## Lloyd Cole, Mannish Girl

I used to be content to frown But anything for money now I'd rather be a mannish kind of girl

I used to get drunk on spanish wine
Well now I'm drunk most all the time
I guess I've been too grateful for too long
So I sit around and wait
And watch the grass grow green
And count the cars
Feeling lost, alone, misunderstood
So I wait, hey hey
Yes I wait, hey hey

Well I had a girl in london town She picked me up and she spun me round I guess she was a mannish kind of girl

I went away and I still don't know why Six feet under is where my bloody heart lies I'm just afraid I can't forget her now So I sit around and wait And watch the grass grow green

And count the cars Feeling lost, alone, misunderstood So I wait, hey hey So I wait, hey hey Hey hey

I used to be too big to crawl Now I don't give a damn at all I'd rather be a mannish kind of girl

Yeah I used to get drunk on that spanish wine But now I'm drunk most all the time I guess I'm just afraid I can't forget her now And so I'll sit around and wait And watch the grass grow green And count the cars Feeling lost, alone, misunderstood So I wait, hey hey Yeah I wait, hey hey Yeah I wait, hey hey Yeah I wait, hey hey Hey hey