

Avril Lavigne, Fruity Dude

She was a boy
He was a girl
Can I make it anymore obvious?
She was a jock
And he did ballet
What more can I say?
He wanted her
She'd never tell
But secretly she'd rather go to Hell
But all of his friends
Stuck up their nose
They had a problem with her boyish clothes..
He was a fruity dude
She said seeya later dude
He wasn't strong enough for her
She had a manly face
But her head was up in space
With all of the little green aliens..
Five years from now
She sits at home
Shaving her mustache
She's all alone
She turns on T.V.
Guess who she sees?
Fruity dude dissed her on MTV
She calls up her friends
They already know
But they can't stop thinking 'bout her B.O.
She soon finds out
He's got his own show
And he isn't fruity anymore..
He was a fruity dude
She said seeya later dude
He wasn't strong enough for her
Now he calls her a hoe
On his own T.V. show
Oh why did she ever turn him down?
He was a fruity dude
She said seeya later dude
He wasn't strong enough for her
Now he calls her a hoe
On his own T.V. show
Oh why did she ever turn him down?
Sorry girl but you screwed up
Well tough luck that boy's mine now
He is no longer a fruit
He says he's straight and acts it too
Too bad that you couldn't see
See the man that fruit can be
There is more than meets the eye
I see the man he is inside
He's now a boy
And I am a girl
Can I make it anymore obvious
We're going out
Haven't you heard?
That we'll someday rule the world..
He was a fruity dude
I said seeya later dude
I'll be on stage after your show
I'll be laughing crazily
Telling the audience
About that creep you used to know..
He was a fruity dude

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