Glad I'm Not Yew

Lunachicks

I dont claim to ride a bike with long black hair to show my might I dont follow the latest styles they make me throw up bright green bile I dont have to shave my head or walk around and beg for bread I dont have big ears that stick out or act like my parents threw me out! Dont parade around town or shoot up gloo that gets me down I dont have lots of holes in my arm and have'nt used up all my charms, dont go to clubs 'cause I think its cool, and hang out with all the fools so glad. oh so glad I'm not you I dont sit in a highrise office and think about how much money I make I dont have a greasy toupe or walk around with hair thats fake dont have pearls, or cars or furs only cowboy boots, no spurs no silk sheets apon my bed glad I'm not you, I'd rather be dead! I have acid wash, but no poodle hair thats why I shot you that ugly stare no high heels with jeans and socks I rather have a bagel, hold the lox no tan in the middle of winter I'd rather have a ten foot splinter *Chorus*