

Relatively Well Dressed

LOLO

Sitting in the corner of the bar
And the neon beer sign up above your head flickers on
Like a bright idea just popped into your dirty dirty mind
Small talk, cat call me like a dog
Hey Mr. Rolex
Cashmere sweater
I hope you got
Dressed for the cold, cold weather

Oh you're rich but your talk is cheap
And it's not gonna work, gonna work on me

You might be relatively well dressed
You got your pants pressed
It doesn't mean you're ever getting into mine
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Keep both bloodshot baby blues to yourself now
Keep both bloodshot baby blues to yourself now

Here comes Brenda bartender
To asks me if there's anything I want
And I just want this man to leave me alone
The more uncomfortable I get the more he checks his watch
I'm hoping that it's time he goes home
I'd say I like the colors of your Oxfords too
But I hate to say I like a single thing about you

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