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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