

Hot Girls Make Guys Do Really Stupid Things

MC Lars

They burned down Troy to get you back,
Young thing, beauty queen, baby got back!
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Young thing, beauty queen, baby got back!

Since the dawn of time, it's always been true
Hot girls - guys will do anything for you
It's not misogyny - because men are dumb
Unfortunately we always succumb
Paris met this girl on his trip to Sparta
And gave her more power than the Magna Carta
36-24-36 see, Helen of Troy rocking size double D
He said, "Hey baby let's flee to Troy
I'll be your boy toy, forget the hoi polloi
So you're married to a king who runs Ancient Greece?
They doesn't scare me," and they sailed northeast
He said, "love conquers all" her husband said "conquer this"
Demolishing Troy with 1000 angry ships (ooh!)
Love's a battlefield, so Paris got iced
Helen married his brother - and that's not very nice

Hot girls will make guys do really stupid things
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Girls will make guys do really stupid things

(Some call it fate, while some call it whack
but girls own guys and that's a fact
Some call it fate, some call it whack
but girls own guys and that's a fact)

There was Lady Macbeth, beautiful red hair
Who pushed her man to be a king and millionaire
He said "I'm a thane! There is none higher"
She said "become king, and they'll call you sire"
The murder rampage his wife inspired
And he didn't stop killing 'till he retired
Remember John Hinckley Jr.? He fell for Jodie Foster
In 1980 he tried to join the roster
Of Lee Harvey Oswald and John Wilkes Booth
Stepping up to bat like (who?) Babe Ruth
To win Jodie's heart with sweet innovation
Attempting presidential public assassination
Busting caps in Ronald Reagan like he was 50 cent
Like "look Jodie I love you" - his romantic intent
But Reagan survived, and they locked Hinckley away
And Jodie won't return his calls to this very day

And I'll put it on the table, the ladies get me too
I fall for them at shows, but wait I'm not through
I knew this girl named Dana who lived in Carmel Valley
Brunette with green eyes, a young Kirstie Alley
You think you know someone when you talk about life,
When she lives down the road when you come home from school that's nice
We hung out over break there was tension in the air
But then I went on tour - so what? So there
She called me in Seattle and I called her back

She said "I can't wait to see you", so how about that?
I drove down south to see her, feeling kind of good
It something good should happen, then I thought it would
But I got a flat tire and then I got lost
I got stuck in traffic and I was breathing exhaust
I showed up we hung out she showed me her dorm
She gave me a hug, welcoming and warm
She said, "Stay the night, it's too late to drive back
P.S. we're just friends" Okay, what? Whack.

And here's the worse part:
I left my favorite shirt on her floor.
Public Enemy, the enemy strikes black. Geeze.

This song serves as a lesson. For any guy who's done stupid things for a girl. Like, if you let her borrow your acoustic guitar you got when you were twelve, and learned all these songs on, and then didn't get back from her, because you went to college, and she went to Seattle, and you didn't see her, and she wouldn't get the guitar back to you, because apparently she gave you something stupid, which was of equal value, but not really, because that guitar's really nice, it was made in Brazil, and it has nice nylon strings, that's what I'm talking about.