

Flaming Lips "Haven't Got A Clue"

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You haven't got a clue
And you don't know what to do
You used your money and your friends
To try and trick me
But you won't trick me

As far as I can tell
You've created your own hell
And now you walk around this place
Expecting pity

Every time you throw a fit
I can't decide if you're full of it
And every time you state your case
The more I want to punch your face

I go, doo doo doo
Doo doo doo

Doo doo doo

I still can't believe
All your plastic surgeries
And now it's everybody's problem
That you're unhappy, oh, come on

Every time you state your case
The more I'd like to punch your face

Every time you state your case
The more I want to punch your face

And every time you state your case
The more I want to punch your face

I go doo doo doo
Doo doo doo
Doo doo doo
Doo doo doo

Doo doo doo
Doo doo doo

Doo doo doo

...

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