

# Bossa Nova

## Steve Houghton/Tom Warrington

Well I think I hate you  
Isn't this fun?  
You're gonna shoot  
And I darling loaded the gun  
I think I'm done  
What train did you step off of anyway?  
I really don't care  
I'm the luckiest girl  
Gonna lie with you, baby  
'Cause there's nowhere else  
I can lay  
I'm never talking to you again  
I'll go join the Marines  
And then I will peacefully sail away  
With some safe magazines  
Did you hear what I say?  
You can't fall down the stairs two times the same way  
And I really don't care  
I'm the luckiest girl  
Gonna tell you, "I love you"  
More than anything else  
I can see  
If people were cars, I'd be covered with scars  
I'll hold on to my dignity  
I bought this old dress to cover the mess  
Don't take it off, I don't want you  
I don't want you to see  
Stop singing that song  
I'll stand hard like a tree  
Yeah, you make me sick  
You red razor nick get your hot hands off me  
Maybe you're from the moon  
Sensibility tells me that this is too soon  
Oh my bones are bare  
I'm the luckiest girl  
Yeah and I want you, baby  
More than anything else  
More than anything else  
More than anything else

In the room  
More than anything else  
In the room

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