

Dates From Hell

Remi Nicole

He said;
"What's the use,
in going to the shop when, there is,
government juicing my tap.
Come sit on my lap, I'll show you a good time without spending my cash,
'cause I'm not flash."

I said;
"I don't want a rich man,
I don't want a poor man either.
I don't want hot boy,
but I don't want a cold boy neither."

Is it too much to ask;
For somebody decent?
Something that might last,
For more than an evening?

Is there a potion,
that I can motion,
A magic stick, where I can cast my spell?
And get rid of the dates from hell.
The dates from hell.

He said;
"I'm a gentleman, I'll buy you dinner,
and take you to the pictures."

Before I could ask what film,
his hands were in my knickers.
I slapped him round the face, said;
"You're 26, not a horny teenage kid"
He chucked my out his car,
and shouted "frigid".

And I said;
"I don't want a rich man,
But I don't want a poor man either.
I don't want a genius,
But I don't want an idiot neither."

Is it too much to ask;
For somebody decent?
Something that might last,
For more than an evening?

Is there a potion,
that I can motion,
A magic stick, where I can cast my spell?
And get rid of the dates from hell.
The dates from hell.
The dates from hell.
The dates from hell.

We've all had them;
These dates.
These dates from hell.

We all hate them;
These dates,
These dates are not very swell;
These dates, from hell.

Is it too much to ask;
For somebody decent?

Is there a potion,
that I can motion?
A magic stick, where I can cast my spell?
And get rid of the dates from hell.