

Girlfixer

The Distillers

No more coquettish look on your face
Not so much pretty ugly but you're in your place
Hide behind your man, don't dare to think for you
Keep your claws off me as I walk on through Walk on through, don't you glare
I'm not the kind of girl, who would just pull on your hair
I won't be through 'til you're blue
Just us two, whatcha gonna do? Damn man, come on and sell your seconds
No one can make ya, make ya, break ya
Anyway, anyway, anyway
I'll make ya, they'll crown me Never used to harm no one no matter what the reason
Now you dug your grave and it's bitch hunting season
Smiling madly honey, when I see you're around
Biding my time before I get you on the ground It's not my plan to steal your man
It's a pitiful sight that's hard to stand
I guess I don't get a clue so just move your ass aside
And let me walk on fucking through Damn man, come on and sell your seconds
No one can make ya, make ya, break ya
Anyway, anyway, anyway
I'll make ya, they'll crown me

Songwriters

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