

Yves Montand

"Getting Out, Getting Anywhere"

Visit "[Getting Out, Getting Anywhere](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He's placed between her widespread legs
A final cut into his back
She claims he was her second best
And she's got so much that he detests
Breaking up isn't harder than
To decide what is best for her
He's had her since she was seventeen
Do you really know exactly what I mean?
His baby is so mean
Teenage lust is so hard on her
She'll do anything to keep him pleased
Its been the same thing with them all
In just a week or two if not before
Things get worse as morning breaks
A live show for the ones next door
He liked her better at seventeen
Do you really know exactly what I mean?
Her baby is so mean
Split up... wasting time
They're talking about one another now
What follows is another deal
And I think you know exactly how they feel
They're so mean

Visit [Yves Montand](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.