

Ben Folds Five, Song For The Dumped Minor

So you wanted
To take a break
Slow it down some
And have some space
Well f**k you too

Give me my money back
Give me my money back
Give me my money back
You bitch
I want my money back
I want my money back
And don't forget
To give me back my black T-shirt

I wish I hadn't bought you
dinner
right before you dumped me
on your front porch

Oh, give me my money back
Give me my money back
Give me my money back
You bitch
I want my money back
I want my money back
And don't forget
To give me back my black T-shirt

(Ben: There were some words that were left out of the original that Darren
Jessee wrote and I couldn't sing them. I just couldn't make myself sing
them...until TONIGHT. A new world.)

You f**king whore
You f**king whore
You f**king whore

So you wanted
To take a break
Slow it down some
And have some space
Well f**k you too

Give me my money back
Give me my money back
Give me my money back
You bitch
I want my money back
I want my money back
And don't forget
Yeah, don't forget

You short,
mean,
bossy,
overbearing,
Always answer the phone
Before I can get to it,
whiny,
you're an otherwise
sweet
(???)
be-atch

And don't forget...