Bowling For Soup, Major Denial

You've got style, You've got class You've got a boyfriend that wants to kick my ass I made him angry, I made him annoyed When I sent you dirty pictures from my polaroid

Sorry about the tracks in your yard For taking out the tree and for hitting your dog I didn't see him coming, he was moving to fast Here's a hundred dollars for the bodycast

We could get married in Las Vegas I know that my mom will take us Put it all on black and let it ride

I saw you at the club downtown We danced together till you turned around and saw me in my travolta pose Then you kicked me in the nuts and ya broke my nose

We could get married in Las Vegas I know that my mom will take us Put it all on black and let it ride

Cuz it's so hard being me Victim of your no loser policy And I know that one day you will see That your so damn lucky to be with a guy like me

What can I say, feeling lonely So do you think we could hang around, you get to know me Tell me things you'd like to show me, Tie me up like I'm a pony, Ride me to the moon, you can spank me till i'm black and blue and bleeding too and begging you to stop!

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