

# God's Gift To Women

Kate Miller-Heidke

Pale moonlight  
Neon-bright  
Whispers in the early night

Golden mane  
Read 'The Game'  
Watch them drawn like moths to flame

Studied the practical tactics of pick-ups  
Right down to the pitfalls and hiccups  
Before you start I say 'Stop! It's a stick-up!'

Used to being the guy that gets the girl  
But if we were the last two people in the world  
The human race would face extinction  
Before I'd get it on, honey  
Used to being the guy that gets the girl  
Not if we were the last two people in the world  
Mister, mister, why haven't you gone?  
If you're God's gift to Women then God got it wrong

Peacock strut  
Collar up  
Watch him while he fills his cup

Sultry glare  
Piercing stare  
Practiced in the mirror

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Are you feeling it? Feeling the love in the room? Well you're feeling something  
Anyone'll do

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Used to being the guy that gets the girl

But if we were the last two people in the world

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Before I'd ever let you turn an inch into a smile, honey

Like you still got a chance

It's just amusing watching you dance

Mister, Mister, why haven't you gone?

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She got it wrong