

Fancy Lover

The Whitlams

Have you ever had a fancy lover?
Gone crazy trying to keep up with her
It's like you're standing in the darkness
In the theatre up the back
Joining her ovation
When you wish you could distract her take her home

You had to try
Don't some great loves start with someone aiming so
high?

Have you ever had a fancy lover?
Thrown everything that you've got at her
She's the winter that's so bitter you'll cut wood all
summer long
She's two long years of thinking going into one old
song and that aint good

You were doing fine
You knew your chances and your place in the line

Fancy lovers they need fancy lovers of their own
You'll camouflage your soul for them
Where do they get to meet their own kind of people?
Is there a light on the steeple that only fancy people
see?

When you try and keep a fancy lover
You force her hand and then discover
She wouldn't look so perfect if it was just for you
Is there a guy over your shoulder that she may have
noticed too?
You'll never know

You had to be in
You bet on hearts boy even when you won't win

And then she'll take the field against you
Fighting above your weight and your height
One hundred ways to hit the canvas
A thousand days to beat the count