

I'll get back in the kitchen
I'll wear my hair up for you real, real nice
My neck will be adorned with pearls
I'll put rouge on my cheeks like a pretty girl
As I bring you whiskey on ice
I'll do all these things
But one thing will always stay true
Your shitty attitude
Will never convince a woman to lay with you

So get real with yourself
You're not the heartbreaker
You thought you were destined to be
Put your feet down
From my table
It's called common courtesy
I doubt you heard of it
Don't test my limits
Or my generosity
Don't stroke my face or these feminine hands
Will cause your fingers to bleed
Your masculinity is so fragile
I could break you with a tap
The only time I'll get on my knees for you
Is to sweep up your fragments like glass

It's a pity your mother has to see you like this
And it's a pity any form of criticism gets you pissed
And it's a pity you have an insufferable God complex
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(Mmm)

I'll get back in the kitchen
I'll wear my hair up for myself real nice
My neck will be adorned with pearls
I'll put rouge on my cheeks like a pretty girl
As I pour myself a whiskey on ice