

Bad Influence

hey, nothing

Take your foot off the break
Put your left hand on the wheel
Anything you can buy
I'm sure that I can steal
I'm a bad influence
But you love to be under me

Take me home
I am sure you're mother is dying to meet me
Don't you know?
I'm the picture of suburban royalty
Picket fence
All the teeth are are white and perfectly shiny
Take a guess
The grass in the yard is green artificially

I'll pick you up when your parents are out
Who said it's no fun to be sneaking around
You hate all their music, love the metal sound
We'll run away and they'll never find out

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