

Mr. Backrub

J Church

He was the biggest sleaze in the office,
Years later he'd be known as Mr. Backrub,
He'd melt you with his mini-pony tail and goatee,
And kill you with his "in touch with my feelings" gaze

He makes me sick,
He gives me creeps,
I hope he stays away from me, from me,
He makes me sick,
He gives me creeps,
I hope he stays away

On a drunk and desperate night,
My friend went home with him,
None of us could believe it,
"He's really okay,
It was just a lay,
He's aware,
At least someone cares",
My intelligence insulted

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I'm sure he's cruising in his Jeep Cherokee,
In retrospect it doesn't mean that much to me