

Bad Libran

Gary Barlow

Long before dating sites
Helped mankind find love
Matchmakers existed high above
Forces far superior
Knew our hearts' criteria
Constellations sent down their decree
Astrologically speaking
Girls who might like me, like me, like

Fun, loud noise
No restriction, no regrets
The joys of life
Living without safety nets
The thrill that you get from the chase and the pose
That's the girl that the stars chose for me

A clash of heads
No rational debate, just arguments instead
Passionate, compulsive, an impulsive and wild, unpredictable rose
That's the girl that the stars chose for me

And who the hell am I to argue
With bodies way up in the sky?
They knew my partner's major virtue
Would be vice, to be precise, she could
Only be a Gemini, maybe at a push
She could possibly be Leo or like me, Aquarius
So safe to say, my targets were locked down
Until that fateful day a Libran hit town
Now those guys love harmony, balance and calm
Not alarming Aquarians like me

Well, she jumped my car
Handbrake turned about and hit the
Kind of down-market, dark-cornered bar
Where the star charts say Libran's just never hang out
Let alone start a shot roulette game

After a while she's losing balance
And scales are falling from my eyes
When we emerge the night is dawn-ish
She's acting more sort of Capricorn-ish
And summoning a cab, climbing in the back
With a load of people from all corners of the Zodiac

Before I know I'm running down a beach and diving
In high seas with vodka and some Pisces
And a slight lack of clothes, and the girl the stars chose
To make a bad, bad, Libran out of me

Scientists say we're made of stardust
So I suppose in my defense
If we're all crazy mixed up stardust
It kind of makes sense that on some days I'll

Wake up Aquarian, but by lunch I'm coming over just a little Leo
So I try and keep it Aries

But there these people will get me hot and Taurus
End of day my answers start getting Cancerous
I have a little drink before you know it
Completely Scorpio-in'
And once again I go to bed a Virgo

I started to explain the movement
Way up high of bodies we don't understand
She told me, "Just shut up and focus
On the movement of the bodies that are down here in the sand"
And you know what? That night
I ripped up all the charts and looked up at the sky
Just thanked my lucky stars instead
That this girl they chose, holy cow, heaven knows
Was the right kind of absolutely wrong kind of girl to make a
Much better, much worse Aquarian of me
Of me
Oh, keep your eyes on the skies