

Arthur Hazelwood

"Hair Like Bettie Page"

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Darling, when I'm near you
I wanna squeeze you tight
Whisper softly in your ear
Tell you everything's alright
'Cause I adore you
You know, I really do

Beauty, when you look at me
And pucker up your lips
You know, I want to spend forever
Pressed up against your kiss
'Cause I adore you
By now, you know that's true

But, I can't love a girl
With hair like Bettie Page
No, I can't love a girl
With hell behind her eyes
And I'm not gonna try,
I'm not gonna try

Angel, I can't deny
You put me in a trance
But please try to understand
These feelings that I have
Please, I implore you
You and your two-digit IQ

Girl, when you left me
I couldn't even speak
I just sat around and moped
For a good part of the week
Now I abhor you
Bitch, you know that's true

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