

No Doubt "Bathwater"

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

And the bags are much too 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?
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, you're my kind of man
Whoo-ooo

Whoo-oo, whoo-oo

Why do the good girls always want the bad boys?

So I pacify problems with kisses and cuddles
Diligently doubtful through all kinds of trouble
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 bath water

Make me feel like I couldn't love another
I can't help it, you're my kind of man

Whoo-oo, doo-oo
Whoo-doo, doo-oo

No I can't help myself, I can't help myself
I still love to wash in your old bathwater
Ooh, oo-oo

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