Gimme Brains

Bratmobile

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I want you to go
I want you to know that I hate you so
And all the fucken boys in the fucken bands
Just shut up and get outta my car
Nothing you know won't get you far enough the hell away from me
Oh no!
All the girls can see what you really are
So don't mind me
Now that little boy genius thinks he's a star
You think you're so cool, breaking every rule--a boy that drools!
And they all say that I knew better than this
Well hell, of course I did
Gimme brains for breakfast baby
And gimme more for lunch
Throw me a bone for dinner yeah yeah
A girl could starve on a boy like you
With nothing left to offer so that means that we're through
And yeah so that also means that we're not friends, alright?
Call call call call call
You don't know me at all
So don't try to talk about how old is Fitz and that you daddy's sick
A boy is good for nothing, can't give you nothing
I'm sick of nothing
And all the girls that sing along go "yeah yeah yeah"
Don't call me for charity you lack
Just watch your back
You got all the girls with fangs, no it's a shark attack
You think you're so cool, breaking every rule--a boy that drools!
And all they say is that I knew better than this
Well hell of course I did!
Gimme brains for breakfast baby
And gimme more for lunch

Throw me a bone for dinner yeah yeah
A girl could starve on a boy like you
With nothing left to offer so that means that we're through
And yeah so that also means that we're not friends, alright!

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