

Beatles, The, Girl

Beatles, The
Rubber Soul
Girl

Is there anybody going to listen to my story
All about the girl who came to stay
She's the kind of girl you want so much it makes you sorry
Still you don't regret a single day
Ah girl, girl

When I think of all the times I've tried so hard to leave her
She will turn to me and start to cry
And she promises the earth to me and I believe her
After all this time I don't know why
Ah girl, girl

She's the kind of girl who puts you down when friends are there
You feel a fool
When you say she's looking good she acts as if it's understood
She's cool ooh, ooh, ooh
Girl, girl

Was she told when she was young that pain would lead to pleasure?
Did she understand it when they said
That a man must break his back to earn his day of leisure?
Will she still believe it when he's dead?
Ah girl, girl

Ah girl, girl