American Hi-Fi, American Hi-Fi / Flavor Of The W

She paints her nails and she don't know He's got her best friend on the phone She'll wash her hair, his dirty clothes Are all he gives to her And he's got posters on the wall Of all the girls he wished she was And he means everything to her Her boyfriend He don't know anything about her He's too stoned, Nintendo I wish that I could make her see She's just the flavor of the weak It's Friday night and she's all alone He's a million a miles away She's dressed to kill, the TV's on He's connected to the sound And she's got pictures on the wall Of all the girls he's loved before And she knows all his favorite songs Her boyfriend He don't know anything about her He's too stoned, Nintendo I wish that I could make her see She's just the flavor of the weak, yeah Her boyfriend, he don't know Anything about her He's too stoned, he's too stoned He's too stoned, he's too stoned Her boyfriend He don't know anything about her He's too stoned, Nintendo I wish that I could make her see She's just the flavor of the weak Yeah, she's the flavor of the weak She makes me weak