

Man With Two Surnames

John Wesley Harding

When I ask you where you've been
You look suicidal
One day I'm gonna lock you in a room
With a bed that creaks and a bible
Gonna wait til the wallpaper cracks
I asked you for the truth
We mean different things by that
Maybe my attitude was lax
But oh honey, I want you back
To back with the guy
Who couldn't lie
About circumstances extenuating
A little bird told me you've been mating
Said nothing 'bout a man with two surnames
Said nothing 'bout a man with two surnames

How come you sold your new flat
Can't you pay the rental
Or maybe possessions mean nothing at all
When you're getting transcendental
Gonna make you an offer you can't resist
Try to refuse me eye to eye
It'll mean a good deal
But not a goodbye
I'll let you off the day I die
Til then and there's no knowing when
You look real good in his blue Ferrari
Like Sylvia Kristel, Mata Hari
And I'm haunted by a man with two surnames
I'm driven round by a man with two surnames

Get your name stuck on his windscreen
Barclaycard and Visa
I'll think of a girl I knew back when
Said money could not please her
Is his name double-barreled like my gun
Or does he have a pseudonym for fun
I'm stunned by your logic of all for none
Maybe he's a rich man's number one son
But he's made me number two
No credit to you
I'm sitting here freezing in this cold overdraft
Last time I phoned you
You both laughed
And I'm haunted by a man with two surnames
And I'm haunted by a man with two surnames
And I'm haunted by a man with two surnames
Get him off my back