Girls

Diana Ross

Girls, they are so lovely
Oh girls, girls, oh, please love me
Girls run around in your head
'Til you wish you had boys instead
Girls, they are such fragile stuff
That you just can't get enough
Oh girls, girls
They are impossible
Girls, girls, girls, girls, girls
Do I have girls?
Let me tell you about some girls
I have three girls
Rhonda, Tracee and Chudney
I have girls in my bathroom
Girls in my closet
Girls wearing my shoes
My lipstick, my perfume
Sleeping with my husband
What was that?
They say your life changes
When you have kids
Bring it way down, Gill
You know your life doesn't change, it ends

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