

Takes One To Know One

The Beaches

I threw your things in a Rubbermaid
Just to get a reaction
But you threw up on that double date
Then you cried through a tantrum

Anti-social, maladjusted, non-committal
Can't be trusted, that's so us and
Everything you do that's shitty
Count on me 'cause I'll one up it

God, you're a piece of work
Oh, takes one to know one
Lost boys in J-Crew shirts
Bros, dressed like we're grown ups
You scratched my car
And I laughed at your art
Like a total jerk
Oh, takes one to know one

Oh, takes one to know one

You made your therapist cry
And I thought that that was hilarious
I think our parents were
Sky-high on something when they were raising us

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Yeah, yeah
Oh, takes one to know one
Yeah, yeah
Oh, takes one to know one
Yeah, yeah
Oh, takes one to know one
Yeah, yeah
Oh, takes one to know one