

Wombats, The

"Patricia The Stripper"

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She works downtown in an unmarked bar,
Flyin' round poles she always gave me the fright of my
life

I didn't mean to get involved it was the alcohol
Mixed with and empty feeling inside
Its such a bad idea to fall in love with a 'lady of the
night'

Why didn't God give her two left feet
Then she couldn't run away from me!

Months go by and I'm alone in bed
While she's greasing up for when the businessmen and
lawyers arrive
I've got to wear a beard a suit and tie
To get past the door if I want to see my girl tonight
I go to all this effort
just to see my fair Patricia going home with some other
guy

Why didn't God give her two left feet
Then she couldn't run away from me!
Why didn't God give her two left feet
then she couldn't run away from me!

She thinks I'm sad and that's alright
But she doesn't hate me so there's my little alibi
I can't, I can't leave, I can't I can't I can't
She's my coked-up botox girl

Patricia, Patricia
Oh Patricia the Stripper you are my sunshine
Oh Patricia the stripper come on home tonight
Oh Patricia the Stripper you are my sunshine
So why can't you come home with me tonight?

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