

Bellamy Brothers

"Chickfactor"

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What was it I saw in new york? I?m not the same
anymoreHow will I hide these feelings insideCall my
girl on the phoneNeon lights shine brightTaxi cabs
glide byAeroplanes they fly, high up in the skyPretty
girl says hi...What?s the worst job you?ve had? What do
you read? What?s driving you mad? Met the cigarette
girl- took a note of her charmsBut no cigarMet the
indie-cool queenTook me out of the barAnd showed me
the sceneMy little girl I can?t findShe?s five hours
behindIt?s the singer not the songSomething?s gone
wrongSaid the spider to the flyDo I like this girl? It?s
such a big worldI like the tone of her voiceI loved the
sound of her voiceWhen I get back to london from
outer spaceWill it fall into place? I?ll hold onto my
smileFind my girl in a whileLook myself in the faceDon?
t know what you seeAm I playing in your movie? You?re
in my magazineAre you talking to me? Chickfactor

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