

# Nik Kershaw, Nobody Knows

You can have it if you want, it's on a plate  
With southern fries and a salad dressed  
Or, better still, undressed  
And she'll come microwaved and hot  
Loving all the things you've got  
And you will be everything you're not  
When she's around  
And she'll be made in heaven,  
in heaven, they said  
That she'll be made in heaven,  
forever in your head  
You can keep it if you want, or throw it away  
She comes free with metallic paint and a three  
year warantee  
You can pull her on like a pair of jeans or  
drink her down like the real thing  
And she'll have a mind to call your own  
And she won't wait to get you home  
To get you home  
And she'll be made in heaven,  
in heaven, they said  
That she'll be made in heaven,  
forever in your head  
She'll make you fly, she'll take you deep  
When she comes walking in your sleep  
But they made you a promise they  
couldn't keep  
When they told you