

Fake I.D.

Joyce Manor

Tell me what more could she want to be
A super hot friend with a fake I.D
She takes off her clothes and hands them to me
And what she did next I could not believeDon't be fooled
The first two hours ruled
But then she seduced
Herself out of her room
Singing, "What do you think about Kanye West?"
"I think that he's great, I think he's the best"
"Yeah, I think he's better than John Steinbeck
I think he's better than Phil Hartman"
"Don't you agree?"
"Can't you see you're just like me"
But, man, you've got taste
The rest of us can only dream of, baby
Tell me what more could you want to see
Try to calm down or leave it to me
Freight elevator, now we're really rocking
Breaking my heart, going window shoppingDon't be shy
Cause my friend Brad did die
And I feel sad
I miss him, he was rad

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