

Boat

"Beast for Hire"

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Pants, lie on the floor
My girlfriend, she walks through the door
I'm not a good listener
My ears close at the sound of the door
Swingin' shut

Why don't you put your new shirt on?
We'll go out, and drive around and around
I'm a beast for hire
I don't feel smart
No, I don't feel smart anymore
I'm a beast
In a middle school choir
I don't sing straight
No, I don't even try anymore

La la laaaa, la la la la la
La la laaaa, lalalaaaa la la laaaa!

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