

# Really That Bad

The Pipettes

He's the boy that always sits at the back of the class  
He never does what he's told (oh no, he never does)  
They say he's several years older than the rest of us  
But I don't know if that's true (oh yes, you better believe it)

I once sat next to him in geography when he was thrown out of his class  
He's got a tattoo on his arm (I wonder where else)  
They say he'll only come to harm  
But I can see that he has got a certain charm

But what's beneath his smile?  
But what's beneath his smile?  
But what's beneath his smile?

He's good enough to smile at me when he passes me in the corridor  
He's good enough to know my name 'coz I heard him once  
So can he really be that bad?  
Can he be that bad?  
Can he really, really, really be that bad?

He's the boy that always stands by the bike sheds smoking on his own  
And he once offered me a try (oh, did you really, did you try?)  
But I was always too shy, though I regret it now  
Just to be near him for a while

I doubt he needs much longer  
I doubt he needs much longer  
I doubt he needs much longer

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So can he really be that bad?  
Can he be that bad?  
Can he really, really, really, really  
really, really, really, really  
really, really, really be that bad?