

## **Bowerbirds**

### **"Major Denial"**

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You've got style, You've got class  
You've got a boyfriend that wants to kick my ass  
I made him angry, I made him annoyed  
When I sent you dirty pictures from my polaroid

Sorry about the tracks in your yard  
For taking out the tree and for hitting your dog  
I didn't see him coming, he was moving to fast  
Here's a hundred dollars for the bodycast

We could get married in Las Vegas  
I know that my mom will take us  
Put it all on black and let it ride

I saw you at the club downtown  
We danced together till you turned around  
And saw me in my travolta pose  
Then you kicked me in the nuts and ya broke my nose

We could get married in Las Vegas  
I know that my mom will take us  
Put it all on black and let it ride

'cause it's so hard being me  
Victim of your no loser policy  
And I know that one day you will see  
That your so damn lucky to be with a guy like me

What can I say, feeling lonely  
So do you think we could hang around, you get to know  
me  
Tell me things you'd like to show me, Tie me up like I'm  
a pony,  
Ride me to the moon, you can spank me till i'm black  
and blue  
And bleeding too and begging you to stop!

We could get married in Las Vegas  
I know that my mom will take us  
Put it all on black and let it ride

'cause it's so hard being me  
Victim of your no loser policy  
And I know that one day you will see  
That your so damn lucky to be  
So Damn Lucky to be with a guy like me

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