

# The Twang, Two Lovers

Two lovers stop for kisses on a wall  
She asked him, "Never leave me"  
He tells her that he won't  
But the boy is young and foolish and knows it all  
And he puts it about when he goes out  
Stories they get told

And stories, yeah stories get told...

It's in his nature, his misbehaviour, and misdemeanours  
The boy ain't no genius, he keeps her on her toes  
It's in his nature, his misbehaviour, and misdemeanours  
The boy ain't no genius, he keeps her on her toes

And these lovers trip and stumble down the road  
And on the grass they fumble round, like a flower their love grows  
And by the flower grows a weed and not the kind you smoke  
It raises up its ugly head, our lovers are in a chokehold  
Two lovers, two lovers in a hold...

It's in his nature, his misbehaviour, and misdemeanours  
The boy ain't no genius, he keeps her on her toes  
It's in his nature, his misbehaviour, and misdemeanours  
The boy ain't no genius, he just keeps her on her toes

And I bet a bad thought don't cross her mind  
And if it does she just discards it till it's gone away  
I bet of all of her she sees, she feels  
There's somewhere that she stores it till it's gone away  
Till it's gone away  
Till it's gone away

It's in his nature, his misbehaviour, and misdemeanours  
The boy ain't no genius, he keeps her on her toes  
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The boy ain't no genius, he keeps her on her toes  
It's in his nature, his misbehaviour, and misdemeanours  
The boy ain't no genius, he keeps her on her toes  
On her toes  
Said the boy ain't no genius but he keeps her on her toes

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