

L8 CMMR

Lily Allen

[Verse 1:]

Good lover, good lover
Feels good like a long hot summer
Late comer, he's a late comer
My man is a bad motherfucker
He can bring it, bring it all day long
All other man, them been wrong
Nobody will get to see
'Cause he's gonna spend his life with me

[Refrain:]

You can't have him
No way, he's taken ladies
I've got me his babies
Look at my ring
He's going nowhere till this fat lady sings

[Chorus:]

And when I see his face
I feel like I can win the race
And when he calls, when he calls my name
I know we're in the long game
Why would I leave him for?
I couldn't ask for any more
I wouldn't send, I wouldn't send him back
He won me game, set, and match

[Post-Chorus:]

Late comer, he's a late comer

[Verse 2:]

My lover, my lover
Shoots and scores like he's Maradona
Under cover, under the covers
My man is a bad motherfucker
Anybody, anyone could see
I'd have caught him eventually
Me and him have a thing that's rare
Other girls can look elsewhere

[Refrain]

[Chorus]

[Bridge: 2x]

You can look girl but you can't touch
Don't know why I love him so much
Can't put this thing into words
My love for him's absurd

[Chorus 2x]

[Post-Chorus]