

Polyamory

Bonaparte

Yeah, yeah

You only just moved to the city
And I agree she's pretty
Only on the second day
You met her at the gym in the hallway
She get's right to the real nitty gritty
She's impossibly witty
The polka-dot catsuit did it
It's alright if you get away with it

Oh, there she goes, she can swing with it
A ship is not built to anchor in the harbor, you know
Trouble, trouble, trouble, trouble

Trouble is
Polly is polyamorous
Trouble is
Sounds good but it's not so glamorous
Trouble is
Polly is polyamorous
Trouble is
You're not

It took a day or two, before it got to you
A little bit of a heartbreak is fine
But this is gonna kill you down the line
Same, same, but different if you ran with it
One grain but the beach got sand in it
So many lovers, now you lost track
They're knocking on the front door coming through the back

Oh, there she goes, she's got a thing for it
It's never what it seems, only dead fish follow the stream
Trouble, trouble, trouble, trouble

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You're not

Still you try to make it work in your head
Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead
Still you try to make it work in your head
Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead

You saw it happen soon, Saint Lucian Honeymoon
Now you wonder if you're too conservative
How could anyone have the nerve for this

Oh, there she goes, she's got a thing for it
The ship is not built to anchor in the harbor, you know
She can swing with it

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