

Frankengirl

Screeching Weasel

Right now I want to count all the things that make you up One part crazy jealousy and two parts puppy love Add a dash of outta-left field rages and you'll see Frankly girl, that's why I've got to leave

Hey kid, now I'll admit, you've got a certain charm Big brain, a pretty face and such je ne sais quoi But as you well know, baby, I don't parlez your Francais Frankly girl, that's why I just can't stay

In the kitchen washing dishes innocently with my back to you It's just an act to you I didn't do a thing but you're convinced I did and it's a fact to you

That's it, I'm done, I quit: I gave it my best try Heart and soul, you're quadripolar and I'm just one guy Now in a way there's no one that I love more in this world But I've still got to leave you Frankengirl (3x)