

# Richard Thompson, A Bone Through Her Nose

(Richard Thompson)

Oh the drones on the corner don't look her in the eye when she comes out to play  
And three times now at the Club Chi-Chi they've turned her away  
Last week she was the belle of the ball but another week passes  
It's time to cast off crutches, scars and pebble glasses

She's got everything a girl might need  
She's a tribal animal, yes indeed  
But she hasn't got a bone through her nose, through her nose  
Hasn't got a bone through her nose  
She hasn't got a bone through her nose, through her nose  
She hasn't got a bone through her nose  
Hasn't got a bone through her nose, through her nose  
She hasn't got a bone through her nose

Oh she gets her suits from a personal friend, Coco the clown  
She got dustman's jacket, inside out, it's a party gown  
If it's bouffons, she's got bouffons, if it's tat she got tat  
She got hoochie coochie Gucci and a pom-pom hat

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She hasn't got a bone through her nose  
She hasn't got a bone through her nose, through her nose  
She hasn't got a bone through her nose  
No!

Well, her ma writes cook books, she wrote one once, and it sold one or two  
Her pa's in the city, he's so witty, he calls it the zoo  
Her boyfriend plays in Scritti Politti, Aunt Sally's brown bread  
In a few more years she can marry some fool and knock it on the head

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She hasn't got a bone through her nose, through her nose  
She hasn't got a bone through her nose  
She hasn't got a bone through her nose, through her nose  
She hasn't got a bone through her nose  
She hasn't got a, Oh she hasn't got a, Oh