

Milburn, Lads & Lasses

I don't talk much to you
And you don't talk much to me
There's fifteen things that you'd have to change
Till I considered you to be
Something slightly more than bravado
You know that you do it so well
But if I got to know
The way you to and fro
I bet I'd throw you out
Cause you don't have no love
I can tell

Oh, what you've got is what your friends say
And what they say is nothing like they think
And all the cards are on the table
And one too many alcopops to drink
It's all a different tailored story
The gloves are off and the claws are out
They'll all be sorry in the morning
They can't recall what it was all about
What was it all about?

Well yes I, know it's gonna be alright
Go home, get a bollocking
But let us know that you're doing fine
Don't let them give you that look
Cause the boys think that they're trendy
And the girls are living out of their books
They're living out of their books

She contradicts and patronises
Every single comment that you make
And if she's such a royal highness
I wouldn't bother with her anyway
Well some claim she's amazing
They would do anything to catch her eye
They want to study their reflection
On car windows as they walk on by
Walk on by

Well yes I, know it's gonna be alright
Go home, get a bollocking
But let us know that you're doing fine
Don't let them give you that look
Cause the boys think that they're trendy
And the girls are living out of their books
They're living out of their books
Well the boys think that they're trendy
And the girls are living out of their books!