

Backstreet Boys

"P.O.P.*"

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Oh yeah alright okay c'mon
We're in the backseat of my car
Friday night just a bit uptight
I never thought it would go this far

Hook me up with some Tennessee
Let's make a toast to my friends
We're losin' all our sense
I might not sympathize
With your pathetic way of life

Don't think about tomorrow baby
When you're dreamin' 'bout yesterday
You can not have life to go
Just blew your chance today

There's always someone
Who's gonna feed my Frankenstein

Oh yeah alright okay c'mon
Let's get billion dollar action
It's alright to love and fight
You need total satisfaction

Look me up with your feeble mind
You're in a chemical dream
Pissin' out popularity
Your can kiss your ass goodbye

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