

Less Cute

Say Anything

Never thought that I could feel such a slap in the face
Since my semester in New York where I drank it away
Social strategies are taught to Bohemian crowds
And my love was like a food stamp handing it out
Oh, though I fell in love with you, all fey and grizzled and mature,
You left me naked, pining, whining on your bathroom floor
If it makes you jealous, tell us just which boy we should adore
Only talk about myself so I don't mind that he's a bore

He's like a less cute version of you but he'll have to do
He's like a Wal-Mart version of you but he'll have to do
He'll have to do

Mountain man! Brag about your band to me!
You got me hot with all those snide remarks about my poetry
But he gobbles up every single line about the stars
And how they scar my slightly chubby arms like brightly light cigars

So now, he's next to me
But I can feel you in my heart
You're everything
You're everything he'll never be
It's misery, and, more specifically,
I miss that day you spit on me.

He's like a less cute version of you but he'll have to do
He's like a Wal-Mart version of you but he'll have to do
He'll have to do
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He's like a Wal-Mart version of you but he'll have to do
He'll have to do

He's got no inkling of your status or mind
He's just the glue that I splatter to bind
You and I are like Siamese twins,
So let this sick sad game begin

Now, you're here again and he will wonder where I've been
I'm giving in but, in my own opinion, it's how to be
Though I can hear him singing:
"All this envy's killing me. It's killing me."

He's like a less cute version of you but he'll have to do
He's like a Wal-Mart version of you but he'll have to do
He'll have to do
He's like a less cute version of you but he'll have to do
(And every time I see your face I die inside.)
He's like a Wal-Mart version of you but he'll have to do
(And every time I see your face I die inside.)
He'll have to do