

once there was a young girl  
but old enough to know, girl (?)  
went by the name of Ladybird

charmed you with the one hand  
and broke you in the next hand  
then she'd be gone out of your life

if you've got time (if you've got time)  
and you're ever to change your mind (to change her mind)  
you'll need more than a glass of wine  
she's not that kind of girl

you'll never win (you'll never win)  
'cause she leaves when you think you're in (think you're in)  
doesn't care if it's her or him  
she's not that kind of girl

mornings are the cruelest  
no no, no, nothing more or less  
just slept with the thought of Ladybird

everywhere you see her  
her new possession with her  
don't warn them, they're not listening to you

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