

## Feminine Effects

of Montreal

Bobby, baby, you make me blurry  
So blurry inside  
I know I'm down home but I  
Always thought a limousine was  
Something to be laughed at

Something to be laughed at

Bobby, baby, you make me blurry  
So blurry inside  
I know I'm not your cut  
But I never thought that I was just  
Something to be laughed at

Something to be laughed at

I was a teenager when you  
Took me from my mama's bed  
And brought me to the real city  
I tried my best to become what  
I thought you wanted

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So blurry inside  
I know I'm down home but I  
Always thought a limousine was  
Something to be laughed at