

The Donnas, Strutter

I know a thing or two about her
I know she'll only make you cry
She'll let you walk the streets beside her
But when she wants she'll pass you by

Everybody says she's lookin' good
And the lady knows it's understood
Strutter

She wears her satins like a lady
She gets her way just like a child
You take her home and she says "Maybe" Oh, baby!
She takes you down and drives you wild

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