

Bo Burnham**"H-O-A-R"**

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Well I'm the girl for every high school guy
Yeah I got everything
A little shirt and a skirt so high
Every month you can spot a cotton tampon string
I'll drop my books and then I'll bend and then I'll bend a
little more
Everybody thinks Ashley's my best friend
Well that bitch is a whore

With a capital H-O-A-R
Ignorance is bliss
Who needs feminism
With an ass like this
And a capital H-O-A-R
You guys liking what you see
Cause if beauty's on the inside
You might as well go inside me

Well I'm the guy for that high school girl
Yeah partying is my life
In a few hours I'll be hitting the gym
And in a few years I'll be hittin' my wife

You know I like to hang loose
No way! So does my crotch
Well I hope you brought your man juice
Cause I bought scotch

With a Capital One No-Hassle card
Stolen from my dad
Dignity is overrated
Self respect's a fad
Well I'm like a game of baseball
Cause there's something you might catch
Well and if you put out
I'd say that we're a perfect
I'd say that we're a perfect
I guess that we're a perfect match
A perfect match
A perfect match

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