She's Got It Bad

[Simply Red](#)

I get off my things, I lay down in the sidelanes
I don't feel that I hide, just permanently ride
And I'm waiting for your gentle rain
Something that'll help me learnBut one look at her and you know
That she's got it bad
One look in the mirror shows
I live as I want
But she's got it badCheck it out, check it out, roll up there now huh!
She's headed for a festival of heartache
Miss executive desperation you only suck the blood that's spilled
Your macho imitation femininity is killed
I pray that you feel no pain
Only if it helps you learnBut one look at her and you know
That she's got it bad
One look and the mirror shows
I live as I want
But she's got it bad
She knows it
It shows!

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