

Boy-girl, boy-girl  
When a boy meets a girl  
Boy-girl

Finding out  
I'm finding out the things  
That I've been talking about  
I'm finding all the things  
That I've been missing out  
Finding all the things  
I lose my mind  
Sometimes fall behind

You and I we live on the big ship  
And time goes by  
You make up and I believe a lady's lie  
The skinheads call it strawberries and cream  
Sometimes I scream

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When a boy meets a girl  
Boy-girl

We go out  
A picture or a disco or a roundabout  
I walk you home, I hold you there  
You're giving out  
I open doors so I can shut your face  
Know your place

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You can take me in your hand  
Stand back, leave me, come in  
Up and down and all around  
You will sideways to the ground

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