

Playmate of the Year

Zebrahead

There's this girl I don't know.
Comes by every year or so.
And if I get the mail before my mom does
then I'll stay out of trouble.
She'll change every year,
even pretty without beer.
She doesn't care about my hair,
my car,
my tiny pee pee in the mirror.

Whoo, Yeah,
She's finally here.
Whoo, Yeah,
she comes one time a year.
Whoo, yeah,
and she's finally here.
Whoo, Yeah,
my playmate of the year.
She moves me. She makes me grow.
I'm so happy, and boy does it show.
Now she's going to my head, she's going to my head (to my head)
I'm gonna make this milky clear,
you're my, playmate of the year.

Hello, how are you?
It's great to see you too.
Let's grab a sock, it's time to rock.
And afterwards you never wanna talk.
We always agree,
who's in charge here is me.
We never fight you know I'm right,
it's always straight between you and me.
Let me go down on this girl for a day.
We can spin the bottle, everyone has her say.
know it's the the best that she's ever had.
She can be my playmate, she can call me dad.

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