

No Hard Feelings

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

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