

Bunny Ain't No Kind of Rider

of Montreal

Saw her at Go kissing girls, what a shock
Said "You must be an artist"
She muttered her reply
I was judging her friend as the DJ played a Dead jam
No one wants to dance, they're outside
Smoking cigarettes
Matthew was there, yes
He gave me the eye, saying "It doesn't kill to try"
Then blue lights all around

Eva, I'm sorry, but you will never have me
To me you're just some faggy girl
And I need a lover with soul power
And you ain't got no soul power
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To me you're just some faggy girl
And I need a lover with soul power
And you ain't got no soul power (you ain't got no soul power!)
No, you ain't got no so-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-ul...

She lead me outside to the church with the swing
There I was, her confessor
Her come on made me blush
Was her crush for the night?
'Til I screamed -
"Stop! Hey! You must be aware I'm not alone
I've got a tigress back at home
And besides, you wouldn't know what to do with me"
And under the blue lights you see them gossiping, gossiping, go
ssiping, gossiping, gossiping, gossiping!

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