

Kim Mitchell, Miss Demeanor

You should see her freelance charm
No nonsense on my arm
You should see her, see her shine
Suburban sweetheart, Miss Demeanor you're mine
(Miss Demeanor)
(Miss Demeanor)

She got my number with just one look in my eyes
She made me humble with her handkerchief fumbling
You should see her, see her shine
Suburban sweetheart, Miss Demeanor you're mine

You make this worried man, worried man smile
You make this hungry man, hungry man smile
Oh, Miss Demeanor

With a little stretch to imagination
Just her wink is agitation
You should see her, see her shine
Suburban sweetheart, Miss Demeanor you're mine

You make this worried man, worried man smile
You make this hungry man, hungry man smile
Oh, Miss Demeanor

You should see her shine (Miss Demeanor)
(Miss Demeanor)
Suburban sweetheart, Miss Demeanor you're mine (Miss Demeanor)
(Miss Demeanor)
Suburban sweetheart, Miss Demeanor you're mine (Miss Demeanor)
(Miss Demeanor)
Suburban sweetheart, Miss Demeanor you're mine