

That Girl

The Basics

There's this girl who
We all know, but
I can tell that you love her
Like no one before

I want to tell you
There will be problems
And chances are you'll meet the same fight
As the boys before

She's the kind of girl
That makes you think
You got a chance in hell
But you ain't got none

She'll make plans
And just as soon forget them
She'll plead drunkenness
It's always such a fine defence

And as for sorry
You can forget it
She won't understand
Why you felt like such a fool

She's the kind of girl
That makes you think
You got a chance in hell
But you ain't got none

And hell's the only place
That you'll be living
When she tells you
She don't want none

So you think too much
And you drink too much
And you start to think you need a woman's touch
So you get worked up
And you call her up
But the words don't come
Cat got your tongue!

I know you wouldn't mind
If she just said, "You're not my kind"
But she will just lead you on
Because she's having too much fun

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