

Special Ed

"Stereotypes"

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He's just a stereotype
He drinks his age in pints
He has girls every night but he doesn't really exist

He spends his weekends with a load of blokes
He forgets the punchline when he tells a joke
He wants to stay out, he don't want to go home
'Til his nicotine fingers are stuffed down his throat
He's just a stereotype
He drinks his age in pints
He drives home pissed at night and he listens to his
stereo

He blamed his fianc?e when he caught VD
The doctor said, "No drink for seventeen weeks"
He wants to go out but he has to stay home
Sit in and watch colour TV on his own
He's just a stereotype
He drinks his age in pints
He drives home pissed at night and he listens to his
stereo

The tablets are finished, the cure is complete
He hasn't had a drink now for seventeen weeks
Seventeen pints, tonight is the night
It goes straight to his head, he ends up in a fight (???)
Police chase him home through the dark rainy night
Fluorescent jam sandwich with flashing blue light
His mums waiting up, she hopes he's alright
But he's wrapped 'round a lamp post on Saturday night
He's just a stereotype
He drinks his age in pints
He has girls every night
He doesn't really exist

Me uncle Joe, walkin' door
Firin' them, I have a stereo
So I buy a little stereo and I watch uncle Joe with a girl
So I said to this girl, "Step up on by my yard, we go
jiggo my stereo"
Something goes like me go say

Me take the little girl in at me yard and show her little
system
The girl look at a system but this is not my stereo, you
know
I want a little bass so you to touch this
I want a little... , and touch that
All I want is my stereo
All I want is my stereo
I don't drink no beer
I don't drink no something called whiskey 'cause I don't
wanna feel so frisky
All I smoke is my herbs, herbs and my stereo
Things get from bad to worse I can't even walk down
the street
I don't feel at ease because what they call me, they call
me the stereotype
He's the one who's got it stereo, stereo
My uncle Joe told me about my stereo
Fire me, walking door, uncle Joe, uncle Joe; he never
had a stereo, walking door
Leave me girl
I don't want you, I don't need no drink
I don't want no whiskey to feel so frisky, all I want is my
stereo
So here is what I say, go down town today and by you a
stereo
If you don't want to drink or go to pub
'Cause untill you're sober, you drink and drive you're
bound to get killed
Ooh, say, say you stop in until you fly 'till you feel so
relaxed with your stereo
And don't forget the thing called, called it, called the
weed
I don't need no speed to make me go fast
Just give me little 45 and 33
Buy me stereo, I want to be free, stereo
I, I, I'm a stereotype
I'm a stereotype
And that's no joke
Yo, I don't feel it, 'cause I will tell you, switch on tonight
I feel the stereo
More bass, do this...
More treble
Leave me, leave me girl
I don't want new sluts, I just want my stereo
That's all, music be all, oh lord
Stereo, stereo, stereo, stereo, stereo, tell me so,
stereo
Leave me; just leave me and my stereo because I am a
stereotype
And that's the way I wanna be

I don't wanna be high
Move ya'll

Bring, bring, bring, bring, bring, bring, bring, bring,
bring, bring

Leave my, my, my, my, my, my, my, my, leave my
stereo, stereo, stereo, stereo, stereo

Leave, leave, leave my stereo

Oh don't tell my stereo, stereo, stereo, stereo, stereo

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