

# No Hard Feelings (The Magnus Winbjörk Remix)

## Bloodhound Gang

Ain't my job to fuck you on your birthday  
Ain't my job to fuck you on your birthday anymore  
Ain't my job to fuck you on your birthday  
Ain't my job to fuck you on your birthday anymore Maybe you got screwed but I dumped you  
'Cause you ain't nothin' but trash  
I put out despite the fact that you're like a  
Hawaiian Punch mustache Right under my nose thinking  
I'm so Colonel Klink oblivious  
But how could I not see, you got off scot free  
'Cause I know this means it Ain't my job to fuck you on your birthday  
Ain't my job to fuck you on your birthday anymore  
Ain't my job to fuck you on your birthday  
Ain't my job to fuck you on your birthday anymore If I wanna be repeatedly, shit on  
I'll go make Dutch porn  
When roughly translated even your naked truth  
Means squat and what's more I'm missing you like a hijacked flight  
On September 11th  
I don't know who got on you but I'm not wrong  
In thanking them since it Ain't my job to fuck you on your birthday  
Ain't my job to fuck you on your birthday anymore  
Ain't my job to fuck you on your birthday  
Ain't my job to fuck you on your birthday anymore Maybe it ain't your birthday but then again  
You know I wouldn't give a fuck  
When what I should have got is over you sooner  
So now I'm just gonna wrap it up Maybe it ain't your birthday but then again  
You know I wouldn't give a fuck  
When what I should have got is over you sooner  
So now I'm just gonna wrap it up I'm just gonna wrap it up  
I'm just gonna wrap it up  
And I'm just gonna wrap it up  
I'm just gonna wrap it up I'm just gonna wrap it up  
I'm just gonna wrap it up  
And I'm just gonna wrap it up  
I'm just gonna wrap it up

Songwriters

FRANKS, JAMES M. Published by

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