

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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