

# The Flaming Lips, Haven't Got A Clue

Oh man!  
Oh right!  
1, 2  
3

You haven't got a clue  
And you don't know what to do  
You used your money and your friends  
To try and trick me  
But you won't trick me

As far as I can tell  
You've created your own hell  
Now you walk around this place  
Expecting pity

Every time you throw a fit  
I can't decide if you're full of it  
And every time you state your case  
The more I want to punch your face  
I go  
Doo-doo doo (x8)

I still can't believe  
All your plastic surgery  
Now it's everybody's problem  
That you're unhappy  
Oh, come on!

And every time you state your case  
The more I want to punch your face  
And every time you state your case  
The more I want to punch your face  
And every time you state your case  
The more I want to punch your face  
I go  
Doo-doo doo (x24)