

Natasha Bedingfield, Frogs And Princes

The in and out of dating's got me all confused
I built up expectations and I'm feeling used
Seems that everybody's into fast food
Everybody's into quick
I want someone to take the time
Fine dining not rushing

Now it's nearly seven-thirty
I'm slipping on a dress
I keep my fingers crossed
You're not like all the rest,
So when you come to pick me up
Come right to my door
Don't stay in your car
And beep beep the horn

Baby I'm a hopeless romantic
You pick the sounds for the background to our drive into town
Baby don't be one of the traffic
Had too many nights with the wrong guys
Caught me at red lights

Tell me how many frogs do I have to kiss
Before I find my prince
Before I find my prince
All you girls that are going through this
Tell 'em how it is
Tell 'em how it is

Pull up to a premiere
Red carpet good
You take my coat, get my chair
Like I hoped you would
You're funny and your flirting's really working for me
But where it goes from here
Better wait and see

Baby I'm a hopeless romantic
You pick the view to kiss to
Make me go ooh ooh
And baby it'll all turn out tragic
And you'll push for more
Back at my front door
More than I'm ready for

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You gotta tip the waiter
That's how it works
You can't skip the starter
And go straight to dessert
You've gotta pop the cork

Before you taste the wine
Not make a mad dash for the finish line
'Cause the dating game is whoa
We get hooked up but the real shame is
Too much connection
Followed by rejections
Gonna hurt a girl
Till she learns her lesson

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Yeah yeah
Yuck

Yeah yeah