

stick a spoon into your heart
and eat away all your deutch marks
your money dont mean a damn thing
im wearing everything i own
stop being cool oh oh, oh oh, oh oh
stop being cool oh oh, oh oh, oh oh

night time running in and out of cars
im treading on my nerves
i wont make up a fuss
cheer boy is not ready for your fun
so give up all your love
give up all your love

the air is sticking to me
your in my room and still wont leave
to me it is something more
in love a 22 4

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im ready to give up on you now
im waiting till the sun has gone down
im waiting for a strand of your gold locks
to saw my stomach shut
and everybody knows you want a baby
and god knows everybody wants one too
latin promsies always keep breaking
now i dont know what to do

and everybody knows you want a baby
well god knows everybody wants one too
everybody knows you want a baby
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