

# Vanilla

## The Maine

Oh, oh  
Oh, oh

You said I'm plain and fickle  
Looks like I don't know you and you don't know me  
At all  
But your lips taste so simple  
Like a spoonful of vanilla flavored ice cream  
My love

I know I'm not made of lace and  
Lace and potpourri  
But there's nobody like me

You're boring, face it  
At your best you're still basic  
You're everything I hate about our youth  
I'm lost and hysteric  
Anything but generic  
Don't ever, don't ever, don't you dare ever call me vanilla

I'm a mixture of water and bone  
Not a clone or a stepping stone  
See I am a lot of things  
But I can assure you I'm not what it is they say i am

Not lace nor potpourri  
(Nobody like me)

You're boring, face it  
At your best you're still basic  
You're everything I hate about our youth  
I'm lost and hysteric  
Anything but generic  
Don't ever, don't ever, don't you dare ever call me

So what's the matter  
Pretty, pretty  
Really is a pity  
Your flavor of choice  
I know that this may be a whisper  
But it's just our voice  
And it says, and it says, oh it says, yeah it says

You're boring, so just face it  
At your best, oh, you're still faceless  
Yeah, you're everything I hate about our youth  
(Oh, oh  
Oh, oh)  
I am lost and hysteric  
Anything but generic  
And I never, I never, I never want to be called vanilla

No, no  
(Oh, oh  
Oh, oh)  
Don't you call me vanilla

No, no, no  
(Oh, oh  
Oh, oh)