

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

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