Girl Next Door

Brandy Clark

When you took me home
You knew who you were taking
Not some Debbie debutante standing in an apron
Frying up your bacon

My house and my mouth and my mind get kinda trashy
I've never been to jail, but Hell, I wouldn't put it past me, so

If you want the girl next door
Some Virgin Mary metaphor
Your cardboard cutout on the wall
Your paper or your Barbie doll
With perfect hair and a perfect dress
I'm really just the perfect mess
And I ain't nothing less or nothing more
So, baby, if you want the girl next door

Then go next door and go right now
And don't look back, don't turn around
And don't call me when you get bored
Yeah, if you want the girl next door
Then go next door

Sorry I ain't sorry
That I ain't your Marsha Brady, uh-uh
If I ever met her, bet she'd probably hate me
Cause you'd wanna date me

My heart and my head and my bed can get real twisted
And you wouldn't be the first to think you could go and fix it

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The thing that turns you on is what you wanna change
But you have a better chance of slowing down a train

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