

She clings to me like cellophane  
Fake plastic submarine  
Slowly driving me insane  
But now that's over

So what if the sex was great  
Just a temporary escape  
Another thing I grew to hate  
But now that's over

Why you always kick me when I'm high  
Knock me down till we see eye to eye  
Figured her out I know she  
May not be Miss Right, but she'll do right now

I used to hang on every word  
Each lie was more absurd  
Kept me so insecure  
But now that's over

She taught me how to trust  
And to believe in us  
And then she taught me how to cuss ... that bitch!  
It's over

You know, I used to be such a nice boy

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Knock me down till we see eye to eye  
Figured her out I know she  
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She'll do right now

Right now

Oh..Right now