

Teacher's Pet

Imperial Teen

She's a mixed-up kind of girl
The kind you wish you'd never met
And like a dried-up pot of glue
She only sticks when she is wet
She went to school two days a week
She learned to take what she could get
She took the apple from my desk
And now, look: she's teacher's pet

They took the country from the girl
But there's a country in her head
She left the country for a boy
It was a boy she'd never met
They bought a matching pair of gloves
And, holding hands, she lost her head
She learned to sacrifice her love
And now, look: she's teacher's pet

She's a magazine
She's a magazine
She's a magazine tonight
She's a magazine
She's a magazine
She's a magazine
All right

They took the country from the girl
Under the carpet she was swept
She took the country from the world
And now, look: she's teacher's pet

She's a magazine
She's a magazine (And now, look: she's teacher's pet)
She's a magazine tonight (And now, look: she's teacher's pet)
She's a magazine
She's a magazine (And now, look: she's teacher's pet)
She's a magazine
All right (And now, look: she's teacher's pet)

She's a magazine

She's a magazine (And now, look: she's teacher's pet)
She's a magazine tonight (And now, look: she's teacher's pet)
She's a magazine
She's a magazine (And now, look: she's teacher's pet)
She's a magazine
All right (And now, look: she's teacher's pet)

All right!

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by Bottum, Roddy Christopher / Schwartz, William Mark / Stebbins, Joan Marie / Truell, Lynn Elise

Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>