

Wide Boy

Godley & Creme

Everybody knows. He comes and goes. But the smell of his last cigarette,
Still lingers in your clothes. So don't be stupid and naive, he
's only
Playing cupid. And no matter what he says,
He's only skimming up the cream. And he's only stoking boilers,
while his
Engine gathers steam
He isn't good enough. He isn't good enough to me. He's only using you. He's
Only passing through.

'Cause he's a wide boy, sitting in the back row.
Necking with his girlfriend. Goin' to a go-go.
Wide boy. Really goin' nowhere.
Victim of the sixties. (Mighty mighty mohair)
Mohair, mohair, mohair, mohair.

Everybody knows. When the sewer overflows.
He'll be the one that always comes up, smelling like a rose. With one foot
In your doorway. And one hand on your heart. He'll never do it your way. So
Don't bother with the rubber gloves. 'Till the Turtle doves find a place to
Stay. Cos' I saw Espresso Bongo. When I was a kid. So I know what I'm
Saying.

He isn't good enough. He isn't good enough to me. He's only using you. He's
Only passing through.

'Cause he's a wide boy, sitting in the back row.
Necking with his girlfriend, goin' to a go-go.
Wide boy, really goin' nowhere. Victim of the sixties. (Mighty mighty
Mohair)
Mohair, mohair, mohair, mohair. Wide boy.
What is your secret? Wide boy. You better fill me in.

Why are all your suits italian. Is it the way I'm standing. You gotta keep
Your hand in.

Everybody knows. Everyone agrees. That you should not go crawling after
Him. On your hands and knees. You're being stupid and naive

And you may just be fallin' for a wide boy, wide boy, wide boy.

Wide boy. Sitting in the back row. Necking with his girlfriend.

Goin' to a

Go-go. Wide boy.

Really goin' nowhere. Victim of the sixties.

(Sixties, sixties, sixties...)