

Mr. Man

Frances Forever

Hey Mr. Man
Back off my girlfriend
I see you staring
Yeah, I know she's perfect
Just cuz we're at this bar doesn't mean we wanna talk
We're not sisters or friends
Um, she's actually my girlfriend

Hey Mr. Man
So high and mighty
Please don't show us
Your tighty whities
You're taking it too far, so before we key your car
We're not cousins or colleagues
She's really my girlfriend

Now why are you mad
You don't have to be sad about it baby
Aren't you someone's dad
So back off!

Hey Mr. Man
Back, back, back, b-back off
Hey Mr. Man
Mr. Mr. Mr. Man

Creepin' on me
In Trader Joe's
I came for cheese
You came for-hoes?
Don't wanna be seduced while I'm lookin' through the fruits
I'm not interested in you
Also, I have a girlfriend

How are you so naive
Just take your dairy milk and leave
Not tryna be mean
But back off!

Hey Mr. Man
Back, back, back, b-back off
Hey Mr. Man
B-back off
Hey Mr. Man
Back, back, back, b-back off
Hey Mr. Man
Mr. Mr. Mr. Man

Hey Mr. Man, I don't think you're listening
We like our space, so can you keep your distance
Why can't you face it, it's just basic normal gay shit
Why can't you face it, it's just basic normal gay shit
Hey Mr. Man
Hey Mr. Man
Why can't you face it, it's just basic normal gay shit
Why can't you face it, it's just basic normal gay shit