Of Montreal, Feminine Effects

Bobby, baby, you make me blurry So blurry inside I know I'm down home but I Always thought a limousine was Something to be laughed at

Something to be laughed at

Bobby, baby, you make me blurry So blurry inside I know I'm not your cut But I never thought that I was just Something to be laughed at

Something to be laughed at

I was a teenager when you Took me from my mama's bed And brought me to the real city I tried my best to become what I thought you wanted

Bobby, baby, you make me blurry So blurry inside I know I'm down home but I Always thought a limousine was Something to be laughed at

Something to be laughed at