

Inbetweener

Sleeper

Shopping for kicks, got the weekend to get through

She's keeping the rain off her Saturday hairdo

She stops for a coffee, she smiles at the waiter

He winks at his friends and they laugh at her later

He's cleaning the car on his pebble dash driveway

New chamois leather, he got for his birthday

He reads Harold Robbins, he flirts with his neighbor

Ignores her at breakfast, he's reading the paper

He dreams of a roller, she dreams of a fast getaway

He's not a prince, he's not a king

She's not a work of art or anything

It makes no sense another year

(No sense, another year)

What kind of A to Z would get you here?

He's nothing special, she's not too smart

He studies fashion, she studies art

I think I told you, right from the start

You were just my inbetween, just my inbetween

You're such an inbetweener

He went to the dream boys got tickets from Keith Prowse

Canceled his lifelong subscription to Penthouse

She goes 'round the corner, she sees Harry Conway

She says to herself that she'll leave him on Monday

He dreams of a roller, she dreams of a fast getaway

He's not a prince, he's not a king

She's not a work of art or anything

It makes no sense another year

(No sense, another year)

What kind of A to Z would get you here?

He's nothing special, she's not too smart

He studies fashion, she studies art

I think, I told you right from the start

You were just my inbetween

Just my inbetween

He's not a prince, he's not a king

She's not a work of art or anything

It makes no sense another year

What kind of A to Z would get you here?

He's nothing special, she's not too smart

He doesn't listen, she doesn't laugh

I think, I told you right from the start

Now it's much too late to ask me where I've been

You were just my inbetweener

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>