

# Yeah, Yeah, Yeah

Fefe Dobson

Blah, blah, blah  
You just wanna be my friend  
Blah, blah, blah  
Not that again You're, oh, so amusing  
It's all about using  
You're unoriginal  
I just don't have a prayer Yeah, yeah, yeah, that's all I can say to you  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm so over you  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, whatever  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, now I'm hurting you Yeah, yeah, yeah, you're so pitiful  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, whatever  
Now I feel better Not your type  
Oh, but you touched me first  
You have a girl on the side  
Don't pretend it hurts So I can respect you  
And I can reject you  
I can't let you have your cake  
And eat it too Yeah, yeah, yeah, that's all I can say to you  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm so over you  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, whatever  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, now I'm hurting you Yeah, yeah, yeah, you're so pitiful  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, whatever  
Now I feel better You know I would have done everything  
Even worn your stupid wrong if that made you happy  
Oh, I would have been your beauty queen  
Would have let you watch me clean?  
But you make me feel dirty Yeah, yeah, yeah, that's all I can say to you  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm so over you  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, whatever  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, now I'm hurting you You're so pitiful, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, whatever  
Now I feel better

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