

Trash Can Sinatras, Funny

I know she doesn't play the field
But she likes to know the strength of the team
She says she doesn't like my style
But I loved her in my own fashion
Kept her under wraps
Planted lots of verbal traps
But she won't be gone for long
Nothing good ever comes of a bad mood
And when she comes home
She'll kick up some dust
And ask me what's wrong

She's a funny kind of girl
Set sail in a ship in a bottle
She's a funny kind of girl
Do the Swiss fake it when the yodal
She's a funny kind of girl

I know her face so well
Although the color of her eyes
Escapes me for the moment
Though her embrace
Is like being short-changed
Or under-charged
I'll never revisit the scene of the crime
Where I've seen you crying with glee

She's a funny kind of girl
Give bad directions to a drunken sailor
He ended up in the hills
And she ended up
In the wrong hands
She's a funny kind of girl

I'll stick out my neck
And I'll raise the heavy head of importance
And when the cap fits I'll wear it
But if I knew what made carpets fly
I wouldn't be sitting here
Twiddling my thumbs
I'd threadbare my soul
And wheedle my way
Into other people's lives
And out of my own