

Alternative Girlfriend

Barenaked Ladies

You're in an all-girl band
Your futon's second hand
Your parents understand, but you don't care
I have a job in a shop
I'm an undercover cop
I make sure the customers aren't thieves

Old at being young
Young at being old
Everything's on hold within our evolution

You're my alternative girlfriend
I love you and now you cannot pretend
There's nothing left that won't cross over

Last night we slept on the lawn
You woke up and I was gone
Back to the dream I dream to leave
My life with her is a bore
A worn-out metaphor
No more surprises up its sleeve

We're old at being young, young at being old
Everything's been sold to others' revolutions

You're my alternative girlfriend
I love you and now you cannot pretend
There's nothing left that won't cross over

You live above your dad's four-car garage
With your vinyl and imaginary entourage
If I pull up in a U-Haul, pack up quick
So we can get out of this town, 'cause it makes me sick

You're my alternative girlfriend
I love you and now you cannot pretend
There's nothing left that won't cross over