

Get out of hand  
Get under foot  
Get to the square root  
Put a word to a feelin'  
Let 'em know with whom they're dealin'  
Dear Elizabeth throw your fit  
Yes you can talk or you can walk, you can walk away  
You can stay and make em pay for you, feeling this way  
Thrown out grow up I shot (grown up my child punch em out??)  
He goes down on me with my (critique??) you'd mind quite a bit  
Dear Elizabeth throw a fit, makes me feel like I'm lit  
Get out of hand  
Get under foot  
Get to the square root  
Put a word to a feelin'  
Let 'em know with whom they're dealin'  
Faint talk after the song ends:  
That's what you told me to do!  
No, don't do that crash, that sucks.  
See, that's what you told me to do!  
She looked at me and goes 'now'...