

We Know Karate

"You Sunk My Battleship"

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You got the best of me and I just can't believe
That I even let you have that much
Your love is a disease, drunk and disorderly
But I still shake at the touch

Oh, what do you do when her blue eyes take control?
Oh, little miss sunday, would you please take me
home?

Don't even promise me that your promiscuity
Was a trait you left in the past
You're on your back again, you've got another man
There to take the place of the last

Oh, what do you do when you've got nowhere to go?
Oh, little miss sunday turned out to be a whore

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