

# I Don't Want Her

Teen Idols

Oh, here she comes again, Ms. Nasty  
Walking like the princess of the ball  
Avoiding all the jealous girls  
She thinks that all the boys  
Are waiting on her beck and call

Why in the world has she singled me out  
As the object of her dirty lust  
What can I say to make sure there's no doubt  
That she fills me with utter disgust  
Please tell me 'cause

I don't want her telephone number  
I don't want to give her a call  
Forget about the flowers  
And the chocolate covered candy  
'Cause I don't even want her at all

Come here and put your arms around me  
If only so she'll see me holding you  
I've tried a hundred million ways  
Of giving her the hint  
But she still hasn't gotten a clue