

Emma Forman

"The Handbag War"

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You look at me like I'm the one that stole the shine
away from the sun
then gone and turned the rain on
It's not my fault your hair is getting wet after you spent
an hour doing it
so solve the problem just go bald
So now you take a swipe at me with your handbag you
miss
and fall flat laughing to the ground
Now you're really pased at me
you stare at me like I'm the one that just stole your last
peice of bubblegum

Oh yeah now it's war
the handbag war
Oh yeah now it's war
the hangbag war

Your beedy eyes get on my nerves
you stare at me until insanity claims me as it's own
so I throw my shoe at you aim for your head and pray
that it will knock you out
Your bestfriend jumps on my back, she is biting and
pulling at my hair

All the guys they think it's great finally the girls are
getting down
and sorting all their issues
oh my god now it's war

the handbag war
Oh yeah now it's war

Handbags at 50 paces
I hate you and hate me
so now we are kinda even
Friday ends suddenly
when passing drag queens jump in
and we are both beaten to a pulp

oh my god now it's war

the handbag war
Oh yeah now it's war
the handbag war
war

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