

# Elvis Costello, The Flirting Kind

She used to be the flirting kind  
But the boy loved her anyway  
He made up his mind  
She said, What's a girl to do to be content?  
Use your imagination  
Time to experiment  
Make love like a punishment  
So they call her the flirting kind  
The flirting kind  
You better stop  
Stop your running round  
I got everything I wanted  
I could make up for lost ground

With the flirting kind  
The flirting kind  
Your love is best  
But I'll leave like the rest  
The flirting kind  
The flirting kind

They say that her fate is sealed  
But she's much too beautiful to ever yield  
She says, What's a girl to do to be content?  
Use your imagination  
Time to experiment  
Make love like a punishment  
So they call her the flirting kind  
The flirting kind

She's crying in her sleep  
For a man tone deaf  
So is a man all over  
He's all over, all over town

With the flirting kind  
The flirting kind  
Your love is best  
But I'll leave like the rest  
The flirting kind  
The flirting kind