

All American Girl

Stereotyped

To be that good, it must be taxin
There's no such thing as satisfaction
You're makin' things happen while I'm relaxin'
Like a Sunday afternoon
My dad used to tell me, I was lazy
I got dance moves like Patrick Swayze
I'm the left over turkey for the world's mayonnaise
The star next to the moon
Now I know I'm just here to amuse you
And I don't mean to abuse you
But if I could just use you one time
Tell me what it's like
To be the queen of it all
The Neiman Marcus of the Mall
And tell me what it's like to be the one and only
All American girl
Now I never had a supernatural feelin'
Not to mention a sexual healin'
But every now and then I get to the kneelin'
To thank Him for it all
You probably got some inside connection
So many numbers that you gotta Rolodex them
So much muscle that you never gotta flex them
To catch you when you fall
And I know I'm just here to amuse you
And I don't mean to confuse you
But if I could just use you one more time
Tell me what it's like to be the house on the hill
The number one diet pill
And tell me what it's like to be the one and only
All American girl
Now I bet you won't say you get crazy
Or that you don't shave your legs when you're lazy
Or that you're just like everybody else in the world
You just got lucky, that's all
And I know you're not here to amuse me
But sure know how to confuse me
So if I could just ask you once again
To tell me what it's like to be a star on the rise
A breakfast cereal prize
And tell me what it's like to be the one and only
All American girl, the All American girl
The all amazing crazy girl

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