

Miss Right

Pukka Orchestra

Jack is waiting tonight
He tries to relax but inside he's wound up tight
Tonight she's coming, he can feel it in his bones
Never again will Jackie have to be alone
He wants to prove, you can get blood out of a stone
But his hair's turning white
Waiting for Miss Right
And she is waiting as well
Her smile is bright but inside she's feeling like Hell
Only this morning has she started to suspect
Mr Right, don't come into this discotheque
He's got an image, she's still trying to perfect
She knows she is quite
Right for Mr. Right
So who's Miss Right
And where is she tonight
And does she have a right
To play so hard to get
Well, I bet she's someone you never met
Meanwhile, Jackie still waits
Too much disappointment is turning his love into hate
In this world, he doesn't seem to realize
He's looking for someone he wouldn't recognize
Someone ought to say, it's time to open up your eyes
You might see a light
Shine for you tonight
So who's Miss Right
She isn't here tonight
She maybe out of sight
But she's so hard to forget
So who's Miss Right
And where is she tonight
She doesn't have a right
To play so hard to get
I regret, she's someone I never met
I don't know, oh, why she is this way?
Can it be true what people say?
Never been loved, never been kissed
But only because she don't exist
Who is Miss Right?
Who is Miss Right?
Who is Miss Right?
Who?

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