

Fabulously Lazy

Franz Ferdinand

I've hardly seen her likes before
Somewhere else, nowhere else before
The girl in the spotlight evermore
Like no one before, forever more
Bloody Marys, two for tea
Bubble bath and TV
All the boys from Rock n' Roll
Sometimes she likes soul
No one sees her lift a finger
What a singer, what a dancer
What a sinner
Fabulously lazy
Fabulously lazy
Fabulously lazy
All my work, for what it's worth
Won't do me none
Can make you feel so right
All those wins are a loss
Can't be a winner if she's never lost
Her success is divine
What a word for mine
Daytime is a tragedy
But now it smells like victory
Who does she think she is?
What a singer, what a dancer
What a sinner
She leaves the world in envy
All is now, no maybe
No one's left untouched
She's so fabulously lazy
Fabulously lazy
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Fabulously lazy

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