

# The Wombats, Patricia The Stripper

She works downtown in an unmarked bar,  
Flyin' round poles she always gave me the fright of my life  
I didn't mean to get involved it was the alcohol  
Mixed with an empty feeling inside  
It's such a bad idea to fall in love with a 'lady of the night'

Why didn't God give her two left feet  
Then she couldn't run away from me!

Months go by and I'm alone in bed  
While she's greasing up for when the businessmen and lawyers arrive  
I've got to wear a beard a suit and tie  
To get past the door if I want to see my girl tonight  
I go to all this effort just to see my fair Patricia going home with some other guy

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Then she couldn't run away from me!  
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She thinks I'm sad and that's alright  
But she doesn't hate me so there's my little alibi  
I can't, I can't leave, I can't I can't I can't  
She's my coked-up botox girl

Patricia, Patricia  
Oh Patricia the Stripper you are my sunshine  
Oh Patricia the stripper come on home tonight  
Oh Patricia the Stripper you are my sunshine  
So why can't you come home with me tonight?