

Put Me On Your Mix Tape

Far Too Jones

Hang me in your dorm room
Paint me on shampoo bottles and
Place me in plastic happy meals
Then give me away
New face, same old cd
Safe smack for easy deities
I'm blessed with blame
I'm giving it away
I wish I was beautiful
Book me on "Leno" and "Letterman"
Scratch a cheap logo here on my t-shirt
We'd be so happy
More money more sex more apathy
Sell me a cause I don't care which one
Put me on your mix tape
Put me on your mix tape
Then I could tell every me that I'm your super-star
Put me on your mix tape
Put me on your mix tape
Baby, I'm a wanna be pop star
In all this time
I was sure I'd find myself
In a poster on your locker door by now
Put me on your mix tape
I'm a newborn stereo super-star
Turn me on