



Don't Tell Me What To Wear

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I went to school today, the teacher threw me out
Said what I was wearing was bound to make him shout
I said get outta my face, don't tell me how to look
Go back to your algebra and you're basic algebra book
Listen man

CHORUS:

Don't tell me, don't tell me, don't tell me what to wear
Don't tell me, don't tell me, don't tell me to cut my hair
Don't tell me, don't tell me, don't tell me what to wear, you square

I went to my cousin's wedding with my black leather jacket on
Well, the groom tried to tell me how I was dressed wrong
I say don't tell me how to look, think, or act
I won't even listen to you, I think you're a drag, such a drag

CHORUS

I went to a chic French restaurant, I wasn't wearin' no tie
The maitre'd had the audacity to say: Boy, you must be high
I say: You're drinks look funny, costs too much money
And there's snails in your food
You don't like the looks of me; I don't like the looks of you

CHORUS