

Affection Training

Bratmobile

This is daytime TV yeah yeah
There's a seat reserved just for you
I can never sleep, but I'm brain-dead
Branded with a piece of you
Oh no!
There's no other way
True love at the price of your soul
Insatiable-I can't get me no...
I don't like you any more
Than the other boys sold in this store
What if I was honest with you?
Would that make you like me, like you?
I don't
I don't know
I don't know what to do
I stopped using my ears, so I watch you
He still asks about my job
I think that it fascinates him
We all need affection training
So how can I get you out of here?
He. She.
He's a she.
He's a she that don't exist
Well what do you mean? You knew about it?
I learned somewhere that living with dudes
Means you pick up their wet towels,
Dirty underwear and find their
Ignorance cute somehow
I ain't
I ain't done
"I ain't never done nothing"
See Mr. Whatever describe himself
It's frightening to feel worthless
In the eyes of worthlessness
My fear has nowhere left to go
Impossible- I can't get me no no...
All the girls are fighting over
The dumbest boys who run this town
I watch myself get watched like TV

But I'd rather run you down.

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