

White Belt Boys

Local H

Yeah... hope you have a lonely life
Yeah... hope you have a lonely life
A high heel stumble home from the gala with your gurney bag clu
tched to your chest
Hangin' on the arm of the guy who sewed you into your new dress
Oooh... It's a tragedy, so completely, it's almost Greek
And if I was to be hard-
pressed, I'd lie and say I could not care less

Yeah... hope you have a lonely life
Yeah... hope you have a lonely life, a lonely life
One red carpet bleeds into another, you're stained and it won't
rub off
Lining up to get under your covers
The boys with white belts, snouts for the trough
Oooh... It's a tragedy, so completely, I'm barely me
And if I was to be hard-
pressed, I'd lie and say I am not obsessed

Yeah... hope you have a lonely life, a lonely life.

Sha!