

Yeah baby you and me, we're the perfect match
Maybe we could (Ab)use our sexuality, to justify being attached
Yeah we're perfect for each other, cause someone needs to care
for me
And you need a reason for living, and baby that's me
And you seem to need a man, to retain an identity
And we need each other, cause otherwise we'll die so obviously
Together in crippled bliss, we can perpetuate our insanity
See mom and dad taught us, what we need to find in a mate
Find a man with power, find a woman with beauty
In our social sect, we call the punk rock scene
This means the man with the most popular, the woman that looks
straight out of fashion magazines
See I'm afraid I'll die, if someone don't provide for me
And you seem to need a man, to retain an identity
And we need each other, cause otherwise we'll die so obviously
Together in crippled bliss, we can perpetuate our insanity
I found out the truth today
I found self-sufficiency inside a human being
I found my real savior today
And my saviors name is me