

# No Angels, Eleven Out Of Ten

Well it ain't my style  
To be jealous and bad mouthin'  
But I've known a while  
I can see some trouble comin'  
Shut your eyes  
But I think you might regret it  
Will you take advice  
And remember that I said it baby

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

She's eleven outta ten for misery  
So get your act together  
Can't you see?  
She's eleven outta ten for vanity  
And everyone sees it, but you  
When you've woken up come around  
When you're broken up come around

Well I know her type  
She's a mover and a shaker  
When the time is right  
She will turn around and break you  
Get with me  
I will cut the ties that bind you  
So tenderly  
Give the sign and I will find you

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Eleven outta ten boy you're stuck  
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