

My Guy

Lily Allen

I know what it might seem like
From the outside looking in
But sometimes he's nice to me
And he buys me lots of things
Anyway, who needs affection?
When you see my shoe collection
You'll see exactly what I mean

No, he's not funny at all but I laugh at all his jokes
He stinks of alcohol with a dash of stale smoke
Loving him could be much harder
I lie back and dream of Prada
No, no, he's not the nicest bloke

Who cares as long as he keeps me in luxury?
He can be as nasty as he likes
So what, there's no respect?
As long as he writes those checks
Ooh, we'll be just fine, me and my guy

When we go out at night
When we go out on the town
He'll disappear for hours
Yeah, he's nowhere to be found
I'll always be sat there waiting
He'll be somewhere rehydrating
But I don't let it get me down

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My guy, me and my guy
Me and my guy, me and my guy
Me and my guy, me and my guy

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