

# Amy Macdonald, Footballer's Wife

Oh Mr James Dean, he don't belong to anything  
Oh he left before they could get him  
With their ways, their wicked ways

Oh Marilyn Monroe, where did you go?  
I didn't hear all your stories  
I didn't see all your glory

But the footballer's wife tells her troubles and strife  
I just don't care in the end  
Who is she to pretend  
That she's one of them?  
I don't think so  
And the girl from that show  
Yes the one we all know  
She thinks she's some kinda star  
Yes you know who you are  
I don't think so, I don't think so

Oh Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire  
Won't you dance for me cos I just don't care  
What's going on today  
I think there's something more, something more

And I'm gone with the wind like they were before  
But I'm believing myself I think there's something more  
There must be something more  
I think there's something more, something more

But still the footballer's wife tells her troubles and strife  
I just don't care in the end  
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That she's one of them?  
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Yes you know who you are  
I don't think so, I don't think so

Oh I don't believe in the telling of your stories  
Throughout your life, there's just something unappealing  
It don't catch my eye  
It don't catch my eye  
Oh I don't believe in the selling of your glories  
Before you leave this life, there's so much more to see  
I don't believe this is how the world should be

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