

Who Do You Think You Are

Matt Pryor

Jennifer will be getting hers,
And I will be there to watch you.
Fall from the scene from the greatest of ease,
And nobody there to catch you.

Who do you think you are?
Who do you think you are?
'Cuz you're no one to me.

Jennifer will be getting hers,
Her heart may be blacker than coal.
What once was distrust has turned to disgust,
In the deep buried depth of my soul.

Who do you think you are?
Who do you think you are?
Who do you think you are?
'Cuz you're no one to me.

Jennifer and her stranger lurk,
Seems that nobody objects.
It's not a harsh word for the popular girl,
Who treats people like they're objects.

And who do you think you are?
And who do you think you are?
And who do you think you are?
You're no one to me.

And who do you think you are?
And who do you think you are?
You're no one to me. (2x)