Getting Hit On At The Bank

The Briefs

I was standing in line
Getting hit on at the bank
What kind of man do you think I am?
Because I have a bad haircut
Because I wear a leather jacketI can see the traces, oh
You show a bit of empathy
You'd be better off in space, babe
Using some kind of telepathyI'm a reject of the society
Your career might have
Maybe with credit history
You're so square, I won't be your pet
I'll find another teller
Go and give me the slipI was cutting some tracks
Getting hit on at the studio
What kind of man do you think I am?
Because my shades are cheap plastic
Because my suede shoes are redI can hear the swish swish, oh
Of the wheels of the edit tape
Sticky situations, oh
That's not one that I'll takeI write pop songs
Something called groovy
That does not mean I get fruity
You're the producer
Now get on with your work
Understand my proposition
Don't get your feelings hurtI'm misunderstood
I'm misunderstood
I'm misunderstoodI was taking my time
Getting sexy at the Briefs show
I don't need no one to hold my hand
Not the girls at the record store
Baby, I'm an independent man, yeahGetting hit on at the bank
(Bank)
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
No thanks
(Don't wanna, don't, don't wanna)Getting hit on at the bank
(Bank)
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
No thanks

(Don't wanna, don't, don't wanna)Getting hit on at the bank
(Bank)
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
No thanks
(Don't wanna, don't, don't wanna)Getting hit on at the bank
(Bank)
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh
No thanks
(Don't wanna, don't, don't wanna)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/