## **Flavor Of The Month Club**

**Bratmobile** 

You got your new clothes and your new friends to match And too many dishes and a boyfriend, what a catch Ladies doing nothing, that's your claim to fame Oh yeah, uh huh, now you're all the same I wish I still had something better to do Than to cry about my clothes and my new hairdo No one saying nothing, just stand in line To what do we owe these fabulous times? Gimme gimme more things! more things! Does it really make you happy, is that really what you mean? "The Boy Is Mine" oh oh oh oh oh Do you wanna own someone, do you wanna own something? At least all the guys know if they fuck with me That I'll fuck them up indefinitely I don't know who you think you're trying to impress But when you try too hard you get much less You're saying there's a fight, but there's no contest You can say you're better, but you know I'm the best Tell me tell me tell me one thing! one thing! It's my scene and things, do you know what I mean? "The Boy Is Mine" oh oh oh oh oh Do you wanna own someone, do you wanna own something? I know that all you try to do is put me down But no one really cares about your hanging around You're acting fucken stupid, we can all see that But I ain't telling no one, 'cause a fact is a fact I'm glad I could provide you with something to do Like someone new to hate, well I hate you too Gimme gimme more things! more thing! Does it really make you happy, is it really what you mean? "The Boy Is Mine" oh oh oh oh oh Do you wanna own someone, do you wanna own something? Tell me tell me tell me one thing! one thing! It's my scene and things, do you know what I mean? "The Boy Is Mine" oh oh oh oh oh Gimme gimme gimme one thing!