

Abelha Kid

"Surly Girl"

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Surly girl, you got all the glamour in the world
But you make my toes and fingers curl
The way you smile, as though it's going out of style

You're a funny one, should be having lots of fun
But you're dwelling on the things you've done
There in the past, believe me girl, it doesn't last

Artisan Philosophers tried to run away with her
For their love, she couldn't care
She's waiting for a millionaire

I watch you dear, count the Gypsies, spin the wheel
But tell me that you never feel a little sad
To think of what you could have had

Artisan Philosophers tried to fire into her
This girl is tearing out her hair
Waiting for a millionaire

I understand, you've found yourself a wealthy man
He got you eating from his hand
And now you know, exactly where the money goes

But they brought you in, made you tell a tale on him
There was no way that you could win
It's just a question of when, gonna see you face in the papers again

Artisan Philosophers tried to win the heart of her
They're up here, but she's down there
Waiting for a millionaire

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