

Do you feel big when you're tearing people down?
Do you feel better when they're lying on the ground?
Do you love the rumor mill? Do you love to call them names?
Are you powerful when you get to shift the blame?

Talk, talk, talk about mistakes your friends have made
Talk, talk all about how different you'd behave

Always a victim, just caught in the middle
You talk so much, but you say so little
Do you feel big and better than it all
Or do you just feel small?

Are you tippy-top when you get your turn to talk?
Do you feel better when your friends all laugh and nod
About that blonde that went and got all the things you thought
you want
Preaching, "I'm not jealous. I'm just saying:
The boy she's got, I should be dating"?

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I was told that nice girls
They don't make history
But what I see is mean girls
They sure make misery

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