

## The Flaming Lips "Haven't Got a Clue"

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You haven't got a clue  
And you don't know what to do  
You used your money and your friends  
To try and trick me  
But you won't trick me  
As far as I can tell  
You've created your own hell  
And now you walk around this place  
Expecting pity  
Every time you throw a fit  
I can't decide  
If you're full of it  
And every time you state your case  
The more I want to punch your face  
I go doo doo doo, doo doo doo  
Doo doo doo, doo doo doo  
Doo doo doo, doo doo doo  
Doo doo doo, doo doo doo  
I still can't believe  
All your plastic surgeries  
And now it's everybody's problem  
That you're unhappy  
Oh, come on!  
Every time you state your case  
The more I'd like to punch your face  
Every time you state your case  
The more I want to punch your face  
And every time you state your case  
The more I want to punch your face  
I go doo doo doo, doo doo doo  
Doo doo doo, doo doo doo [x11]

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