

Girls Aloud

"Slags of the Season"

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Snap goes my stilettos, I guess I'm drunk again
My broken heart's a little whore so don't think it needs
to mend
Just enjoy the filth your seeing ten inches south of my
bust
And rip my skinny jeans off, for access to the dirty stuff

Oh darling darling just why can't the world see
That discipline and virtue is just so "2003"
I'm slipping into slutty all so blatantly
And I'm fucking loving it!

Out in London's club scene
Parading about in couture
Sipping like a Champaign Queen
Until I break-dance on the floor
Everything here oozes elegance
So lets get explicit in here
Us slag's have most relevance
When we're knocking back the beers

We don't need a reason to be slag's of the season
Self-respect and restricted sex won't get me flashy
things
We don't need a reason to be slag's of the season
It's all to save my style to check it's my song that they
sing

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