Distractions

Mike Mcclure

Fancy a big house
Some kids and a horse
I can not quite, but nearly
Guarantee, a divorce
I think that I love you
I think that I do
So go on mister, make Miss me Mrs you.

I love you, I love you, I love you, I do
I only make jokes to distract myself
From the truth, from the truth.

Fancy a fast car
A bag full of loot
I can nearly guarantee
You'll end up with the boot

I love you, I love you, I love you , I do
I only make jokes to distract myself
From the truth, from the truth.
I love you, I love you, I love you , I do
I only make jokes to distract myself
From the truth, from the truth.

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