Less Cute

Say Anything

Never thought that I could feel such a slap in the face
Since my semester in New York where I drank it away
Social strategies are taught to Bohemian crowds
And my love was like a food stamp handing it outOh, though I fell in love with you, all fey and grizzled and mature
You left me naked, pining, whining on your bathroom floor
If it makes you jealous, tell us just which boy we should adore
Only talk about myself, so I don't mind that he's a boreHe's a like a less cute version of you but he'll have to do
He's like a Wal-Mart version of you but he'll have to do
He'll have to doMountain man, brag about your band to me
You got me hot with all those snide remarks about my poetry
But he gobbles up every single line about the stars
And how they scar my slightly chubby arms like brightly lit cigarsSo now he's next to me but I can feel you in my heart
You're everything, you're everything he'll never be
It's misery and more specifically, I miss that day you spit on meHe's a like a less cute version of you but he'll have to do
He's like a Wal-Mart version of you but he'll have to do
He'll have to doHe's a like a less cute version of you but he'll have to do
He's like a Wal-Mart version of you but he'll have to do
He'll have to doHe's got no inkling of your status or mind
He's just the glue that I splatter to bind
You and I like Siamese twins
So let this sick sad game beginNow you're here again and he will wonder where I've been
I'm giving in but in my own opinion, it's how to be
Though I can hear him singing
All this envy's killing me, it's killing meHe's a like a less cute version of you but he'll have to do
He's like a Wal-Mart version of you but he'll have to do
Have to doHe's a like a less cute version of you but he'll have to do
He's like a Wal-Mart version of you but he'll have to do
He'll have to do

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