Gwen Stefani "Bathwater"

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You and your museum of lovers
The precious collection you've housed in your covers
My simpleness threatened by my own admission

And the bags are much to heavy In my insecure condition My pregnant mind is fat full with envy again

But I still love to wash in your old bathwater Love to think that you couldn't love another I can't help it, you're my kind of man

Wanted and adored by attractive women Bountiful selection at your discretion I know I'm diving into my own destruction

So why do we choose the boys that are naughty I don't fit in so why do you want me?
And I know I can't tame you but I just keep trying

'Cause I love to wash in your old bathwater Love to think that you couldn't love another On your list with all your other women

But I still love to wash in your old bathwater You make me feel like I couldn't love another I can't help it your my kind of man

Why do the good girls always want the bad boys?

And so I pacify problems with kisses and cuddles Diligently doubtful through all kinds of troubles Then I find myself choking on all my contradictions

'Cause I still love to wash in your old bathwater Love to think that you couldn't love another Share a toothbrush you're my kind of man

I still love to wash in your old bathwater Make me feel like I couldn't love another I can't help it you're my kind of man No I can't help myself I can't help myself I still love to wash in your old bathwater

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