

The Queers, Mrs. Brown, You've Got An Ugly Da

Mrs. Brown, you've got an ugly daughter
I don't wanna hear her stupid name
Mrs. Brown, you've got an ugly daughter
The verdict's in I declare I'm insane
I'm done professing undying love forever more
And holding hands inside a store 2-4
And overnighting chocolate kisses to her in the mail
I don't wanna be her boyfriend anymore
I used to think she was so groovy
Trading kisses at the movies
Now I don't wanna walk around with her no more
'Cause she opened up and then she shut the door
Don't wanna walk around with her

Mrs. Brown you've got an ugly daughter
The type I should know enough to avoid
Mrs. Brown you've got an ugly daughter
Excuse me but my bowels have to void
I'd love to sit and chat and tell you all the things we've done
How we used to laugh and we had so much fun
Unfortunately things are on a slightly different tack
From what they were and now she thinks I'm dumb
We used to sit around for hours
Pulling petals off the flowers
Now I don't wanna walk around with her no more
'Cause she's opened up and then she shut the door
Don't wanna walk around with her

(Keyboard solo - Gretchen Smear)!

(Repeat 1st verse)