

# Fag Hag

Lily Allen

I like apple pie  
And you like banoffee  
We both love shopping for furniture  
And meeting for coffee  
We pretend we're into art galleries  
'Cause it makes us feel clever  
We're both in our element when we're on our knees  
Whatever the weather  
I could be your fag hag  
And you could be my gay  
I'll never make you feel sad  
When you come out to play  
I could be your fag hag  
And you could be my gay  
I'll never make you feel sad  
When you come out to play  
We don't give a Fuck  
What people are thinking  
I know you'll always look out for me  
When we go out drinking

I can ask you things I can't ask anyone  
And you'll give me direction  
Apart from me, you're the only other person I know  
Who reads the travel section  
I could be your fag hag  
And you could be my gay  
I'll never make you feel sad  
When you come out to play  
I could be your fag hag  
And you could be my gay  
I'll never make you feel sad  
When you come out to play  
I could be your fag hag  
And you could be my gay  
I'll never make you feel sad  
When you come out to play  
I could be your fag hag  
And you could be my gay

I'll never make you feel sad  
When you come out to play

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