

Hey Mrs. Dramaqueen

Electric Callboy

Hey mrs. dramaqueen
What a nice moviescene
Pack up your bags
Piss off and don't call me back

Oh my good shes keeps talking and talking
Don't drink too much nanananana

Fuck you dramaqueen

You have more shoes than a brain can have cells
You fucked my fridge up with your diet coke, hell!

Warm beer at a campfire sucks

End or beginning
It's always the same thing
Cracks in your head
Instead a place in your bed

Sometimes forever
It's always the same thing
You're too precious
To be mislead

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I hate indierock
No more romantics
I want sex and blood
Almost orgasmic
It's time for rock n roll

This is not what I'm longing for
Light my loincloth mogli runs free
This is not what I'm longing for

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Hey mrs. dramaqueen
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Wooohooo
I fuck you drama queen

Nice and slowly
How you like
That