

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