

# No Doubt, Bathwater

You and your museum of lovers  
The precious collection you've housed in your covers  
My simpleness threatened by my own admission

And the bags are much too heavy  
In my insecure condition  
My pregnant mind is fat full with envy again

But I still love to wash in your old bathwater  
Love to think that you couldn't love another  
I can't help it you're my kind of man

Wanted and adored by attractive women  
Bountiful selection at your discretion  
I know I'm diving into my own destruction

So why do we choose the boys that are naughty?  
I don't fit in so why do you want me?  
And I know I can't tame you but I just keep trying

'Cause I love to wash in your old bathwater  
Love to think that you couldn't love another  
I'm on your list with all your other women  
But I still love to wash in your old bathwater  
You make me feel like I couldn't love another  
I can't help it you're my kind of man

Why do the good girls always want the bad boys?

So I pacify problems with kisses and cuddles  
Diligently doubtful through all kinds of trouble  
Then I find myself choking on all my contradictions

'Cause I still love to wash in your old bathwater  
Love to think that you couldn't love another  
Share a toothbrush you're my kind of man  
I still love to wash in your old bathwater  
Make me feel like I couldn't love another  
I can't help it you're my kind of man

No I can't help myself  
I can't help myself  
I still love to wash in your old bathwater