

Joss Stone, Mr. Wankerman

Mr Mr
Mr do you hear me
Mr Wankerman
I get so tired
Of your shit yes I do
Mr Wankerman
You got no respect no no
You're selfish yes you are, yes you are, yes you are
I've been checking my clock
Wouldn't it be worth a lot
If you would just call me boy
(call me boy)
We've been talking a lot
Saying it'd be worth a shot
Saying that you want to fall
(you wanna fall)
Wouldn't it be nice if you would turn up
Maybe once or twice you'd pick the phone up
Shout it to my heart to know you wont be true
I keep hoping that I'll sober
Maybe realize it's over
Will I ever see a change in you
Mr wankerman I get so tired
Of your shit
Mr wankerman you got no respect no
Your selfish yes you are
(yes you are, yes you are, yes you are)
Ain't got enough mistakes
On my page for it all
You got me f**ked
You got me f**ked baby
There was a time when I cried
Now I don't care at all
Now i'm just bored
I'm so bored
See its the same of something stupid
Had a falling out with cupid
Told me fairytales of someone with a heart
My prince charming took a wrong turn
When it sings and never came over
Will you smile & laugh when you're alone
Will you smile baby
You're Mr Wankerman
I get so tired
Of your shit
Yes I do
Mr Wankerman
You got no respect no no
You're selfish yes you are
Mr Wankerman
Mr Mr yeah Mr Wankerman
Mr Wankerman
I get so tired
Of your shit
Mr wankerman
You got no respect no
You're selfish yes you are, yes you are, yes you are
Mr Wankerman
I'm gunna, I'm gunna let my band tell you something worth thinking about
Tell him for me, tell him for me now
Mr Mr
Mr Wankerman
Mr Wankerman
I'm so tired

We all tired
Every single one of us here
We're sick & tired
We're sick & tired of your shit
Mr Wankerman
I've been so tired
Of your shit
Along with everything else baby
Mr Wankerman you got no respect for your lady and you're selfish
Yes you are, yes you are
Mr Wankerman
Yeah, yeah
Mr Wankerman
Yeah, yeah
Mr Wankerman
You a wankerman
I put up with your shit for such a long time
I'm not gunna take no more
No no no no no no no
I'm tired baby
Can't you see that I'm tired love
I even had to, I had to write song about it
It's ridiculous yeah
To get you off my chest
Out of my head
Out of my life for good baby
Cause you're just a silly little wankerman
Not worth it
Silly little man yeah
Lalalalala
Moving on, moving on
Moving on, moving on
To someone
Taller cuter nicer
And all the way better
and everything, everything I need
You just so silly baby
Thank you for dusty love, she's really cute
And thank you for the lyrics love, they really helped me out
Thank you for growing me up
I lost a lot of trust with you
But i'm wiser for it, yes I am
Now you can go on boy
Dont turn around, just keep walking
Mr Wankerman
(Wanker)
Yes
Walking, walking baby
You got a couple issues in your head
Nothing but a no-good, dirty ugly asshole
(Maybe that was a little harsh)
Keep walking, walking
Keep on bouncing
yeah yeah
Step, step, stepping
Keep on stepping
Keep on moving on
One foot in front of the other
(Get the f**** out of my face bitch)
(That's a keeper)
Bitch
Mr Wankerman