

No FB

Descendents

What do I care what you think of me
What do you think you mean to me
You mean nothing can't you see
And I don't want to smell your stinky beave

No Fat Beaver
No Fat Beaver
Swear I'm gonna leave her
Can't stand her Fat Beaver

You look real nice to talk to
But I can't stand to look at you
Stop chasing me all over the place
And get your fucking F B out of my face

You may be the only chance I've got
But I think I'd rather be shot

Go away from me you fucking F B