

3rd Alley "Hoopla"

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I don't need your assurance
I don't need your calls
I don't need your waking me up
In the middle of the night to bust my balls
Sitting outside my window
With a baseball bat
I don't want your hoopla,
Yeah, I don't want none of that

I don't need your approval
Y' know what I mean?
I don't want you probing my friends
Of every little girl I've seen
Asking me senseless questions
Like "am I getting fat?"
I don't need your hoopla
Yeah, I don't want none of that

If you were an electronic device
You'd shock every little thing that you touch
Cause you're missing the black cord and I'm
Not talking bout your purse, but the one that
Grounds you down to mother earth
Cause now it's time

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