

Girls On 45 Volume 2

Girls Aloud

Ooh
Ooh
Ride a horse, sail your boat
Drive your car along the road
Fly away in the sky
Walk, dance, laugh or cry
But don't, don't, don't, don't, don't forget (Oh no, no, no)
Don't, don't, don't, don't, don't forget (No, no, no, no)
The stars on 45
Keep on turning in your mind
But we can work it out
Remember, twist and shout
You still don't tell me why and no reply

Just 'cause you're raising the bet and call the shots now on me, ooh
It really doesn't faze me how you spend your time, ooh
Just 'cause you're raising the bet and call the shots now on me, ooh
It really doesn't faze me how you spend your time, ooh
Just 'cause you're raising the bet and call the shots now on me, ooh
It really doesn't faze me how you spend your time, ooh

Shoulda known, shoulda cared
I shoulda hung around the kitchen in my underwear
Acting like a lady, you shoulda made me, oh
Shoulda jumped a little higher
Shoulda fluttered my mascara like a butterfly
Instead of being lazy, it would have saved me
Nobody sees the show, not till my heart says so
If it's not you, oh, no, I won't do that
Boy, if you want to be my speciality
You'll have to wait for me and that is that

I don't need no good advice
No well-intentioned sacrifice
And I don't need no bedtime prayer
'Cause frankly I don't even care

A little education
To give you motivation
To turn the situation round
'Cause I don't wanna change you
Making you a stranger
I'll only rearrange you, for now

Something kinda ooh
Jumping on my tutu
Something 'side of me
Wants some part of you
Something kinda ooh
Makes my heart go boom-boom
Something 'side of me
Wanting what you do
Something kinda ooh
Jumping on my tutu
Something 'side of me
Wants some part of you
Something kinda ooh

Bumping in the back room
Something 'side of me
Wanting what you do
Oh, boy, I can't tell you how sad I'll feel
If tonight is just another kink in your steel

I think we're, I think we're, I think we're
I think we're alone now
There doesn't seem to be anyone around
I think we're alone now
The beating of our hearts is the only sound
I think we're alone now
There doesn't seem to be anyone around
I think we're alone now
The beating of our hearts is the only sound

I can't speak French
So I'll let the funky music do the talking, talking now
Oh, I can't speak French
So I'll let the funky music do the talking
Oh, oh, oh
I can't speak French
So I'll let the funky music do the talking, talking now
Oh, I can't speak French
So I'll let the funky music do the talking
Oh, oh, oh

One, two, three, four
You're gonna make me, make me love you
Nothing at all, nothing that I do
The promise I made, promise I made
Is starting to fade, starting to fade
You're gonna make me, make me love you
Nothing at all that I cannot do
The promise I made, promise I made
Is starting to fade, starting to fade, babe (Babe, babe, babe)

Closer, closer, closer, closer
Closer, closer, closer, closer
One, two, three
You can't mistake my biology
The way that we talk
The way that we walk
It's there in our thoughts
The magic number's in front of me
The way that we talk
The way that we walk
So easily caught
You can't mistake my biology
The way that we talk
The way that we walk
It's there in our thoughts
We're gonna cause a controversy
The way that we talk
The way that we walk
So easily caught
You can't mistake my biology (Sexy, sexy)
The magic number's in front of me (Sexy, sexy)

Did you tell him? No, no, no
Give him kisses? No, no, no
Whisper honey? No, no, no
You're delicious? Hell no!

Were you dancing? No, no, no
Sweet as toffee? No, no, no
Did you get his number? No, no, no
Get him out for coffee? Hell yeah, hell yeah

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Wake me up before I drop out on you
You treat me rough to show that you care and I just can't refuse
Baby, if I had a promise from you
I'd get up and out of my bed instead of being subdued
Wake me up before I drop out on you

Oh baby, if you find
I'm not the loving kind
I'll buy you flowers, I'll pour you wine
Do anything to change your mind, i know
You may be disinclined
To find the love we've left behind
So kiss me, then make up your mind
I'm not the loving kind

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