

You're Gorgeous

Babybird

Remember that tanktop you bought me
You wrote you're gorgeous on it
You took me to your rented motor car
And filmed me on the bonnet
You got me to hitch my knees up
And pull my legs apart
You took an instamatic camera
And pulled my sleeves around my heart

Because you're gorgeous
I'd do anything for you
Because you're gorgeous
I know you'll get me through
You said my clothes were sexy
You tore away my shirt
You rubbed an icecube on my chest
Snapped me 'till it hurt
You said I wasn't cheap
You paid me twenty pounds
You promised to put me in a magazine
On every table in every lounge