

## Satin Chic

Goldfrapp

You're so satin chic  
Look rich, talking cheap  
On your telephone  
Won't be coming home

He's my man  
Yeh he's my man  
You don't understand

Dressed up lizard green  
Celluloid seventeen  
Lip gloss bold as blood  
You got em linin' up

He's my man  
Yeh he's my man  
You don't understand

Racing through the stars  
You killed me a while  
My smile synchronized  
For every one tonight

He's my man  
Yeh he's my man  
You don't understand