Another Lover

White Town

I think I need another lover
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Like I need a hole in my head
Why do you chase me and play hard to get
When you know very well that I couldn't care less
I could never find a girl like you
Appealing
With your soft boiled head
And hard boiled views
You're a baby maggie thatcher in trendier shoes
It would make me laugh
If it wasn't quite so depressing
Do I really have to tell the world
I've already found my perfect girl

I see you're furious cos I'm staying calm
Well my fidelity is not prey to your charms
I bet you never thought someone who looks like me
Could be so choosy
So go back to the bar and I'll stay here
In the same little corner I've stood for years
With the geeks and the freaks
My unfashionable clique
Of losers
Do I really have to tell the world
I've already found my perfect girl
Is it so hard to understand
Look at my third finger
Left hand

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