

# Natasha Bedingfield, Frogs & Princes

The in and out of dating 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 some one to take the time fine dining not rushing

Now it's nearly 7:30, 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 is 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 ooo ooo  
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 cant skip the starter and go straight to desert  
You've gotta pop the cork before you taste the wine

is woah,  
We get hooked up but the shame is  
Too much connection followed by rejections  
Gonna hurt a girl 'til she learns her lesson

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Oh, yeah yeah