Here we go, I'm hanging out in Camden
Drinking with my girlfriends on a Saturday night
This guy says, "Come and meet my girlfriend"
She's sitting in the corner looking rather uptight

So I say, "Hello" and I try to be nice But I see he's feeling itchy Trying to play us off each other "Girls, girls, please don't fight" You get the picture

Hey you, the muscles and the long hair Telling me that women are superior to men Most guys just don't appreciate this You just try convincing me you're better than them

So he talks for hours about his sensitive soul And his favorite subject is sex I don't even think he even wanted it But, Christ this guy's too much I wanna tell him

I'm as human as the next girl, I like a bit of flattery
But I don't need your practiced lines, your school of charm mentality so
Save your breath for someone else and credit me with something more
When it comes to men like you, I know the score, I've heard it all before

Here comes the next one
Blondie was with me for a summer
He flirted like a maniac but I wouldn't bite
I'm weak and he was so persistent
He only had to have me 'cause I put up a fight

Oh God, the boy had such an ego
He liked to talk about himself all day and all night
You think you're such a ladykiller
But you were nothing special 'til you turned out the light

When he's nice to me he's just nice to himself And he's watching his reflection I'm a five foot mirror for adoring himself Here's seven years bad luck I wanna tell him

When you say you love me you're just flattering your vanity
But I don't need your practiced lines your
Your school of charm mentality so
Save your breath for someone else and credit me with something more
When it comes to men like you, I know the score, I've heard it all before

Ooh, you're such a ladykiller, always on a winner
Thinking that you're in there
Oh boy, you're such a ladykiller, super sexy mister
Call it what you will, oh
You'll think you're such a ladykiller, I just bet you're still there
Posing in the mirror
Hey girls, he's such a lady killer, but we know where he's coming from

And we know the score