

# One More Good Night With The Boys

Tasmin Archer

Put down your playthings and nursery rhymes  
And take up the place with the boys who turn to men before their time  
But they're babies  
All mothers cry when they realise there's nothing more they can do for you  
All they say is, "How time flies" and they pray  
For a girl who'll be kind and who'll treat you right  
When everything crumbles before you  
While all you feel inside is desperate to prove there's more for you

You twist the knife  
Who try to tell you they won't sell you  
Won't sell you, won't sell you  
You twist the knife  
Who try to tell you they won't sell you  
Won't sell you, won't sell you  
Falling, falling down  
Falling, falling

Under the skin of a Jaguar  
She's purring and probably waiting  
Like a trip to Shangri-La for the day  
On the checkout she smiles as she passes time  
Pretending for hours and hours  
Anything in trousers gets her away  
But a girl of this kind doesn't qualify  
She promises then doesn't want to  
Eyes shouting suicide while yelling what can I do for you

You twist the knife  
Who try to tell you they won't sell you  
Won't sell you, won't sell you  
Now the girl on the line is your alibi  
The villain is stumbling towards you  
My how you've learned to lie to keep everything that controls you

You twist the knife  
Who try to tell you they won't sell you  
Won't sell you, won't sell you  
You twist the knife  
Who try to tell you they won't sell you  
Won't sell you, won't sell you