

Sloppy Seconds

"You Got A Great Body, But Your Record..."

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I think I'm gonna go home, 'cause you just ran out of
beer
And there's nothing you can say that'll make me wanna
stay around here
You're lying there half naked
But these tunes you're playing just won't make it
You got a great body, but your record collection sucks

You got every Tom Cruise film soundtrack ever made
They might get you off, but they ain't gonna get you
laid
Modern country and gangsta rap
And what's with all this New Age crap?
You got a great body, but your record collection sucks

I'm afraid that I'll never learn to live
With what you call "alternative"
Unplugged albums and charity projects
And bands named for inanimate objects

But I gotta go now 'cause you just put on "The Wall"
Don't try to phone 'cause I won't return the call
I could never fall in love
With a member of a record club
You got a great body, but your record collection sucks

I'm afraid that I'll never learn to live
With what you call "alternative"
All your unplugged albums and charity projects
And bands named for inanimate objects

"All the great love songs that only two can share
On one CD for the first time anywhere"
You can save 'em for another guy
"Operators are standing by"
You got a great body, but your record collection sucks

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