

# Models

## Girls Aloud

Girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls  
Girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls 'Cause he loves the models and he hugs the models  
Goes to lunch with models, 'cause he trying everyday  
And when he sleeps with models then he dreams of models  
Wants to be a model, 'cause it all he's got to say Why don't you call?  
Got your number, got your back on my wall  
So why don't you call me?  
If nothing all, robs my hunger like a trip to the mall  
So why don't you call me? Why don't you call?  
Why don't you call?  
Why don't you come around, baby?  
There's nothing at all  
You've got my number and it's driving me crazy Credit cards and lobster and crystal in browns  
Backdoors and bouncers only A-List allowed  
All those faces in the places to be seen  
Darling, we're in fashion, don't you know? 'Cause he loves the models and he hugs the models  
Goes to lunch with models, 'cause he trying everyday  
And when he sleeps with models then he dreams of models  
Wants to be a model, 'cause it all he's got to say His girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls  
His girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls  
His girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls  
His girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls A girl's got face, fancy place  
Baby, can I stick with you?  
And she's got heat, head to feet  
Baby, what am I to do? The girl's got style, legs for miles  
Seen 'em walk all over you  
You get your kicks like flies to shit  
Buzzing around the model zoo 'Cause he loves the models and he hugs the models  
Goes to lunch with models, 'cause he trying everyday  
And when he sleeps with models then he dreams of models  
Wants to be a model, 'cause it all he's got to say His girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls  
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His girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls  
His girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls Where do you go after dinner 'stead of walking me home  
Oh, where did you go to? Why didn't you phone?  
Someone famous got you talking in code  
Oh! Sashimi in Nobu Why don't you call?  
Why don't you call?  
Why don't you come around, baby?

There's nothing at all  
You've got my number and it's driving me crazy 'Cause he loves the models and he hugs the models  
Goes to lunch with models, 'cause he trying everyday  
And when he sleeps with models then he dreams of models  
Wants to be a model, 'cause it all he's got to say He loves the models and he hugs the models  
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His girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls, girls  
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