

Live with Me

Girlschool

I've got nasty habits
I take tea at three
And the meat I eat for dinner
Must be hung up for a week
My best friend he shoots waters rats
And feed them to his geese
Don-cha think there's a place for you
In between the sheets?

Come on now honey, we can built a home for three
Come on now honey, don't you want to live with me?

And there's a score of hare-brained children
There are a-locked in the nursery
They got ear-phone heads
They got dirty necks
They're so tweentieth century
Well, they queue up for bathroom round about 7.35
But don-cha think we need a woman's touch
to make it come alive?

You'd look good pram pushing down the High Street
Come on now honey, don't you want to live with me?

On the servants they're so helpful dear!
The cook she is a whore
the butler has a place for her
Behind the pantry door
The maid, she's French, she's got no sense
She's from Crazy Horse
And when she strips, the chauffeur flips
The footman's eyes get crossed

Don-cha think there's a place for us
Right across the street?
Don-cha you think there's a place for you
In between the sheets?

Don-cha you think there's a place for you
Come on live with me