

Autonomadic, Sugar & Spice

See her over there by the bar, that's my girl
See the top of her stockings beneath her skirt
Later on she'll be puking all over the floor --
Getting drunk again -- yeah, that's my girl
She likes to ride in a fast car, my girl
She wants to hitch-hike all over the world
I can't afford diamonds, these stolen pearls
She wears -- and nothing else -- she is my girl

Candy canes, chocolates, pink and red hearts
Teddy bears, sloppy valentine cards
Pink ribbons, her soft lacy things
Blown kisses, earrings, and diamond rings

We go to strip clubs, me and my girl
She likes to get up and give it a twirl
Then she knocks down whiskeys with the boys --
But I'm the only one she takes home -- she is my girl
Chinese is all she cooks, she's is my girl
She's got a tattoo of a fleur
That many men have seen -- and a few girls
But they don't touch her like I touch my girl

She's always getting me in to fights
But she cleans up the cuts every time
We make love long into the night
In a tangle we wake in the afternoon light
She likes it when guys try to peek down her shirt --
She's such an un-repentant flirt
She's always hiking up her skirt --
Shoplifting or card-sharking -- she is my girl

Sugar and spice, rose red lips, her painted eyes
Beauty and grace, her sultry sense of style
Fresh-cut flowers adorning her silken curls
Her gleaming smile -- she is my girl