

# Bratmobile, Affection Training

This is daytime TV yeah yeah  
There's a seat reserved just for you  
I can never sleep, but I'm brain-dead  
Branded with a piece of you  
Oh no!  
There's no other way  
True love at the price of your soul  
Insatiable-I can't get me no...  
I don't like you any more  
Than the other boys sold in this store  
What if I was honest with you?  
Would that make you like me, like you?  
I don't  
I don't know  
I don't know what to do  
I stopped using my ears, so I watch you  
He still asks about my job  
I think that it fascinates him  
We all need affection training  
So how can I get you out of here?  
He. She.  
He's a she.  
He's a she that don't exist  
Well what do you mean? You knew about it?  
I learned somewhere that living with dudes  
Means you pick up their wet towels,  
Dirty underwear and find their  
Ignorance cute somehow  
I ain't  
I ain't done  
"I ain't never done nothing"  
See Mr. Whatever describe himself  
It's frightening to feel worthless  
In the eyes of worthlessness  
My fear has nowhere left to go  
Impossible- I can't get me no no...  
All the girls are fighting over  
The dumbest boys who run this town  
I watch myself get watched like TV  
But I'd rather run you down.