

This Girl

Chumbawamba

This girl, she didn't turn out quite the way she was supposed to do
This girl, she got bored of all the things they brought her up to say
 She never meant them anyway
 This girl, she got caught out on the multi-storey car park
 Throwing goodbye notes wrapped up in bricks
When they put her in the car she said, 'Jesus made me do it'
 But all the priests in all the world couldn't save this girl
 This girl, content with all the bloody noses, scabby knees
 You get from fighting wars like these,
 Running past the tidy houses pulling faces
 This material world couldn't tempt this girl
 (Chorus)
 Now she entertains the world and all its mates
 But she doesn't fit in
 And everybody thinks this girl is great
But she's lacing all the party drinks with venom from a poison pen
 This girl, she made a habit of habitually lying
 Does everybody's head in
 She knows what happens when the next stop that you see
 It's not the one that everyone expected it to be
This girl, happy families 'round the supermarket check-out
 She loves to be the odd one out
 The party girl who stayed upstairs
 Playing musical chairs
 La-la, la-la-la
 She doesn't care this girl.
 (Repeat chorus)
This girl, she didn't turn out quite the way she was supposed to do

Songwriters

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