

# White Town, Another Lover

I think I need another lover  
I think I need another lover  
I think I need another lover  
Like I need a hole in my head

Why do you chase me and play hard to get  
When you know very well that I couldn't care less  
I could never find a girl like you  
Appealing  
With your soft boiled head  
And hard boiled views  
You're a baby maggie thatcher in trendier shoes  
It would make me laugh  
If it wasn't quite so depressing

Do I really have to tell the world  
I've already found my perfect girl

I see you're furious cos I'm staying calm  
Well my fidelity is not prey to your charms  
I bet you never thought someone who looks like me  
Could be so choosy  
So go back to the bar and I'll stay here  
In the same little corner I've stood for years  
With the geeks and the freaks  
My unfashionable clique  
Of losers

Do I really have to tell the world  
I've already found my perfect girl

Is it so hard to understand  
Look at my third finger  
Left hand