

Mannish Girl

Lloyd Cole

I used to be content to frown
But anything for money now
I'd rather be a mannish kind of girl

I used to get drunk on spanish wine
Well now I'm drunk most all the time
I guess I've been too grateful for too long
So I sit around and wait
And watch the grass grow green
And count the cars
Feeling lost, alone, misunderstood
So I wait, hey hey
Yes I wait, hey hey

Well I had a girl in London town
She picked me up and she spun me round
I guess she was a mannish kind of girl

I went away and I still don't know why
Six feet under is where my bloody heart lies
I'm just afraid I can't forget her now
So I sit around and wait
And watch the grass grow green
And count the cars
Feeling lost, alone, misunderstood
So I wait, hey hey
So I wait, hey hey
Hey hey

I used to be too big to crawl
Now I don't give a damn at all
I'd rather be a mannish kind of girl

Yeah I used to get drunk on that Spanish wine
But now I'm drunk most all the time
I guess I'm just afraid I can't forget her now
And so I'll sit around and wait
And watch the grass grow green
And count the cars
Feeling lost, alone, misunderstood
So I wait, hey hey
Yeah I wait, hey hey
Yes I wait, hey hey
Yeah I wait, hey hey
Hey hey