

Bratmobile

"And I Live in a Town Where the Boys..."

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. (yawn)
Make me miss amerika
rip it when we're 6 yeah
lock her in her room now
tell me it's my birthday-
i don't care.
rub her face in glass Dad
try to kick some ass Dad
tell me who's insane man
throw up exrery other day-
i don't care.
cross my legs and hold it in
say you wish you had no ears
funny how she don't exist
mommy chained her up instead-
i don't care
fill me with yr lies boy,
don't matter wasn't real
she don't wanna be my friend
but i can't stand her anyways
i can't go home again
but i'm still a good tax break
cut us off at the hearts
scabs grow thicker by the years-
i don't care.
splitting hairs and doing time
slap me till i feel fine
who commits the real crime?
will you ever be mine?

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