Kooks, She Moves In Her Own Way

So at my show on Monday
I was hoping someday
You'd be on your way to better things
It's not about your make-up
Or how you try to shape up
To these tiresome paper dreams
Paper dreams, honey

So now you pour your heart out
You're telling me you're far out
Not about to lie down for your cause
But you don't pull my strings
'Cos I'm a better man
Movin' on to better things

But uh oh, oh I love her because she moves in her own way
But uh oh, oh she came to my show just to hear about my day

And at a show on Tuesday
She was in her mind see
Tempered furs and spangled boots
Looks are deceiving
Make me believe it
And these tiresome paper dreams
Paper dreams, honey
Yeah

So won't you go far
Tell them you're a keeper
Not about to lie down for your cause
And you don't pull my strings
'Cos I'm a better man
Movin' on to better things

But oh oh, oh I love her because she moves in her own way
But oh oh, oh she came to my show just to hear about my day

Yes I wish that we never made it
Through all the summers
And kept them up instead of kicking us back
Down to the suburbs
Yes I wish that we never made it
Through all the summers
And kept them up instead of kicking us back
Down to the suburbs

But uh oh, I love her because she moves in her own way
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