

You Rub Me Up The Wrong Way

Little Man Tate

You knew exactly what you were doing john
You never took your eyes off her

Ah, here we go again

We got invited to a Christmas party
I don't remember quite how it started that time
But I bet you do

Your was drinking way too much Bacardi
I should've noticed you were getting mardy
But I, I didn't take the cue

We'll be getting along and then it always
Comes undone
But at the end of the day why does it always
Have to be this way

Because you
You rub me up the wrong way
It's everything that I do and everything that I say
Yeah you
You rub me up the wrong way
Everywhere that I stand I'm always in your way
Why does it always have to be this way

You said I had to meet your family
Your mom was fine but your dad was angry
And I, I didn't know what to do

I noticed you're in Sunday dinner
That I must be your mum
She looks just like you

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It's not everything you do, it's the way that you do it
And it's not everything you say, it's the way you say it
And another thing, when you tell me 'you're lovely', I can see right through
it

Oh here we go again

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