

Abba

"Head Over Heels"

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I have a very good friend
The kind of girl who likes to follow a trend
She has a personal style
Some people like it, others tend to go wild
You hear her voice everywhere
Taking the chair
She's a leading lady
And with no trace of hesitation she keeps going

Head over heels
Breaking her way
Pushing through unknown jungles every day
She's a girl with a taste for the world
(The world is like a playing-ground where she goes rushing)
Head over heels
Setting the pace
Running the gauntlet in a whirl of lace
She's extreme, if you know what I mean

Her man is one I admire
He's so courageous but he's constantly tired
Each time when he speaks his mind
She pats his head and says, That's all very fine
Exert that will of your own
When you're alone
Now we'd better hurry
And with no trace of hesitation she keeps going
Head over heels
Breaking her way
Pushing through unknown jungles every day
She's a girl with a taste for the world
(The world is like a playing-ground where she goes rushing)
Head over heels
Setting the pace
Running the gauntlet in a whirl of lace
She's extreme, if you know what I mean

You hear her voice everywhere
Taking the chair
She's a leading lady

And with no trace of hesitation she keeps going

Head over heels

Breaking her way

Pushing through unknown jungles every day

She's a girl with a taste for the world

(The world is like a playing-ground where she goes
rushing)

Head over heels

Setting the pace

Running the gauntlet in a whirl of lace

She's extreme, if you know what I mean

(She's just one of those who always has to do whatever
she please)

And she goes

Head over heels

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