

## **New York Dolls "Better Than"**

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My baby  
Don't talk nasty about her  
You ain't even got no class  
I'm gonna kick your ass  
My baby  
Treats me like a maharajah  
Deceiving nothingness  
My baby brings me happiness

Rushing on each sensation  
In all the gods' creations  
With the hysteria  
Of the condemned

My baby  
Don't you even talk about her  
My baby's a bazillion times better than you.  
Better than you

My baby  
Got mystical frenzy  
Tempered by an irony  
Verging on blasphemy  
I'm gonna see my baby  
Find out how she gettin' along  
In the twilight  
Of destiny's last days

My baby  
She says my music's better  
It's much better than it sounds  
It's better than you  
It's better than...

My baby  
Don't you even talk about her  
My baby brings me happiness  
Deceiving nothingness  
Better than you  
Better than you  
She's better than you  
Better than you

Don't talk nasty about my baby  
Cause she's better than you  
Quit talking nasty  
Cause she's better than you.

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