

Right Said Fred, Insatiable You

It's mid-day and you're still sleeping
Like you always do
By midnight you start creeping
It's the same old you

You bleed me high and dry
Oh my
Insatiable you

Our holidays in Spain
Were always marred
And your ex-lovers seems so
Quietly scarred

You bleed me high and dry
Oh my
Insatiable you

I won't put garlic in your bread
And do you like your steak well done or red?
Despite your dental hygiene
My love is true
But the thought of meeting your folks
Scares me through and through

You bleed me high and dry
Oh my
Insatiable you

High and dry, oh my
Insatiable you

High and dry, oh my
Insatiable you