

Squirrel Nut Zippers, Plenty More

They may walk hand in hand
Like lovers through the market square
Selecting leather goods,
Pretending that they just don't care
They say all the boys are monsters
All the girls are whores
So when you lose the one you love
There's always plenty more
They may be in a club
All dressed up waiting to meet you
Or in some garret bleak
Despairing over what to do
All the girls are monsters
All the boys are whores
So when you lose the one you love
There's always plenty more.