

Really That Bad

The Pipettes

He's the boy that always sits
At the back of the class
He never does what he is told
(Oh no, he never does) They say he's several years older
Than the rest of us
But I don't, don't know if that is true
(Oh yes, you'd better believe it) I once sat next to him in geography
When he was thrown out of his class
He's got a tattoo on his arm
(I wonder where else) They say he'll only come to harm
But I can see that he has got a certain charm But what's beneath his smile?
But what's beneath his smile?
But what's beneath his smile? He's good enough to smile at me
When he passes me in the corridor
He's good enough to know my name
'Cause I heard him once So can he really be that bad?
Can he be that bad?
Can he really, really, really be that bad? He's the boy that always stands
By the bike sheds smoking on his own
And he once offered me a try
(Oh, did you really? Did you try?) But I was always too shy
Though I regret I know
Just to be near him for a while I doubt he needs much longer
I doubt he needs much longer
I doubt he needs much longer He's good enough to smile at me
When he passes me in the corridor
He's good enough to know my name
'Cause I heard him once So can he really be that bad?
Can he be that bad?
Can he really, really, really be that bad? He's good enough to smile at me
When he passes me in the corridor
He's good enough to know my name
'Cause I heard him once So can he really be that bad?
Can he be that bad?
Can he really, really, really, really
Really, really, really, really
Really, really, really be that bad?

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