

Posh Girls

Loveable Rogues

She passed, she's class.
Candy for the eye and a twinkle in her smile,
And she looks like butter wouldn't melt.

He's bewitched, her daddy's rich.
You can see she comes from money, but she's still a little honey.
And it looks like butter wouldn't melt.

He stuttered
'Oh I never thought I'd say this, but I think your so -
Awfully nice. Is that alright?' she said 'fine'

He was a little bit scared, a little apprehensive
He was just a boy from a local comprehensive.

But he'd heard that.
Posh girls have good manners, but they go like the clappers,
Because they never got to hang around with boys at school.
Posh girls have good manners, but they go like the clappers,
Because they never got to hang around with boys at school.

She seems, pristine, but don't be deceived, 'cause she's not that naive
Although it looks like butter wouldn't melt.

He had a fright, that night.
She'd opened his eyes to a world of surprise,
And the butter, oh the butter it had gone, it had gone.

She said 'oh'.
With a twinkle in her eye, she said 'oh my -
Take me home tonight'

He was a little bit scared, a little apprehensive
He was just a boy from a local comprehensive.

But he'd heard that.
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Because they never got to hang around with boys at school.
Posh girls have good manners, but they go like the clappers,

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There's nothing like a little bit of class.
 Wrapped in a perfect arse.
There's nothing like a little bit of class.
 The poor boy never stood a chance.

Is it true what they say about posh girls?
Is it true what they say about posh girls?
 Is it true what they say?
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There's nothing like a little bit of class.
 Wrapped up in a perfect arse.
There's nothing like a little bit of class.
 The poor boy never stood a chance.
There's nothing like a little bit of class.
 They'll all said it's never gonna last.
There's nothing like a little bit of class.
 Wrapped up in a perfect arse.

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