Style Style

Paul McCartney

She's got an american accent
From her head to her toes
If she's involved in an accident
You wouldn't see her underclothes
She is perfectly spotless
A fact that sticks out a mile
But people have got more talent
But this little lady's got style
Style, style
See her when she's walking
She's got style, style
Even when she's making me say
Ooooh-oo
Ooooh hey hey
Ooooh
She was born on the wrong side
Of these imaginary tracks
That used to divide each other
Into two convenient packs
She became a survivor
Always armed with a smile
You've only have to look at her picture to know
That this little lady's got style
Style, style
See her when she's talking
Style, style
Even when she's staying her place
As an only child
In a hostile world
Her only chance
Was to run away
Yeah yeah woh
Ooh
She's got style, style
See her when she's walking
She's got style, woh, style
Even when she's talking away
Oh style, yeah, style
I see her when she's talking
She's got style, style
Even when she's staying her place
Oooh, way
Ooh, oh, yeah, ooh, ooh, yeah

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