

Girls/Fast Cars

The Wombats

We don't care for romance
Romance or shooting stars
They were last found together in 18th century memoirs
We don't care for lovers
If loving's all that they've got
There must be other hobbies if they want to keep the plot

I'm a man of simple tastes,
No whiskey and caviar
And what I feel is what I say
I'm not trying to be smart

I like girls, girls and fast cars
You too will feel this shallow when one melts your little heart

We don't care for new year, new year or fireworks
If all they represent is how to go from bad to worse
Let's not feel disheartened
There's no need to change the locks
We'll stick to what we know and what we know is not a lot.

I'm a man of simple tastes
No chewing on fat cigars
And what I feel is what I say
I'm not trying to be smart

I like girls, girls and fast cars
It's cheap and it's pathetic,
But you cant hate me just because
I like girls, girls and fast cars
You too will feel this shallow when one melts your little heart

I'm a man of simple tastes,
No whiskey or caviar
And what I feel is what I say
But don't overthink this next part;

I like girls, girls and fast cars
It's cheap and it's pathetic,
But you cant hate me just because
I like girls, girls and fast cars
You too will feel this shallow when one melts your little heart