

Saturday Night

Left Boy

Next time you see me
I hope your heart stops
And never starts beating again
The date of watch
I hate you
Well that ain't really true
But I really don't love you
As much as I used to

Ya fuckin' bitch
Why'd you waste my time?
You're a (w) hor (e) -ri-ble person
I got one thing, that you can keep in mind
You dead to me, you fuckin' dead to me
Ya fuckin' bitch
Why'd you waste my time?
You're a (w) hor (e) -ri-ble person
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You're sad? Oh
You're mad at me? Oh, no!
You're such a dumb hoe
When all you are is so, so
Do what you do best
And look pretty
I hope I never have to see your face around the city
'Cause you're just like a perk
You always bring me down
I try to stay away
But you're everywhere in town
All my friends are doin' it
It's hard to disagree
That you just have a really bad influence on me

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Fuck!
Ooouuh!
Ooouuh!
Pew!