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)