Frigid

Bob E. Nite

From such a tender age
I let you in
To mess with my insides
I don't regret a thing
And I don't care if you're confused
Please hold my hand
Grip the railing
I still don't understand
Twenty meters above the ground, took off my disguise
I never thought of kissing you is that such a surprise
I think you've heard my song before
Won't make you hear it again
Don't wanna hear about your girl
Got my own best friend
And if you wanna hear a tune we'll grab a bite
Take your quotation marks away
I got my pride
I got my pride
I ate my mushroom goop
You were laid-back
We tried to reinvent ourselves
We're getting off the track
And I don't care if you're confused
Please hold my hand
Grip the railing
I still don't understand
I think you've heard my song before
Won't make you hear it again
Don't wanna hear about your girl
I've got my friend
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