

Girls/Fast Cars

The Wombats

We don't care for romance
Romance or shooting stars
They were last found together in 18th century memoirs
We don't care for lovers
If loving is all that they've got
There must be other hobbies if they want to keep the plot

I'm a man of simple taste
No whisky or caviar
And what I feel is what I say
I'm not trying to be smart

I like girls, girls and fast cars
You too will feel this shallow when one melts your heart little heart
They melt, they melt, they melt your little heart

We don't care for New Year
New Year or fireworks
If all they represent is how to go from bad to worse
But let's not feel disheartened
There's no need to turn the locks
We'll stick to what we know and what we know is not a lot

I'm a man of simple taste
No chewing on fat cigars
And what I feel is what I say I'm not trying to be smart

I like girls, girls and fast cars
It's cheap and it's pathetic but you can't hate me just because
I like girls, girls and fast cars
You too will feel this shallow when one melts your little heart
They melt, they melt, they melt your little heart

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