

I'm a warm blooded stereotype
With built in faults that are birthright.
Be brash, bold, beautiful,
Or clean, cold, clean, cold and uptight.

Wax lyrical. Hack satirical.
Wax lyrical.

You open your mouth to move your feet,
You open your heart if it's for surgery.

If it's for surgery.

I would bemoan rather than be phoned,
And I'm as happy here as I would be over there.
Like my hair is beyond repair,
You can look but, but just don't stare.

Wax lyrical. Hack satirical.
Wax lyrical. Oh.

You open your mouth to move your feet,
You open your heart if it's for surgery.

For surgery.

I'm a warm blooded stereotype
With built in faults that are birthright.

Wax lyrical. Hack satirical.
Wax lyrical. Hack satirical.

You open your mouth to move your feet,
You open your heart if it's for surgery.

For surgery.