

Pet Shop Boys, Girls Don't Cry

Somewhere out in the heart of suburbia
Flinching from the words that could almost murder her
Listen

It's the final day
Whatever boys say
Girls don't cry
Whatever boys say
Girls don't cry

She's wearing plaid and jeans
Like a workman on the road
Hitching out west
With a personal stereo
Playing
"Lay, lady, lay"

Whatever boys say
Girls don't cry
Whatever boys say
Girls don't cry

In her heart
She's not even a renegade
From the start
She knew why she would not be saved
All her instincts
Lead a different way

In the pocket by her heart is a dog-eared Polaroid
A picture of a girl with her arm round a boy who went missing
The final day
Whatever boys say
Girls don't cry
Whatever boys say
Girls don't cry
Whatever boys say
(I don't care what they say)
Girls don't cry
Whatever boys say
(I don't care what they say)
Girls don't cry