

Pipettes, The "Really That Bad"

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He's the boy that always sits at the back of the class
He never does what he is told
(Oh no he never does)
They say he's several years older than the rest of us
But i don't don't know if that is true
(Oh yes, you'd better believe it)

I once sat next to him in geography
when he was thrown out of his class
He's got a tattoo on his arm
(I wonder where else)
They say he'll only come to harm, but i can see that he
Has got a certain charm

But what's beneath his smile?
But what's beneath his smile?
But what's beneath his smile?

He's good enough to smile at me when he passes me
in the corridor
He's good enough to know my name, 'cause i heard
him once
So can he really be that bad?
Can he bad that bad?
Can he really really really be that bad?

He's the boy that always stands by the bike sheds
smoking on his own
And he once offered me a try
(Oh did you really, did you try?)
But i was always too shy, though i regret it know
Just to be near him for a while

I doubt he needs much longer
I doubt he needs much longer
I doubt he needs much longer

He's good enough to smile at me when he passes me
in the corridor
He's good enough to know my name, 'cause i heard
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So can he really be that bad?
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So can he really be that bad?
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really really really really be that bad?

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