

# The Guess Who, She Might Have Been A Nice Girl

She might have been a nice girl  
If she hadn't had a draggy mother  
She might have been a good chick  
If she hadn't had a rotten father

She might have played the right hunch  
If she hadn't been so narrow-minded  
She might have had a whole bunch  
If she hadn't been so far behind it

Oh does it hurt when you know you can't play it the way that your beau knows  
Oh does it hurt when you know you can't say it the way that your beau knows  
And you know that that's the way that the show goes  
And you know it really has to go on.

She drank the army's red wine  
But she never found a moment's pleasure  
She smelled the salty sea brine  
But she never found the buried treasure

She might have played the chords right  
But the song was never meant for singing  
She might have really broke loose  
But she never made it past the clinging

I can see that it hurts when you know you can't play it the way that your beau knows  
I can see that it hurts when you know you can't say it the way that your beau knows  
And you know that that's the way that the show goes  
And you know it really has to go on.  
&lt;/lyrics&gt;

== Credits ==

\* Composer: Burton Cummings