

Amy McDonald, Footballers 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 footballers wife tells her troubles and strife
I just dont care in the end who is she to pretend
That she's one of them
I dont 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 dont think so. I dont think so.
Oh ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire
Wont you dance for me cos I just dont care
What's going on today, I think there's something more, something more.
And Im gone with the wind like they were before.
But Im believing myself I think there's something more
There must be something more, I think there's something more, something more.
Chorus
Oh I dont believe in the telling of your stories
throughout your life, there's just something unappealing it dont catch my eye
it dont catch my eye.
Oh I dont believe in the selling of your glories before you leave this life
there's so much more to see, I dont believe this is how the world should be.
Chorus