

The This Many Boyfriends Club

Beat Happening

This many boyfriends walk her home
This many boyfriends ring the phone

Lori, Lori, what's the story?
All those boys think you are boring
They just see those bobby socks
not whats beneath those curly locks
It makes me mad
When i see them make you sad
Sometimes i wanna be real bad
and shove those words back down their throat.

Lori, Lori whats the story?
Lets go do some apple coring
We will bake an apple pie
Maybe that will dry your eyes
The oven's warm, how come your hands are so cold?

Lori, Lori whats the hurry?
So they think they're judge and jury
The reason we cause such a flurry
Is they'll never love so purely...

We tip over apple carts
With the pounding of our hearts
Lori, Lori don't you worry
We'll have our own swimming party
We'll swim up and we'll swim back
Now you're sitting in my lap
And there's one thing i forgot
I love Lori a lot.