

Throwing Toasters

"Don't Care"

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You sat next to this guy,
You told me to come by,
But when I got there you weren't home
I rang and I knocked,
Around the block I walked,
When I got back I was still alone.

Well I wasn't too mad,
Just a little bit sad, I mean
All I wanted to do was talk,
So I went round back,
Your window was open a crack,
After I hit it with a rock.

Your dog was inside,
He barked and he cried,
He hid under the living room chair,
He calmed down a lot,
But he looked pretty hot,
So I shaved off all his hair.

You weren't home,
When I came by last night,
You weren't home,
And I don't think that it's right.
To ask me to come over,
And then not be there,
The funny thing is though
That you think that I care.

Found your diary,
Couldn't hide it from me,
The lock on it, wasn't very strong,
I bet when you wrote
About you and that goat,
You never thought it'd be in a song.

Found your underwear draw,
Dumped it all on the floor,
And tried the slinkiest thing on.
I did my make up,

Then I stuffed your D-cup,
And then I walked around on your front lawn.

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When I came by last night,
You weren't home,
And I don't think that it's right.
To ask me to come over,
And then not be there,
The funny thing is though
That you think that I care.

Don't care, don't care, don't care,
I really really really don't care.
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