

M**"You're So Yesterday"**

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I guess I met the devil, but I sure didn't know no better
You were cool as hell like e-mail, but still timeless like a
letter

As I sit and I stare at the satanic glare, on the glass
frame in front of your face
You're alone on my shelf, yelling, "look at yourself"
I feel like Bobby Brady breaking the vase

But now you're all screwed up

(chorus)

You're so yesterday
Miles away
Promised myself on new years day
I'd take a bath today
And wash you away
As all of your little blonde hairs go down the drain

Your sister called me yesterday to tell me I was a loser
At least I haven't lost my mind, and at least I'm not a
boozer

As I tried to heed to your wants and your needs
You were solemnly lost in space
So keep reading your books on "how to give dirty
looks"
Everytime I should be put in my place

Now you're all screwed up

(chorus)

I guess I met the devil, but I sure didn't know no better
You were cool as hell like e-mail, but still timeless like a
letter

(chorus)

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