

Dramaqueen

Electric Callboy

Hey Mrs. Dramaqueen
What a nice moviescene
Pack up your bags, piss off
And don't call me back
Call me back

Oh my God, she keeps talking and talking
Don't drink too much, nananananana
Fuck you, Dramaqueen
You have more shoes than a brain can have cells
You fucked my fridge up with your diet coke, hell!
Warm beer at a campfire sucks

End or beginning
It's always the same thing
Cracks in your head
Instead a place
(In your bed)
Sometimes forever
It's always the same thing
You're too precious
To be mislead

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I hate indierock
No more romantics
I want sex and blood
Almost orgasmic
It's time for rock 'n' roll

This is not
This is not what I'm looking for
This is not
This is not what I'm looking for
Like my loincloth, Mowgli runs free
Like my loincloth, Mowgli runs free
This is not what I'm looking for

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And don't call me-

I fuck you Dramaqueen
Nice and slowly (Nice and slowly)
How you like that?