Thrift Store Girl

Screeching Weasel

Well she's a thrift store girl
Yeah she's a beautiful loser
She'll switch price tags for me
Sometimes meet me for coffee
And I don't think she does that
For anyone but me
She dresses me for absolutely nothing
Just 'cause she really likes me
I'm here for her to serve
She asks for nothing in return
'Cause she's a thrift store babe
She's like my live in maid
She's just a girl but still
She's really not afraid
To call in sick so we can hang out in Wicker Park
And rot amongst the cynical prototypes of our love
And I sincerely hope that she's always around
I hope she always stays around

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