

Tim Minchin, Exactly How You Are

I don't know the dicks you used to hang around with
I don't care for their names or what they did
I just see you floating like a deity in a dress

Are you looking for me?
Are you looking for me?
'Cause you don't have to change
You are not a little fish
You don't have to swim upstream to find their praise

'Cause I love you exactly
How you are
I love you exactly
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How you are

There's no romance in this shit facility
And tired arms reach out at swinging branches
I see phonies in their room for improvement

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Ball Park Music!