

Godley & Creme

"Wide Boy"

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Wide boy

Everybody knows. He comes and goes. But the smell of
his last cigarette,
Still lingers in your clothes. So don't be stupid and
naive, he's only
Playing cupid. And no matter what he says,
He's only skimming up the cream. And he's only
stoking boilers, while his
Engine gathers steam
He isn't good enough. He isn't good enough to me.
He's only using you. He's
Only passing through.

'Cause he's a wide boy, sitting in the back row.
Necking with his girlfriend. Goin' to a go-go.
Wide boy. Really goin' nowhere.
Victim of the sixties. (Mighty mighty mohair)
Mohair, mohair, mohair, mohair.

Everybody knows. When the sewer overflows.
He'll be the one that always comes up, smelling like a
rose. With one foot
In your doorway. And one hand on your heart. He'll
never do it your way. So
Don't bother with the rubber gloves. 'Till the Turtle
doves find a place to
Stay. Cos' I saw Espresso Bongo. When I was a kid. So I
know what I'm
Saying.

He isn't good enough. He isn't good enough to me.
He's only using you. He's
Only passing through.

'Cause he's a wide boy, sitting in the back row.
Necking with his girlfriend, goin' to a go-go.
Wide boy, really goin' nowhere. Victim of the sixties.
(Mighty mighty
Mohair)
Mohair, mohair, mohair, mohair. Wide boy.

What is your secret? Wide boy. You better fill me in.

Why are all your suits italian. Is it the way I'm standing.
You gotta keep
Your hand in.

Everybody knows. Everyone agrees. That you should
not go crawling after
Him. On your hands and knees. You're being stupid
and naive
And you may just be fallin' for a wide boy, wide boy,
wide boy.

Wide boy. Sitting in the back row. Necking with his
girlfriend. Goin' to a
Go-go. Wide boy.
Really goin' nowhere. Victim of the sixties.
(Sixties, sixties, sixties...)

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