

She's got a comb in her pocket to feather her hair
He's got Ozzie on his t-shirt, it's the only one he'll wear
They meet after homeroom out in the hall and cruise to the Circle K
With cigarettes, flannels, and pens
She's gonna be a writer, he's going to play guitar

Stoner Love, Stoner Love
Every Tuesday night at the rave
I was there, and I don't care what you say
It happened
It's ladies' choice snowball
Guys are in line
He knows who he's waiting for
And she goes and picks somebody else
And a stranger finds him and says, « I don't know who you are »
Stoner Love, Stoner Love
Every Tuesday night at the rave
I saw you there, and I don't care what you say
It happened

Yeah
And if you think it was so bad, then don't forget it
It will happen again
Stoner Love, Stoner Love
Every Tuesday night at the rave
I was there, and I don't care what you say
It happened

Yeah
Stoner Love, Stoner Love
Stoner Love, Stoner Love
Stoner Love, Stoner Love, Stoner Love
De doo doo, de doo doo
De doo doo, de doo doo
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah