

Typical

Tickle Me Pink

She struts up to me
She whispers my name
as if I know her
But I never knew her...
She asks me the time
A quarter to one
we go for a drive I just don't know her

...

On the coldest night
In the darkest room
I will sleep alone
Cuz it's better than you
Yeah, it's better than you
You can't play me like that
It's a matter of fact
You're nothing more
than a typical whore And I won't be your fool
Anymore

I go to her house
Flip on the tele
and lie on the couch But I don't feel her
Anymore

She asks me to bed
This is the end
of my disenchantment
Now that I'm walking
out the door
On the coldest night
In darkest room
I will sleep alone Cuz it's better than you
Yeah, it's better than you
You can't play me like that
It's a matter of fact
You're nothing more
than a typical whore And I won't be your fool
Anymore

Maybe some day you'll get it
Perhaps you'll regret it
Or maybe you'll find someone else who accepts it
I won't be the one

...

.....

You can't play me like that
it's a matter of fact

...

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Perhaps you'll regret it

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...

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