

Billy Joel, That's Not Her Style

Some people think that she's one of those mink-coated ladies
They say she wakes up at one
And she makes the paparazzi run till dawn
She wines and dines with Argentines and Kuwaitis
After she sips margaritas on the White House lawn

That's not her style I can tell you
That ain't my woman
It's just not her style I can tell you
Because I'm her man

The papers say she was seen in LA with a stranger
She found a perfect body with Maserati right outside
And then she chartered a Lear
When she heard her career was in danger
And gave the pilot somethin' extra for a perfect ride

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That ain't my woman
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Not that she's never done something crazy or done something wild
It's just that she's better at doing whatever suits her style
And that's not her style
I've read where it's said that she sleeps in a bed made of satin
She's had her face done in every place you can try
They say she gets a piece of every lease in Manhattan
And says she's thirty when she's really pushing forty-five

That's not her style I can tell you
That ain't my woman
It's just not her style I can tell you
Because I'm her man
You know it's not her style I can tell you
That ain't my woman
It's just not her style I can tell you
Because I'm her man