

Bathwater

No Doubt

E B A

You and your museum of lovers
The precious collection you've housed in your covers
My simpleness threatened by my own admission

E B A

And the bags are much too heavy
In my insecure condition
My pregnant mind is fat full with envy again

E B A B

But I still love to wash in your old bathwater
Love to think that you couldn't love another
I can't help it...you're my kind of man

E B A

Wanted and adored by attractive women
Bountiful selection at your discretion
I know I'm diving into my own destruction

So why do we choose the boys that are naughty?
I don't fit in so why do you want me?
And I know I can't tame you...but I just keep trying

E B A B

'Cause I love to wash in your old bathwater
Love to think that you couldn't love another
I'm on your list with all your other women
But I still love to wash in your old bathwater
You make me feel like I couldn't love another
I can't help it...you're my kind of man

Why do the good girls always want the bad boys?

So I pacify problems with kisses and cuddles
Diligently doubtful through all kinds of trouble
Then I find myself choking on all my contradictions

'Cause I still love to wash in your old bathwater
Love to think that you couldn't love another
Share a toothbrush...you're my kind of man
I still love to wash in your old bathwater
Make me feel like I couldn't love another
I can't help it...you're my kind of man

No I can't help myself
I can't help myself
I still love to wash in your old bathwater