

Typical

Tickle Me Pink

She struts up to me
She whispers my name as if I know her
But I never knew herShe asks me the time
A quarter to one, we go for a drive
I just don't know herOn the coldest night
In the darkest room
I will sleep alone
Cuz it's better than you
Yeah, it's better than youYou can't play me like that
It's a matter of fact
You're nothing more than a typical whore
And I won't be your fool
AnymoreI go to her house
Flip on the telly and lie on the couch
But I don't feel her
AnymoreShe asks me to bed
This is the end of my disenchantment
Now that I'm walking out the doorOn the coldest night
In the darkest room
I will sleep alone
Cuz it's better than you
Yeah, it's better than youYou can't play me like that
It's a matter of fact
You're nothing more than a typical whore
And I won't be your fool
AnymoreMaybe some day you'll get it
Perhaps you'll regret it
Or maybe you'll find someone else who accepts it
I won't be the oneYou can't play me like that, it's a matter of fact
You can't play me like that, it's a matter of factOn the coldest night
In the darkest room
I will sleep alone
Cuz it's better than you
Yeah, it's better than youYou can't play me like that
It's a matter of fact
You're nothing more than a typical whore
And I won't be your fool
AnymoreMaybe some day you'll get it
Perhaps you'll regret it

Or maybe you'll find someone else who accepts it
I won't be the one

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