Women Lose Weight

Morcheeba

What a surpriser, open your eyes, a woman adviser
The name of this entertainment is "Women lose weight"
Our first years of marriage everything was just great
But after two kids and the weight gain factors
Fact is now she's completely unattractive
Look fat chicks I don't mean to sound rude
I tell her nice "Hit the gym and don't eat so much food", but no
"You're shallow, you need to run the course
Of unconditional love and so forth"
But how if desire's is not there that's just delayment
Divorce is, child support, alimony payments
My unhappiness I doubt discouraged
So hurry for an easier way out this marriage
Meanwhile my secretary June, well groomed
"When you gonna leave your wife?" I tell her
"Soon mommy soon" I assume or my destiny is blue
Interestingly the only thing left for me to do is to kill her
What a surpriser, open your eyes, a woman adviser
I'm gonna have to kill her
Course there's laws which enforces divorces
Send that ass right to the morgue Miss, kill her
What a surpriser, open your eyes, a woman adviser
I'm gonna have to kill her
Course there's laws which enforces divorces
Send that ass right to the morgue Miss
My plans against or shenanigans kinda ran thin
Knowin' nothing 'bout poisoning and I can't swim
Bad intentions pumpin' might as well become numb
Cut her lungs or the obvious robbery gone wrong
But the catch is do I have the nerve to dispatch this?
Who could I get to help me murder this fat chick?
Guess I'll have to play a dude Robbin
On Wednesday the day she usually goes food shopping
Anyway long story short hit the side of her Chrysler
Sent her clean over the divider, "You bastard", she said
As the wreck went tumblin' down the hill
I thought, "She has to be dead"
Later on get a call from a Lieutenant O Rourke
Had me leapin' like a frog "We need you at the morgue"

So I selfishly pursue, boohoo, there was nothing else
For me to do I had to kill her
What a surpriser, open your eyes, a woman adviser
C'mon ya'll know I had to kill her

Course there's laws which enforces divorces
Send that ass right to the morgue Miss, kill her
What a surpriser open your eyes, a woman adviser
I had to kill her
Course there's laws which enforces divorces
Send that ass right to the morgue Miss
"So you mean to tell me officer you don't have no clue
Who did this hit and run", "No sir we don't have no clues right now"
"This is terrible what am I gonna tell the kids?"
"Pull yourself together sir"
"I'm so broken up inside I just can't believe this"
"I understand, understand"
"Catch the person who did this"
"We're gonna try sir", "Please"
Screamin', "Who done took my heart" acting shakin' up a lot
At the funeral though everyone was lookin' at me odd like I did it
Like I was the reason my mates slain murmuring
"I heard he was displeased with her weight gain"
While my secretary sort of a sexy blonde can't cook
All she does is order from restaurants
All of the sex you want I doubt could address
Clothes not washed proper and house look a mess and
Talkin' to detectives that was waitin' outside
How I took a long lunch break day the wife died
I darn near turned pale and because of betrayal they indicted me
Gave me an impossible bail
Good fortune to anyone admiring the raw tent
Moral of the story is, "Desire is important"
So watch your weight it'll keep you mate smitten it's a given
Though looking back I realized I didn't have to kill her
What a surpriser, open your eyes, a woman adviser
I didn't have to kill her
Course there's laws which enforces divorces
Send that ass right to the morgue Miss, I killed her
What a surpriser open your eyes, a woman adviser
I didn't have to kill her
Course there's laws which enforces divorces
Send that ass right to the morgue Miss
Well there you have it
Keep thin, trim

Keep your marriages healthy do you know what I mean?
Small message from Morcheeba and Slick Rick the ruler
Peace

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/