

Beware Our Nubile Miscreants

of Montreal

You only like him 'cause he's sexually appealing
But I read his journal, it was very revealing
He fucked your sister in an elevator junior year, oh yeah, oh yeah
And let your brother suck him but then beat him
So he could prove he wasn't queer, oh no
So what do you think he has in store for you, my dear? You only like him 'cause he's sexually appealing
But I've seen him working, I am getting the feeling
He has some serious predatory domination issues
Oh yeah, oh yeah, he goes to climax alone
His heart beats a busy tone, oh no, no He's the sort of guy who would leave you in a k-hole
To go play Halo in the other room
Remember while you were bereaving Michael's death
He was over at Rachel's cooking crystal meth
Oh, don't you remember? Don't you remember? You only like him 'cause he's sexually appealing
But his psychic's prediction has him hanging
From a ceiling fan in eight months
Ours dreams are still not possible, ours dream are still so possible
All our tough little dreams in the list of possible
And this goes directly to you I don't know what it is that you want from me
But you, you cannot have me
If you could read my mind, know what I really feel
I wonder would we still be friends

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