

The Flirting Kind

Elvis Costello

She used to be the flirting kind
But the boy loved her anyway
He made up his mind
She said, What's a girl to do to be content?
Use your imagination
Time to experiment
Make love like a punishment
So they call her the flirting kind
The flirting kind
You better stop
Stop your running round
I got everything I wanted
I could make up for lost ground

With the flirting kind
The flirting kind
Your love is best
But I'll leave like the rest
The flirting kind
The flirting kind

They say that her fate is sealed
But she's much too beautiful to ever yield
She says, What's a girl to do to be content?
Use your imagination
Time to experiment
Make love like a punishment
So they call her the flirting kind
The flirting kind

She's crying in her sleep
For a man tone deaf
So is a man all over
He's all over, all over town

With the flirting kind
The flirting kind
Your love is best
But I'll leave like the rest
The flirting kind
The flirting kind