

GQ

Lola Coca

You're a man without a backbone
I see you're looking for a window
You really think you're something special
And think you're hot but acting so cold
That rock 'n rock don't really move my soul
You're a budget Elvis Costello
Baby, you deserve a medal
For being number one asshole
Stop wasting my time
Even on the cover of GQ
I am never going home with you
A leather jacket don't impress me
I'm not a fool
I'm kinda different to the girl-next-door
I'm looking for something more
You're barking up the wrong tree
Girl please, rescue me
You're the legend of your lunch hour
Over me you bear no power
You'll never get a smidge from me
Acting like a chief on me
I bet you'd like to see me on my knees
This ain't reality MTV
Another reject from the city
I only listen out of pity
Stop wasting my time
Even on the cover of GQ
I am never going home with you
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