

## Nirvana

### "Buffy's Pregnant"

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Boy, would I like to do her  
I'd like to jump her bones  
Slip her the hot beef injection  
I'm hoping she gives me a hand-job  
Hum'na hum'na

I got so wasted last Saturday night  
Drank a whole half-gallon  
Got really sick, puked  
It was great, though  
And me and my break-dancing friends went out  
And beat up some punk rock fagots

Buffy's pregnant  
We'll plan a future  
We'll fit the class  
Go debate on  
Who has the nicest ass  
Spread our mind games  
With verbal words  
We are all the same  
Just flies on turds  
Clone, clone, clone, clone

Saw you yesterday  
Eighty-six rules  
Did you hear what Marsha said?  
"Like, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know."  
Chris called me up  
And he went and I went  
And, oh, my God, I'm so embarrassed  
I could just scream  
"I swear, I will never talk to him, as long as I live"

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