

The Gripes

Blitzkid

There's this one girl I know
That doesn't like to wear shoes
Digs Korn and Winnie The Pooh
Dates my friend Chris and she ain't got a clue

There's this one girl I know
That doesn't like to wear shoes
Digs Korn and Winnie The Pooh
Dates my friend Chris and she ain't got a clue

But they've got life and they've got love
Sit bored all day and listen to goth
Yeah they - make me smile knowing all the while
There's things they hate about me too

And we don't mind
We don't mind
We don't mind
And we get along just fine

I hate their stupid dog
It's got these huge eyeballs
He's obsessed with Chris Cornell
And she's got it bad for Peter Steele

I hate their fucking dog
It's got these huge eyeballs
He's obsessed with Chris Cornell
And she's got it bad for Peter Steele

They like to sing Tori Amos
And eat lots of buttered toast
Yeah they - make me sick but I can't live without them
I'm sure they don't like the same stuff I do

And we don't mind
We don't mind
We don't mind
And we get along just fine

We don't mind
We don't mind
We don't mind
And we get along just fine

When we watch wrestling we're okay
All the pet peeves just go away
And we don't care who told a stupid joke
These little gripes just make us strong

And we don't mind
We don't mind
We don't mind
And we get along just fine

We don't mind
We don't mind

We don't mind
And we get along just fine

Cause we don't mind (It doesn't matter)
We don't mind (It doesn't matter)
We don't mind (It doesn't matter)
And we get along just fine

We don't mind (It doesn't matter)
We don't mind (It doesn't matter)
We don't mind (It doesn't matter)
And we get along just fine
And we don't mind