are you gonna do?  
Damn man, come on and sell your seconds  
No one can make ya make ya break ya  
Anyway, anyway, anyway I'll make ya,  
They'll crown me.  
Never used to harm no-one, no matter what the reason  
Now you dug your grave and it's bitch hunting season  
Smiling madly (you're insane) honey when I see you around  
Biding my time till I can get you on the ground  
It's not my plan to steal your man,  
It's a pitiful sight that's hard to stand  
I guess I don't get a clue  
So step your ass aside and let me walk on fucking through  
Damn man, come on and sell your seconds  
No one can make ya make ya break ya  
Anyway, anyway, anyway I'll make ya,  
They'll crown me.