

# Mr. C

## Qypthone

You must be blind, you're blind, you're blind  
Or maybe I'm unkind, unkind, unkind  
You're the rich boy from my town, my town, my town  
But that can't win me round, me 'round, me 'round Oh you and all your people  
You think I like you 'cause you bought me a drink  
But I'm just short of cash and able to wink Excuse me Mr C  
Who you tryna kid?  
I'll take the drink, but if you think  
You're coming home with me  
Who you tryna kid?  
Oh you're so vain (I can't believe it) When you're under the lights, the lights, you're alright  
But conversation's dry, you're dry, you're dry  
Just trying to boast about your parents' house in the south of France  
And I'm laughing at the way you dance  
You're gone, you're gone, you're gone Oh you and all your people  
I've come to conclusion you're quite fit  
But I'm under no illusion you're a dick I, I never meant to hurt or make you cry  
Your mum's outside, she's waiting for you in her new X5  
I'm sure she'll dry those eyes Excuse me Mr C (excuse me Mr C)  
Excuse me Mr C (one more champagne please)  
Excuse me Mr C (and a strawberry daiquiri)  
Excuse me Mr C

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