

She clings to me like cellophane
Fake plastic submarine
Slowly driving me insane
But now that's over

So what if the sex was great
Just a temporary escape
Another thing I grew to hate
But now that's over

Why you always kick me when I'm high
Knock me down till we see eye to eye
Figured her out I know she
May not be Miss Right, but she'll do right now

I used to hang on every word
Each lie was more absurd
Kept me so insecure
But now that's over

She taught me how to trust
And to believe in us
And then she taught me how to cuss ... that bitch!
It's over

You know, I used to be such a nice boy

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Figured her out I know she
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She'll do right now

Right now

Oh..Right now