

Girls Against Boys ''Models''

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Girls girls

Cos he loves the models And he hugs the models Goes to lunch with models Cos he's driving everyday And when he sleeps with models Only he dreams of models Wants to be a model Cos it's all he's got to say

Why don't you call Got your number, got your back on my wall So why don't you call me If nothing at all Robs my hunger, like a trip to the mall So why don't you call me

Why don't you call, why don't you call Why don't you come around baby There's nothing at all You've got my number, and it's driving me crazy

Credit cards and lobster and Crystal in Brown's (First Class) Backdoors and bouncers, only A-list allowed (Smart Bars) All those faces in the places to be seen Darling we're in fashion, don't you know

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His girls girls girls girls girls

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A girl's got face, fancy place Baby can I stick with you 'Cos she's got head, head to feet Baby what am I to do

The girl's got style, legs for miles Seen 'em walk all over you You get your kicks, like flies to shit Buzzing round the model zoo

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Where do you go After dinner, 'stead of walking me home Oh, where did you go to Why don't you phone Someone thinner's got you talking in code Oh! Soshimi in No! No!

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