

Bunny Ain't No Kind Of Rider

of Montreal

Saw her at Go kissing girls, what a shock
I said you must be an artist
She muttered her reply, I was judging her friend
As the DJ played a dead jamNo one wants to dance
They're outside smoking cigarettesMatthew was there, yes, he gave me the eye
Saying, "It doesn't kill to try" then blue lights all aroundEva, I'm sorry, but you will never have me
To me you're just some faggy girl
And I need a lover with soul power
And you ain't got no soul powerEva, I'm sorry, but you will never have me
To me you're just some faggy girl
And I need a lover with soul power
No, you ain't got no soulShe lead me outside to the church with the swing
There I was her confessor
Her come on made me blush, was her crush for the night?
Until I screamed, 'Stop'?Hey, you must be aware I'm not alone
I've got a tigress back at home and besides
You wouldn't know what to do with me"And under the blue lights you see them gossiping
Gossiping, gossiping, gossiping, gossiping
Gossiping, gossipingEva, I'm sorry, but you will never have me
To me you're just some faggy girl
And I need a lover with soul power
And you ain't got no soul powerEva, I'm sorry, but you will never have me
To me you're just some faggy girl
And I need a lover with soul power
And you ain't got no soul power
No, you ain't got no soul powerNo, you ain't got no soul power
No, you ain't got no soul power
Say you ain't got no soul power
No, you ain't got no soul

Songwriters

KEVIN BARNESEPublished by

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