

What's Wrong With You

Bratmobile

Don't feel sorry for you in the suburbs
I don't believe you were raised that way
Life's too short to go cowering through it
I don't believe in your moderate ways

Cry all the time but you're just boring
Try to be normal, but what can you do?
Give me a hand just to wash the other
The past you made is much bigger than you

Baby, I don't hate men
Just all the things they do
Baby, I don't hate men
Maybe I just hate you

One, two
What's wrong with you?

Where did you get your sense of entitlement?
Cower in my presence and feel my rage
Don't cop a smile for so much pompous
I should've known you would turn out that way

Don't try to be my friend or rival
I've got to this one for the final time
Ladies like me got to make it for survival
So many cowards and so little time

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Just all the things they do
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One, two
What's wrong with you?

What if [something] farm
It's girls like you who are always torn
Between [something] pictures and one of the boy toys
Give them what they want but I want more

Come on get together girls and do something 'cause
Hating your body starts something to do
Searching for friends and I'm thirsting for something
Stop it for love and I'm hungry for you

One, two
What's wrong with you?
Baby, what's wrong with you?