

Satin Chic

Goldfrapp

You're so satin chic
Look rich, talking cheap
On your telephone
Won't be coming home
He's my man
Yeah, he's my man
You don't understand
Dressed up lizard green
Celluloid seventeen
Lip gloss bold as blood
You got 'em linin' up

He's my man
Yeah, he's my man
You don't understand
Racing through the stars
You killed me awhile
My smile synchronized
For every one tonight
He's my man
Yeah, he's my man
You don't understand

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