

Vanilla

The Maine

You're so plain and fickle
Looks like, I don't know you
And you don't know me at all!
But your lips taste so simple
Like a spoonful of vanilla flavor ice cream, my love
I know I'm not made of lace
And lace and potpourri
But there's nobody like me!

You're boring, face it
At your best you're still basic
You're everything I hate about our youth
Lost and hysteric, anything but generic
Don't ever, don't ever!
Don't you dare ever call me, vanilla
I'm a mixture of water and bone
But a clone or a stepping stone
See I am a lot of things
But I can assure you that I'm not what they say I am
Not lace or potpourri
Nobody likes me!

You're boring, face it
At your best you're still basic
You're everything I hate about our youth
Lost and hysteric, anything but generic
Don't ever, don't ever!
Don't you dare ever call me

Really is a pity, your flavor of choice
I know that this may be risk
But it's still some point
And it shows, and it shows, and it shows, and it shows

You're boring, face it
At your best, oh you're still faceless
You're everything I hate about our youth
I'm lost and hysteric, anything but generic
And I never, I never
I never wanna be called, vanilla (oh, no)

Don't you call me, vanilla (no, no)

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