Your New Boyfriend By Wilbur Soot

My life isn't quite what I thought i'd be.

When I was a kid on V.O.I.P.

I thought when I'd get ol-der, I'd marry her, I told her.

Now I'm 26 and I work in an Office.

Nine till five's not the best I'll be honest.

If I could change a single thing I'd make it me and not him..

But he's in your bed and I'm in your Twitch chat!

ba da da da, dada dada

I've got the key and he's just a doormat!

ba da da da, dada dada

And even though he's social skills, that doesn't mean I can't, pay the bills.

Anyway, make the most of him.

Cuz she moves on pretty bloody quick!

O-woah. Your new boyfriend's an asshole...

WOO!

Yeah I've met Jared (of course I've met Jared!).

The one who took you away from me.

'Ya hit it off instantly.

I know cuz you won't stop telling me!

I've seen his jawline, shoulders and muscles. Pushed against his fashion sense.

I've thought about what he look like nude.. (not gay though).

Cuz she's living the Dream (living the Dream, living the Dream~).

Oh she's living the Dream.

From back when we were 17. x2

How on earth can I be safe? When I'm one click away from insane.

I just think that I deserve, a little bit of what I earned.

I'm not gonna make another scene.

Like the one I made when I was 23.

That means I'm not allowed in Disney world.

duh- duh- duh...

But he's in you're bed and I'm in your Twitch chat!

ba da da da, dada dada

I've got the key and he's just a doormat!

ba da da da, dada dada

And even though he's social skills, that doesn't mean I can't, pay the bills.

Anyway, make the most of him.

cuz she moves on pretty bloody quick!

O-woah. Your new boyfriend's an asshole..

long trumpet that i don't want to have to type out.

I think about you, every day (every day~).

Cuz how on earth can I be saved (can I be saved~).

I think about him a lot as, well (what I think about~).

Maybe if he wasn't fine as, hell (he's really fine as hell).

Cuz you're Beauty.

And you're, Grace.

Your tella-phone calls are my favorite plaaaace.

I want you to notice me.

No restraining order, please.

(Jason Durulo!)

I want you to care.

I want to smell your hair.

*ba dadada, dadada da, da, da, ba dadada, dadada da, da, da,

ba dadada, dadada da, da, da, ba dadada, dadada da, da, da!*

[Done! Bye!]

[If you got here from the wattpad link this is just the better version of what I typed you]