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did you, ever think you would end up all alone
talking to your girlfriends telephone
yesterday you broke up; now your through
and she said it's not because of you
you try to ask her simply why, you start to scream & start to c
ry
then she tells you once again, where her tongue has really been
she met a girl on friday night, they start to kiss and start to
bite
and the rest is history, that's why this girl is not with me
my girlfriend, whoa oh - wa oh oh
my girlfriend, whoa oh - wa oh oh
my girlfriend, whoa oh - wa oh oh
my girlfriend
```

two weeks later, at a party in the boones i saw my girlfriend and another leave the room they went upstairs, and they turned off all the lights i sat and watched em' cause, that's what a loser does somebody tell me what the hell is wrong with me my luck with women, still remains a mystery i can't keep the girls, from always changing sides unless they're fat & ugly, even then they fantacize [repeat chorus....]

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i want to be a lezbian
i want to be a lezbian
i want to be a lezbian
i want to be a lezbian like you
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