

Don't Believe The Type

Transvision Vamp

The truth about me, is that nothing ever written about me is true
All those press head dims with their minds so slim
How could they begin, to even begin
When they have not the scope, to be more
Than the joke that amuses us
Desperate for a new sensation, another stunning revelation
Another black and white creation, pulling into your station
I don't believe you, when you say this is the right way
I don't believe you
No, no, don't believe the type
No, no, don't believe the type
No, no, don't believe the type
No, no, don't believe the type
The dumb little jerk, with his mind up my skirt
Pen in his hand as he rolls in the dirt
That he pretends to despise
But never really understood why
Then you say I can't wear dresses like that
Clothes that I chose that don't fit your view
Of how I should be, of how you see me
I don't believe you, when you say this is the right way
I don't believe you
No, no, don't believe the type
No, no, don't believe the type
No, no, don't believe the type
No, no, don't believe the type
Honestly ain't a crime, it's just a state of mind
Ain't words or rhyme, if ain't a crime, it's just a state of mind
I don't believe you
Don't believe the type
Don't believe the type
Don't believe the type
Don't believe the type
I don't believe you