

## **American High Fi "Flavour Of The Weak"**

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She paints her nails  
And she don't know  
He's got her best friend on the phone  
She'll wash her hair  
His dirty clothes  
Are all he gives too her

And he's got posters on the wall  
Of all the girls he wished she was  
And he means everything to her

Her boyfriend  
He don't know  
Anything about her age  
too stoned  
Nintendo  
I wish that I could make her see  
She's just the flavor of the week

It's friday night  
And she's all alone  
He's a million miles away  
Shes dressed to kill  
But the TV's on  
He's connected to the sound

And he's got pictures on the wall  
Of all the girls he's loved before  
And she knows all his favourite songs

Her boyfriend  
He don't know  
Anything about her age  
too stoned  
Nintendo  
I wish that I could make her see  
She's just the flavor of the week...yeah

Her boyfriend  
He don't know  
Anything about her age  
He's too stoned

He's too stoned  
He's too stoned  
He's too stoned

Her boyfriend  
He don't know  
Anything about her age  
too stoned  
Nintendo  
I wish that I could make her see  
She's just the flavor of the week

Yeah, she's the flavor of the week

She makes me weak...

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