

Peter And The Test Tube Babies, Supermodels

I'll tell you now in case you ain't heard, but I've just finished with my latest bird.
She said she loved me all that sloppy stuff, she worshipped my body she couldn't get enough.
She's every man's dream in her lingerie, but God did she nag about Match Of The Day.

Supermodels, supermodels, they are so vain and such a pain.
Supermodels, supermodels, I ain't going out with you again.

She wouldn't do a thing 'round the home, yet she'd check her hair just to answer the phone.
I should have known that it wouldn't last, me and supermodels are a thing of the past.

Tits out, stomach in, I've just come back from the gym.
Paris, London, New York, Rome, I want my tea when I get home.

Plastic smile, plastic charm, dozy rock star on my arm.
Loads of clothes, loads of poses, loads of cocaine up our noses.