

# Shy

## Gilbert O'Sullivan

Oh, every time I pass you I'm  
Inclined to look away  
I don't know why, but some day  
I will turn my head and say  
Excuse me miss, but this glove is  
it the one that you've just dropped  
And you'll reply by saying of course? or in as many words as I've never been successful  
I mean with girls of my own age  
They like the food and the wines I choose  
But after that I'm afraid  
That in the art of making love  
I'm really so naive it's not true  
I usually pretend I'm too tired  
And then fall asleep as proof  
And by the sound of things  
it looks as though I'm doomed  
To spend the rest of my life living in one room  
Dreaming of how one cold and windy night quite coolly  
Sophia Loren seduced me  
My name is John, I twenty one  
I drive a Ford Cortina estate  
If you'd care to join me in my room  
I'll show you my license plate

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