

My daddy said
Keep a cool head
Don't let those pretty boys own you
Don't let them in your bed

Everyone knows
How the river of talk does flow
They'll make you weep
And you'll reap what they sew

The golden rule
You'll never learn in school
Boys can be mean
But girls are downright cruel

You're gonna make 'em pay, you're gonna make 'em pay
You'll have the last word today

Your daddy said
Walk away instead
Don't let those petty girls throw you
Don't let them in your head

A small town spell
Your living hell
It's a story we've all heard before
But you won't live to tell

You're gonna make 'em pay, you're gonna make 'em pay
You've had the last word today

Back from school you walk alone
Empty street and no one's home
They weaved their stories, spread their lies
Give up the fight but keep your pride

No dances on a starry night
Prom dresses in red and black
It ain't right, it ain't right