Eating Toothpaste

Bratmobile

Once upon a time there were 2 little girls
And they said how are we gonna make it in this world?
We're eating toothpaste and blue playdough,
We got a dress up box with no place to go
Alright, now it's your turn
It's alright and we're taking that turn
You're telling everyone I had too many shoes
A paradise with parents that we never got to choose
Well you never knew about the life I had.
Worst of all you'll see someday
Is the things in life that got taken away
But you can't feel how hard this is.
You don't know what it's like to be me
You just know what it's like to be mean
Don't come to my shows no more no
Don't come near me -- no-no-no
Alright, now it's low tide
It's alright now we're surfing that tide
I'm sure it's nothing glamorous to you
Fighting and throwing up, a gun for two
Silence and shame, no one to blame.
We grew up all girl somehow
If feels like men crawling over me now
My body my brain my fingernails.
We don't like you anymore
And we don't care now what's the score
We can see you hiding there
In sold-out shows but I don't care
Alright, now it's your turn
It's alright and we're taking that turn
Alright, now it's low tide
It's alright and we're surfing that tide
You don't know what its like to be me
You just know what it's like to be mean
Don't come to my shows no more no
Don't come near me-- no

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