

Twang, The "Two Lovers"

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Two lovers stop for kisses on a wall
She asked him, Never leave me
He tells her that he won't
But the boy is young and foolish and knows it all
And he puts it about when he goes out
Stories they get told

And stories, yeah stories get told...

It's in his nature, his misbehaviour, and
misdemeanours
The boy ain't no genius, he keeps her on her toes
It's in his nature, his misbehaviour, and
misdemeanours
The boy ain't no genius, he keeps her on her toes

And these lovers trip and stumble down the road
And on the grass they fumble round, like a flower their
love grows
And by the flower grows a weed and not the kind you
smoke
It raises up its ugly head, our lovers are in a chokehold
Two lovers, two lovers in a hold...

It's in his nature, his misbehaviour, and
misdemeanours
The boy ain't no genius, he keeps her on her toes
It's in his nature, his misbehaviour, and
misdemeanours
The boy ain't no genius, he just keeps her on her toes

And I bet a bad thought don't cross her mind
And if it does she just discards it till it's gone away
I bet of all of her she sees, she feels
There's somewhere that she stores it till it's gone away
Till it's gone away
Till it's gone away

It's in his nature, his misbehaviour, and
misdemeanours
The boy ain't no genius, he keeps her on her toes

It's in his nature, his misbehaviour, and
misdemeanours
The boy ain't no genius, he keeps her on her toes
It's in his nature, his misbehaviour, and
misdemeanours
The boy ain't no genius, he keeps her on her toes
It's in his nature, his misbehaviour, and
misdemeanours
The boy ain't no genius, he keeps her on her toes
On her toes
Said the boy ain't no genius but he keeps her on her
toes

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He tells her that he won't

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