

# This Girl

Chumbawamba

This girl  
She didn't turn out  
Quite the way she was supposed to do  
Ooh

This girl  
She got bored of all the things  
They brought her up to say  
She newer meant them anyway

This girl  
She got caught out  
On the multi-storey car park  
Throwing goodbye notes  
Wrapped up in bricks  
When they put her in the car  
She said 'jesus made me do it'  
But all the priest in all the world  
Couldn't save this girl

This girl  
Content with all the bloody noses  
Scabby knees  
You get from fighting wars like these  
Running past the tidy houses  
Pulling faces  
This material world  
Couldn't temp this girl

Now she enertains the world  
And all it's mates  
But she doesn't fit in  
Everybody thinks this girl is great  
But she's lacing all the party drinks  
With venom from a poison pen

This girl  
She made a habit of habitually lying  
Does everybody's head in  
She knows what happens  
When the next stop that you see  
It's not the one  
That everyone expected to be  
This girl

Happy families  
Round the supermarket check-out  
She loves to be the odd one out  
The party girl who stayed upstairs  
Playing musical chairs  
La-la, la-la-la  
She doesn't care  
This girl

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