

You're So Yesterday

Marvelous 3

I guess I met the Devil
But I sure didn't know no better
You were cool as hell like e-mail
But still timeless like a letter

As I sit and I stare at the satanic glare
At the glass frame in front of your face
You're alone on my shelf, yelling, "Look at yourself"
I feel like Bobby Brady breaking the vase

And now you're all screwed up

You're so yesterday, miles away
Promised myself on New Years Day
I'd take a bath today and wash you away
As all of your little blond hairs go down the drain

Your sister called me yesterday
To tell me I was a loser
At least I haven't lost my mind
And at least I'm not a boozier

As I tried to heed to your wants and your needs
You were solemnly lost in space
So keep reading your books on 'How to give dirty looks'
Every time I should be put in my place

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