

God, I have to know
Is it really true?
I refuse to believe in
The stuff they write about you

You always look real depressive
But that's what makes you cute
Say it ain't so, say it ain't so
Have you become a fruit?

Vaseline bizniz, improves your record sales
Vaseline bizniz, you know it never fails
Vaseline bizniz, will make you interesting
When you're too pissed to dance and too high to sing

My teenage dream is fucked
Although you don't know
While I plan for our marriage
You find some handsome guy to blow

Then you speak about it frankly
In an in-depth interview
And I slip into denial
'Cos I know it isn't true

Vaseline bizniz, improves your record sales
Vaseline bizniz, you it never fails
Vaseline bizniz, will make you interesting
When you're too pissed to dance and you're too stoned to sing

Yeah, I had a bad time
My heart was torn in two
Burned all my posters
Thought I'd never make it through

But I worship another boy-group now
Everybody else sucks!
I even got their autographs
Take that, you backstreet cocks!