When girls get together
They like to talk about their latest love
And their description seems somehow to fit just like a glove

When girls get together
They don't waste time on things llike weather and stuff
They all just play around and never seem to discuss it enough

This must have been going on prehistory They may not ever solve the mystery But they'll go talk until eternity

When girls get together

And bring up father or brother or men of their lives

It means so much if she's your sister or your mother or your lo
vin' wife

I guess we guys might never really know
How good we've got it but we'd like to show
Just how much that we love them so

One bright springtime morning I over heard an elderly lady's voice As I walked by her bench she told her friends of her great loss

After they'd gone away
Three little girls came skipping through the park
Talking of little boys and getting home before it's dark

When girls get together