# Bunny Ain't No Kind Of Rider

## Of Montreal

Saw her at Go kissing girls, what a shock
I said you must be an artist
She muttered her reply, I was judging her friend
As the DJ played a dead jam
No one wants to dance
They're outside smoking cigarettes
Matthew was there, yes, he gave me the eye
Saying, "It doesn't kill to try" then blue lights all around
Eva, I'm sorry, but you will never have me
To me you're just some faggy girl
And I need a lover with soul power
And you ain't got no soul power
Eva, I'm sorry, but you will never have me
To me you're just some faggy girl
And I need a lover with soul power
No, you ain't got no soul
She lead me outside to the church with the swing
There I was her confessor
Her come on made me blush, was her crush for the night?
Until I screamed, 'Stop'
?Hey, you must be aware I'm not alone
I've got a tigress back at home and besides
You wouldn't know what to do with me"
And under the blue lights you see them gossiping
Gossiping, gossiping, gossiping, gossiping
Gossiping, gossiping
Eva, I'm sorry, but you will never have me
To me you're just some faggy girl
And I need a lover with soul power
And you ain't got no soul power
Eva, I'm sorry, but you will never have me
To me you're just some faggy girl
And I need a lover with soul power
And you ain't got no soul power
No, you ain't got no soul power
No, you ain't got no soul power
No, you ain't got no soul power
Say you ain't got no soul power
No, you ain't got no soul

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