

Wired Differently

The Wombats

Some like to go
To Tenerife for at least a week
Buy the Atoll package and flirt with strangers out at the beach
Some stay at home
And hammer their insides just because

Loosen up now, honey
We're a match made in hell
They're a roll of the dice
He's not coming out the closet
She'd try anything twice

And nobody's perfect
Nobody's perfect
Though some, some people get close
Some people get close

Close enough for cigars and jazz
I'm so far removed
I can't see the trees for the broken plants
Come hop aboard
The tragical misery tour

And loosen up now, honey
Who cares if she likes the girls
Or if he likes the boys
Or why they like to judge
Or why some just use toys

When nobody's perfect
Nobody's perfect
Though some, some people get close
Some people get close

And I think you should know
I think you should know
That last night I drunk dialled a friend of a friend
And went smoking inside petrol stations again
Gets me off
It really gets me off
Now anxiety's serving us drinks at the bar
We're two treehuggers trapped in a muscle car
That's enough for me,
That's enough

Oh, but if that storm comes in the bottle, let's meet
Don't go spilling your guts out on Harley street

Cos nobody's perfect
Nobody's perfect
Though some, some people get close
Some people get close

Don't tell me I'm flawed
My flaws don't deserve it
Don't sell us your cures
We're sick and we're worth it

I spend my life in transit though you're stationary
I guess we're all wired differently

I guess we're wired differently
If you're so very clever
How come you can't see?
Babe, we're wired differently