

Manuela, A B C

I'm writing these words like the fool that I am
Trying to say something good like the person
But it's all just a sham 'cos the writer I am not
Could say anything, you'd believe them
Just your A-typical Boy-girl-girl-boy androgynous
Play on a publican's decoy
'Cos I had to drop out 'cos the Art School was sad and
If you believe all of that you're a bigger fool than me
The lyrics aren't supposed to mean that much
They're just a vehicle for a lovely voice
They aren't supposed to mean that much
Lyrics mean nothing, don't right any wrongs
In fact I'm not having them on this
You say they mean nothing just gobbledy-gook
But just look at yourself you're not clever enough
Understanding the truth, you are so out of touch
You believe all of this, you can't see it's a spoof
Understand all the words when they don't even rhyme
And I'm losing the rhythm and the whole thing's getting wierder and wierder
The lyrics aren't supposed to mean that much
They're just a vehicle for a lovely voice
They aren't supposed to mean that much
The lyrics aren't supposed to mean that much
They're just a vehicle for a lovely voice
They aren't supposed to mean that much
They all believe me
It's all so easy now
The lyrics aren't supposed to mean that much
They're just a vehicle for a lovely voice
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They're just a vehicle for a lovely voice
They aren't supposed to mean that much