

Take your parents credit cards
Buy a bunch of crap that you don't need
And will never ever use
Your mom and dad are out of town
And they trust you implicitly
A rubber chicken for the mail man
Is on your horizon

And there is nothing
That I'd rather do
And there is nothing
That I'd rather do

Your sugar daddy's turning 50
He shops for you indiscreetly
A fashion show
In his penthouse and black silk kimono
Step out into your short shorts
Put out as often as you need to
To make his summer #1

And there is nothing
That I'd rather do
And there is nothing
That I'd rather do