

# Too Fancy

Debbie Gibson

He likes Armani suits  
To wear with ties of silk  
Bought a herd of cows  
To milk his own milk  
I like his heart of gold, his personality  
He's just too fancy for me He's got a Cartier and a Mercedes Benz  
And that was all ok  
When we were only friends  
But when we're on a date  
It's all too plain to see  
He's just too fancy for me I like a man who can roll up his jeans  
And wade in the water  
And still has some dreams  
I like a man who can understand  
Simplicity Don't want 'em finely tuned  
Cause quirky men are cool  
The Concorde's caviar  
Ain't like Balducci's food  
Those thousand dollar suits  
May suit society  
But they're just too fancy for me Give me a fishing boat  
Give me a wide eyed grin  
Don't even try to gloat  
Cause you won't even win Don't want the courtside seats  
I want my nose to bleed  
He's just too fancy for me  
He's just too fancy for me

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