

Dingbat

Screeching Weasel

She's a dingbat
She's a dingbat

Always walking in to trees
Wakes me up to ask if I'm asleep
Sits around stares in to space
Oh God I hate her face cause

She's a dingbat
She's a dingbat

Her dumbness really bothers me
Brainless questions constantly
I wish shut her mouth, give me a break
Oh God I hate her face

Dingbat, she is a dingbat

She lives alone in her own world
Naive wide eyed little girl
Doesn't care that the world's a mess
She's such a waste of flesh, a waste of flesh