Miss Right

Pukka Orchestra

Jack is waiting tonight
He tries to relax but inside he's wound up tightTonight 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 stoneBut his hair's turning white
Waiting for Miss RightAnd she is waiting as well
Her smile is bright but inside she's feeling like HellOnly 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 perfectShe knows she is quite
Right for Mr. RightSo 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 metMeanwhile, Jackie still waits
Too much disappointment is turning his love into hateIn 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 eyesYou might see a light
Shine for you tonightSo who's Miss Right
She isn't here tonight
She maybe out of sight
But she's so hard to forgetSo 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 metI 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 existBut only because she don't exist
But only because she don't exist
But only because she don't existWho is Miss Right?
Who is Miss Right?
Who is Miss Right?
Who is Miss Right?
Who?

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