No Hard Feelings

The 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 moustache
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

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If I want to 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

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Ain't my job to fuck you on your birthday
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Maybe it ain't your birthday but then again
Ya know I wouldn't give a fuck
When what I shoulda got is over ya sooner so now
I'm just gonna wrap it up

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(Ain't my job)
I'm just gonna wrap it up
(to fuck you on your birthday)
I'm just gonna wrap it up
(Ain't my job)

I'm just gonna wrap it up
(To fuck you on your birthday anymore)
I'm just gonna wrap it up
(Ain't my job)
I'm just gonna wrap it up
(To fuck you on your birthday)
I'm just gonna wrap it up
(Ain't my job)
I'm just gonna wrap it up
(To fuck you on your birthday anymore)
I'm just gonna wrap it up

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