

Do You Like Me Like That?

Bratmobile

I got a story about D.C. to tell
And I don't think you're going to like it very well
It's about boys and girls, and the rich and the poor
But what if no one can afford to live here anymore?

Well I guess you can, 'cause you got a trust fund
You're so comfortable, but you're the only one
So I'm gonna turn it up and shake you down
'Cause your past is too clean, gonna throw it all around

You were brought up well, but your daddy never taught you
To keep your mouth shut.
Well omigod!
We don't do that here!

Well now we do
You'll see what we're gonna do about you.
You're taking one thing that one girl does
And making it represent all of us

So what do you know about the catty girls?
The only thing you know is your rich boy world
You're talking politics on your pedestal
And you half-baked idea of "what it means to be a girl"

But you can't feel how we suffer or we bleed
You can't give us what we want, much less what we need.
Well omigod!
Well I know what you said!

Yeah you can't run!
You say the girls are dum, but not this one!
You narrow your world to the safest girl
And up your nose with all the rest

Well we do exist and we do insist
That a life that's boring is the life without risk
You don't know what it's like to be harrassed all day
Then to be told that you're only in the way

We're living in fear, trying not to disappear
So yeah, we're kinda weird, not normal, no way!
Well omigod!
We don't say that here!

Well that's not cool
You say the boys are too, but why not you?
So I got a story about D.C. to tell
But I don't think you're goinna like it very well

It's about "Nice Guys" and the girls who let them
Be innocent as rain and about as thoughtless.
You can bring the keg and I'll bake the cake
And we'll raise our glass to another mistake

So what if us girls try to tear ourselves apart?

Well we're here to tell you that it's time to get smart!