

Ben Lee

"Boyfriendship"

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I missed my plane
In warm LA
I stuck around
Try to concentrate on living my life
And not on writing life down
Just find an empty head to hear me rave and rant
Who knows I'd never leave her
But wouldn't make it so I can't
So sorry didn't realise who you were
Your name just didn't register
Well I've got my own mind and my own band
And I do my own laundry
I own a seven-inch collection that's like
Nothing you have seen
I can get you anything you want
Get you into shows for free
But I cannot give you my love
Though you want this heart of mine
And I guess that's what you look for in a guy
He's just a loser in a cover band
He has to play for free
He goes shooting every Monday night
He's in the local team
He needs his fill of fast food
He can't live without his meat
But he can give you his love
And his heart all the time
And I guess that's what you look for in a guy

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