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 'roundOh 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 winkExcuse 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 goneOh you and all your people
I've come to conclusion you're quite fit
But I'm under no illusion you're a dickI, 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 eyesExcuse 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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