

Abba, Head Over Heels

I have a very good friend
The kind of girl who likes to follow a trend
She has a personal style
Some people like it, others tend to go wild
You hear her voice everywhere
Taking the chair
She's a leading lady
And with no trace of hesitation she keeps going

Head over heels
Breaking her way
Pushing through unknown jungles every day
She's a girl with a taste for the world
(The world is like a playing-ground where she goes rushing)
Head over heels
Setting the pace
Running the gauntlet in a whirl of lace
She's extreme, if you know what I mean

Her man is one I admire
He's so courageous but he's constantly tired
Each time when he speaks his mind
She pats his head and says, That's all very fine
Exert that will of your own
When you're alone
Now we'd better hurryÓ
And with no trace of hesitation she keeps going

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Running the gauntlet in a whirl of lace
She's extreme, if you know what I mean
(She's just one of those who always has to do whatever she please)
And she goes
Head over heels