

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

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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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