

Take your parents credit cards  
Buy a bunch of crap that you don?t need  
And will never ever use  
Your mom and dad are out of town  
And they trust you implicitly  
A rubber chicken for the mail man  
Is on your horizon

And there is nothing  
That I'd rather do  
And there is nothing  
That I'd rather do

Your sugar daddy?s turning 50  
He shops for you indiscreetly  
A fashion show  
In his penthouse and black silk kimono  
Step out into your short shorts  
Put out as often as you need to  
To make his summer #1

And there is nothing  
That I'd rather do  
And there is nothing  
That I'd rather do