

## Girls/Fast Cars

The Wombats

We don't care for romance  
Romance or shooting stars  
They were last found together in 18th century memoirs  
We don't care for lovers  
If loving's all that they've got  
There must be other hobbies if they want to keep the plot

I'm a man of simple tastes,  
No whiskey and caviar  
And what I feel is what I say  
I'm not trying to be smart

I like girls, girls and fast cars  
You too will feel this shallow when one melts your little heart

We don't care for new year, new year or fireworks  
If all they represent is how to go from bad to worse  
Let's not feel disheartened  
There's no need to change the locks  
We'll stick to what we know and what we know is not a lot.

I'm a man of simple tastes  
No chewing on fat cigars  
And what I feel is what I say  
I'm not trying to be smart

I like girls, girls and fast cars  
It's cheap and it's pathetic,  
But you cant hate me just because  
I like girls, girls and fast cars  
You too will feel this shallow when one melts your little heart

I'm a man of simple tastes,  
No whiskey or caviar  
And what I feel is what I say  
But don't overthink this next part;

I like girls, girls and fast cars  
It's cheap and it's pathetic,  
But you cant hate me just because  
I like girls, girls and fast cars  
You too will feel this shallow when one melts your little heart