

# Stephen Lynch, She Gotta Smile

She gotta smile,  
Yeah, She gotta smile and  
she's flashin' it right at me

She gotta wink, a wink across  
the bar and I know that it's meant to be.

She gotta walk, Oooh she walkin' over  
and i know this could be my day.

She got a ... friend,  
Eeeew she gotta friend;  
Why's she standin' in her way?!?

It's her big fat friend!  
Oh god there's always one  
Big fat friend  
To ruin my F---ing fun!

Well baby baby baby  
if it's boots you wanna knock,  
Leave your chubbly friend at home  
because she's gonna block the cock.  
Now I'm afraid of no man,  
With any I'll contend,  
But I cannot compete with your  
Big Fat Friend.

(Well Big fat friend, Ah, we meet again!)

She won't leave her alone,  
She rolls her eyes; makes sarcastic  
coments while she's suckin' on that  
chicken bone.  
Well, you may think you've won the  
battle but i tend to dis-agree.  
See I know you, and your Achelies Heel,  
And he's standing next to me.  
My non-discriminating friend  
(So what that you're a cow!)  
Non-discriminating friend!  
(I'll nail you anyhow!)

Now I know that he's no looker  
and he's had a couple rounds,  
But with every shot of Jager  
hey you loose a couple pounds!

Now baby baby baby bring the  
evening to an end,  
Just you and me and my pal,  
and your big fat friend.