

## Well Fancy That!

Fun Boy Three

You took me to France  
On the promise of teaching me French,  
We were told, to assemble, to meet up at 10,  
I was 12 and naive,  
You planned out our route  
I sat in your car, my suitcase in the boot,  
On the M1, and the A1, until we reached Dover,  
Through passport control, you pulled your car over  
On the liner, we stood on the deck, we left port,  
My first time abroad,  
A school trip to Fance,  
Well fancy that,  
A weekend away to parle Francais,  
Well fancy that

We found the hotel, checked in to a room and unpacked,  
It had been a long day, you said "let's hit the sack",  
As I changed, I could feel your eyes watching me,  
I crept into bed, you pretended to read,  
The lights went out, I fell asleep,  
Woke up with a shock, and your hands on me,  
I couldn't shout, I couldn't scream,  
Let me out, let me dream,  
I turned onto my side,  
I laid there and cried,  
On my first night in France,  
Well fancy that,  
You terrified me, I just wanted to sleep  
Well fancy that

Morning came, light shined through,  
I left France, I arrived home,  
The hedge that you dragged me through  
led to a nervous breakdown,  
If I could have read, what was going on inside your head,  
I would have said, that I was blind to your devious mind,  
There's no excuse, but your abuse, and the scars that it leaves  
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Where do you draw the line,  
On school trips to France,  
Well fancy that  
you had a good time  
turned sex into crime  
well fancy that