You're telling me that I'm looking pretty messed up and pretty lame

You say it brings you out of style that it's a different game

You shouldn't put the chill on me 'Cause when the fireworks are over girl I'll make you see

Come on baby spill your guts Let it out and you will feel alright

You're telling me that I've got a lot of nerve, I'm such a stra in

See he makes you up real fine but girl you're still the same

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