

Hugh Cornwell, Wrong Way Round

She's built the wrong way round
Turns a yeah into a nay
Acts like a horse treat her worse
Until your voice goes hoarse
She'll turn your friends into sheriff
And what's more she's built the wrong way round
You never know which way she'll go
You reach high when she's way down below
Her feet smell her nose runs
She can sniff an Indian at fifty guns
She's so soft she makes it hard
And what's more she's built the wrong way round

Never wears a hat outside her face
Shields the sun from her gaze
Starts at the end in a maze - amazing!
She's built the wrong way round
Wakes you up puts you to sleep
Closes her eyes just to take a peep
Little Bo peep follows her sheep
Wears a big woolen jersey
Makes her flesh get up and creep
She's built the wrong way round
But it's the right way for me!