

New York Dolls

"Better Than You"

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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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