

You're With Stupid

Roper

He's burning the butane
he's got a wallet chain
he will show off his tattoos
He's almost six foot six
he's scoping all the chicks
while he's hanging on to you
And you're unaware that his eyes are never on you
he's working on his game
Just pretend that you're in love with whats-his-name[Chorus:]
You're the one who's breaking every heart in here
you're with stupid
He's the one that should be crying in his beer
you're with stupidHer face is all aglow
so pale like whitest snow
it's more than I can bear
I'm swallowing so hard
I'm keeping up my guard
I am trying not to swear
'Cause he's right there with his perfect arms around you
stabbing my heart through
If he wouldn't punch my face in, I'd say to you...See the sunlight shining through he just isn't good for you.

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