

Beautiful South, The, Perfect 10

Beautiful South, The
Quench
Perfect 10

(heaton/rotheray)

She's a perfect 10, but she wears a 12
Baby keep a little 2 for me
She could be sweet 16, bustin' out at the seams
It's still love in the first degree

When he's at my gate, with a big fat 8
You wanna see the smile on my face
And even at my door, with a poor poor 4
There ain't no man can replace

'cause we love our love,
In different sizes
I love her body, especially the lies
Time takes it's toll, but not on the eyes
Promise me this, take me tonight

If he's extra large well i'm in charge
I can work this thing on top
If he's xxl well what the hell
Every penny don't fit the slot

The anorexic chicks, the model 6
They don't hold no weight with me
Well 8 or 9, well that's just fine
But i like to hold something i can see

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I've bought a watch, to time your beauty
But i've had to fit a second hand
I've bought a calendar, and every month
Is taken up by lover man

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