

You're So Yesterday

Marvelous 3

I guess I met the Devil
But I sure didn't know no better
You were cool as hell like e-mail
But still timeless like a letter As I sit and I stare at the satanic glare
At the glass frame in front of your face
You're alone on my shelf, yelling, "Look at yourself"
I feel like Bobby Brady breaking the vase And now you're all screwed up You're so yesterday, miles away
Promised myself on New Years Day
I'd take a bath today and wash you away
As all of your little blond hairs go down the drain Your sister called me yesterday
To tell me I was a loser
At least I haven't lost my mind
And at least I'm not a boozier As I tried to heed to your wants and your needs
You were solemnly lost in space
So keep reading your books on 'How to give dirty looks'
Every time I should be put in my place And now you're all screwed up You're so yesterday, miles away
Promised myself on New Years Day
I'd take a bath today and wash you away
As all of your little blond hairs go down the drain I guess I met the devil
But I sure didn't know no better
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But still timeless like a letter You're so yesterday, miles away
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I'd take a bath today and wash you away
As all of your little blond hairs go down the drain All of your little blond hairs
All of your little blond hairs
All of your little blond hairs

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