Bye Bye Fatman

Consumed

verse A:
Here she comes, clothes packed in her suitcase.
Here she comes, wearing maku-up upon her face.
Here she comes, always looking on the bright side.
Here she comes, sucking on my good sidechorus:
She said to me no-one cares and I've a good idea why.
If I said that I did care, then it would be a lie.
No-one cares about you and I've a good idea why.
Good idea why (3x)Here she comes, knocking upon my door.
Just the same you'd think by now she'd know the score.
Here she comes, looking for a free ride.
Here she comes, sucking on my good sideverse A
chorus

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