

Local Girls

Graham Parker

Sit by my window and look outside, wonder why the sun don't shine on me
What's wrong with you, you stupid child, don't you think that I 'm the one
You're waiting to see?
Don't talk too much 'cause she falls for the suckers, makes her feel
Everything is secure
Don't ever leave a footprint on the floor

Don't bother with the local girls, don't bother with the local girls
They don't bother me

She's probably half-wit, she must be straight,
Or bound to have a mother who knows nothing but hate
Don't want to love her, I'd rather knock her down
Standing at the bus stop where she waits each morning
So isolated that she thinks that the army is the place where a man ought to be
Don't bother with them, they don't bother me

Don't bother with the local girls, don't bother with the local girls
They don't bother me

They got the walk, they got the talk, right down without a flaw
At 6:00 I got to stop my dreaming at the counter of the store

Don't bother with the local girls, don't bother with the local girls
They don't bother me

Without a doubt I got to intercept, must be time someone ran and shouted in
Their head
You look all right in the cheap print dress,
But every time you swish it 'round you make me disappear
I'm aware of exactly what I'm doing, making everything a mystery
Don't bother with it, it don't bother me