

Wombats

"Girls/Fast Cars"

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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 or 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 can't 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 over think this next part

I like girls, girls and fast cars
It's cheap and it's pathetic
But you can't hate me just because
I like girls, girls and fast cars
You too will feel this shallow
When one melts your little heart

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