

Thanks!

You said, "Hey, groupie, give me your number!"
But little did you know
I'm not a groupie; I'm the fucking drummer
An integral part of the show

You said, "You're not a real musician,"
And you took away my guitar
Your plan to put me down didn't work
I still feel like a star

You said I'd never be a therapist
Because I wasn't mentally well
That's rich coming from you
You wanted me under your spell

The shit you say, it stays in my brain
I'll keep it there for a rainy day
It's meant to sway, but it motivates
So I guess I should just say, "Thanks!"

You said it was all in my head
When I came to you so sick
You wouldn't even read my labwork
You sexist, entitled prick

You said that I was getting too fat
Right before I gave birth
Talk about a partnership
That really builds your self-worth

The shit you say, it stays in my brain
I'll keep it there for a rainy day
It's meant to sway, but it motivates
So I guess I should just say, "Thanks!"