

# She's a Mess

Sugababes

London let's go!  
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Sugababes let's go!

She got her red pumps, red purse  
She gon' make some necks jerk tonight, eh  
Hit the ATM, get that wad  
She gon' party round the clock here tonight, eh

Went and got her car washed just so she can pull up like "what's up?"  
("what's up?", "what's up?", "what's up?", "what's up?", "what's up?")  
Now she and her girls 'bout to start a riot when they hit the club

And now they at the bar drinking...  
Bottle after bottle after bottle after bottle, hey!  
Bottle after bottle after bottle after...

She's such a mess  
Up in that dress  
She's sweating bullets  
I'm not impressed  
Her make-up's running  
Her heels are broke  
But that won't stop her  
Watch her get messed up some m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-more

Everybody go mad, everybody go psycho, psycho, psycho  
Everybody go mad, everybody go psycho, psycho

It's two in the mornin' they ain't servin' no more alcohol tonight, eh  
She's got a 4-seater filled with nine people she don't even know tonight, eh

'Bout to hit the after party  
Tomorrow she might be sorry but it's alright  
(alright, alright, alright, alright, alright)  
The sun is coming up but she's filling up her cup  
Yeah that's right

And now she at the house drinking...

Bottle after bottle after bottle after bottle, hey!  
Bottle after bottle after bottle after...

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This is how them girls get down

Just another night in London town  
They ain't trying to sober up - they keep drinking  
Bottle after bottle after...  
Champagnes flowing, music's going  
A whole paycheck best believe she's blowing  
Cause it's so hard to stop when you're ordering  
Bottle after bottle...

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