

At the risk of sounding rude
Just who the fuck do you think you are
To tell me what you expect of me today?

Well, you can take your attitude
You're out of luck, you've gone way too far
If you think there's any chance I'm gonna stay

How long can I string you along?
How little of myself can I give
And still make you believe I care?

At the risk of sounding trite
Why the fuck do you think you're right
About every little thing that you say?

And do you think that it is right
For Tom to spend another night
Writing songs about all the people he thinks are gay?

How long can I string you along?
How little of myself can I give
And still make you believe I care?

How long can I string you along
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