

People think I'm being perverse on purpose.
But they don't know.

You tried to give me your heart
But her fingermarks
Were all over it.
I tried to look impressed
It was as futile a gesture
As a futile gesture, futile gesture gets.

Don't be a sycophant and don't try to hold my hand
If you don't plan to be around five minutes later,
Don't be a sycophant and don't try to hold my hand
And don't just say the things that you think I want to
Hear.

You were there to fill my time
It was dark (but you)
But you had nice eyes.
I wasn't too impressed
You hadn't told me anything
Anything amusing yet.

Don't be a sycophant and don't try to hold my hand
If you don't plan to be around five minutes later,
Don't be a sycophant and don't try to hold my hand
And don't just say the things that you think I want to
Hear.

It's hard enough getting someone to like you

And then you find out that they're nothing like you
And it's been a waste of time.

"Girls fantasise on school trips to galleries
Of men who don't meet their parents' expectations
Who want to introduce them to illicit Russ Meyer films,
And dance 'til dawn to old Kinks records.
These are the things you don't understand
Quarter to ten, you're wasting your time
If you want to know me, watch how I dance."

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It's hard enough getting someone to like you
And then you find out that they're nothing like you
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People think I'm being perverse on purpose
I don't know you