

exes Ive got no access to my exes
Im sure by now theyve moved to texas
or took a one way trip to Naxos
exes Ive lost the battle of the sexes
like making love inside of taxis
they liked the sting but not the cactus
I know that exes reflect my youth
I know that exes are my male proof
I know theyre guilty of being the past
But youve killed the cupid
youre over them
exes Ive got no problem with my exes
they loved me driving in my Lexus
a roads as good as all its exits
exes so out of date like sending faxes
I was the tree they were the axes
they liked to pray but not the mantis
the cynycal collector of birds not bees
the problem detector got high on heels
the beauty protector with no degrees
for exes
which is good which is constructive
which is what a woman needs
dont go asking for forgiveness
go plead guilty all degrees
you were raised on definitions
with your dears obscuring deeds
your actions
exes you like m young but not the acne
you liked the team but not the referee
I wonder how it feels to ex me
so go ahead and ex me
try to forget just dont annex me
I thought I threw away the frisbee
Id say we try to stick to plan B
like a missile that aint guided
I was following my seed
like a horse that hasnt travelled
I took hay for upper purple weed
I got excommunicated
cause I couldnt play the creep
for exes
exes too young to check all their reflexes
No use explaining who T-Rex is
they are the source of all complexes
you know ... exes