MODELS

Ham Sandwich

Girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls
Girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls
'Cause he loves the models and he hugs the models
Goes to lunch with models, 'cause he trying everyday
And when he sleeps with models then he dreams of models
Wants to be a model, 'cause it all he's got to say
Why don't you call?
Got your number, got your back on my wall
So why don't you call me?
If nothing all, robs my hunger like a trip to the mall
So why don't you call me?
Why don't you call?
Why don't you call?
Why don't you come around, baby?
There's nothing at all
You've got my number and it's driving me crazy
Credit cards and lobster and crystal in browns
Backdoors and bouncers only A-List allowed
All those faces in the places to be seen
Darling, we're in fashion, don't you know?
'Cause he loves the models and he hugs the models
Goes to lunch with models, 'cause he trying everyday
And when he sleeps with models then he dreams of models
Wants to be a model, 'cause it all he's got to say
His girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls
His girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls
His girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls
His girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls
A girl's got face, fancy place
Baby, can I stick with you?
And she's got heat, head to feet
Baby, what am I to do?
The girl's got style, legs for miles

Seen 'em walk all over you
You get your kicks like flies to shit
Buzzing around the model zoo
'Cause he loves the models and he hugs the models
Goes to lunch with models, 'cause he trying everyday

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His girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls
Where do you go after dinner 'stead of walking me home
Oh, where did you go to? Why didn't you phone?
Someone famous got you talking in code
Oh! Sashimi in Nobu
Why don't you call?
Why don't you call?
Why don't you come around, baby?
There's nothing at all
You've got my number and it's driving me crazy
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